

MACLEAN'S



APRIL
1916

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Then in a few days you and your whole family will be driving your own car.

Remember it comes complete—only \$850!.

The Publisher's Page

An Interpretation

STATEMENT BY
THE MANAGER

April, 1916

No. 15

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
TORONTO, MAR. 15th, 1916

We have some mighty good news for MacLean's readers this month. Arrangements have been completed for two new serial stories by Arthur Stringer and Arthur E. McFarlane, and these will be started in MacLean's at an early date.



This is in pursuance of the policy previously announced of securing all the best Canadian writers on our list of contributors. The story of the literary efforts and ambitions of the youthful Stringer and McFarlane during their undergraduate days at Toronto; their venture upon the uncharted literary seas of New York; their successes, reverses, and final conquest of public recognition and acclamation, would make a rarely interesting serial in itself. Throughout it all both Mr. Stringer and Mr. McFarlane have maintained their native connection and outlook and have given Canadian settings to much of their most successful work.



The "Anatomy of Love," by Arthur Stringer, is a love story introducing to MacLean's readers two of the most entrancingly beautiful girls and is in some respects the finest he has ever written. In "Behind the Bolted Door," Arthur E. McFarlane develops a detective story with a mystery that grips your interest from the first paragraph. These two stories make a great pair and no reader should miss the opening chapters.



A magazine has no logical reason for existence unless it stands for something worth while. MacLean's stands for the awakening spirit of Canadianism, which under the stimulus of the great war is just beginning to find itself. MacLean's aims to

reflect the aspirations, the work, the life of the Canadian people, an ambitious undertaking, but it is being realized through our success in the securing of the best type of contributors. So it is possible now for the first time for a Canadian publication to present much of the best work of such writers as Agnes C. Laut, Stephen Leacock, Arthur E. McFarlane, Arthur Stringer, Robert W. Service, Nellie L. McClung, Alan Sullivan, L. M. Montgomery and others of the brilliant group of Canadian writers.



Miss Laut's articles on German intrigue in the United States, printed exclusively in MacLean's Magazine of last November and subsequent issues, have since been startlingly verified. "For around the Freedom of the Seas intrigue, conspiracy and machinations are whirling in a maelstrom ready to engulf Congress" are strangely prophetic words in light of President Wilson's frantic efforts to prevent Congress warning Americans off armed merchantmen.



Last month we took you into our confidence and gave you an analysis of the subscribers to MacLean's of a single week. Now we want to tell you about February.

The new subscriptions received for February numbered 2,293. Of this number there were secured from our automobile owner list 1,861 subscriptions.



So far as we were able to check them up these were classified as follows:

	MERCHANTS	PROFESSIONAL MEN	AGENTS	TRAVELLERS	CIVIL ENGINEERS	CONTRACTORS	MANUFACTURERS	BOOKS	SECRETARY-TREASURERS	RAVVERS	MISCELLANEOUS	Occupation not learned	Subscriptions from other sources	Total for Feb'y
Wholesalers	279	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	17	11	11	233	486	2,293
Farmers	515	117	57	20	11	24	28	24	57	57	57	1,861	432	1,861
Managers	57	57	64	20	11	24	28	24	57	57	57	1,861	432	1,861
Agents	64	64	64	20	11	24	28	24	57	57	57	1,861	432	1,861
Travellers	20	20	20	20	11	24	28	24	57	57	57	1,861	432	1,861
Civil Engineers	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	1,861	432	1,861
Contractors	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	1,861	432	1,861
Manufacturers	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	1,861	432	1,861
Brokers	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	1,861	432	1,861
														2,293

We have always emphasized the high standing and exceptional buying power of MacLean's subscribers. The information we are collecting and passing on to our advertisers from month to month bears out our every claim.



That the best class of readers throughout Canada not only subscribe for but appreciate MacLean's is evidenced by such letters as these below.



"I enjoy very much reading a truly Canadian magazine and one that gives its readers a correct view from a purely Canadian point of view," writes N. A. McKinnon, 1400 Georgia St., Vancouver, in sending his renewal for three years to MacLean's, adding, "On different occasions your articles on what Canada raises and her sons have been read at the Consumer's League and have been very much enjoyed."



From the other extreme of the continent, 27 Gooderick St., St. John, Geo. W. Parker writes:

"I congratulate you on the excellence of the magazine. It is a credit to Canada. For a number of years I subscribed for Munsey's, McClure's, Everybody's and The American. I would not exchange one copy of MacLean's for all of the others. If you can keep the standard of MacLean's up to its present efficiency you ought to have a very large subscription list. I especially enjoy Leacock, Gadsby and Laut, also your Review of Reviews. These alone would of themselves make better reading than an average magazine."



We thank Mr. Parker for his encouragement. His letter is not only a compliment but a call to still higher achievement. So watch out for our May number.



The Plants at Walkerville—your guarantee of **QUALITY** and Quick Service

Studebaker ideals of quality and the **GREAT** Studebaker plants at Walkerville—these are your guarantees of quality in Studebaker cars. And especially, the Walkerville plants. For they represent one of the most complete automobile manufactoryes that any country knows—a guarantee not only of quality, but of Quick Service.

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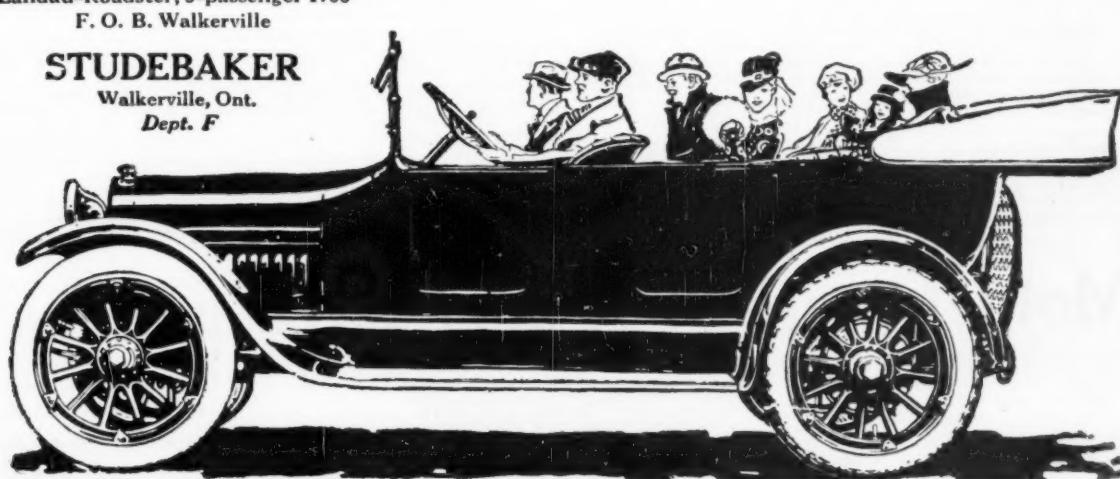
Six-Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-passenger - \$1450
 Roadster, 3-passenger - - 1425
 Landau-Roadster, 3-passenger 1700

F. O. B. Walkerville

STUDEBAKER

Walkerville, Ont.
 Dept. F



No man can safely invest a dollar in a car until he knows what Studebaker, one of the industry's leaders, offers. And we urge every man to see this **SERIES 17 FOUR**—the biggest value that is "Made in Canada."



The Wagon Shop That Became the Largest Automobile Factory in the British Empire

Back in 1903, the town of Walkerville, Ontario, was possessed of a concern called the Walkerville Wagon Company.

If, on some day when business was not rushing, the general manager, Gordon M. McGregor, wished to take a little stroll, he could walk around his shop in about 2 minutes by the factory clock.

Nobody would have believed at that time that this shop would, in a few years, develop into the largest plant of its kind in the Empire having a floor acreage of over 435,000 square feet and making 3 times as many cars as any other automobile factory in the British Empire. But so it has come to pass.

Through the efforts of Mr. McGregor and his Canadian associates, this wagon shop has been turned into the great Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

The factory today is one of the industrial show places of Canada.

Here are the highest paid automobile mechanics in the Empire who put their best into the building of a car that has won its way into the confidence of the Canadian public.

Here are hundreds of machines designed by Ford engineers, which are marvels of the industrial world.

Many of them would do the work of an ordinary sized automobile company in a week or so, but because of the demand for Ford cars they are kept busy the year round.

Here a new Canadian Ford Car is born every three and one-half minutes.

Here workmen are busily engaged in making additions so that the production of cars may keep pace with the demand. There never has been a time since war began when gangs of men were not at work expanding the plant, literally building for the future.

Look in at the power plant and you will see two monster 650 horse-power gas engines. What a contrast to the early days when the factory power was derived from the hind wheel of a Model "C" car!

In the immense heat treatment plant, Vanadium steel, the most expensive and best of steels, is heat-treated the Ford way. Here each steel part is especially prepared for the stress and strain it will have to withstand in the completed car.

The machine shop contains many wonderful sights for the visitor. There are long rows of very expensive gear cutting machines. And there is the great machine that mills 48 cylinders at one time! And another that drills 45 holes at once in a cylinder casting from sides, top and bottom. Marvelous speed and equally marvelous accuracy!

Then there is the handsome office building in which close to 200 workers are employed. In all there are over 30,000 people dependent on the Canadian Ford Plant for their support.

In this plant the Ford car is constructed practically in its entirety—even the steel, as mentioned above, is refined here.

Furthermore, and here is a record rarely found in other large Canadian factories, all but \$16.88 worth of the material used in the making of the Canadian Ford is bought right here in Canada. Few products can lay claim to being so strictly "Made in Canada" as the Ford car.

Consider what this means to Canadian industry when it includes such immense purchases as 25,000 tons of steel, 1,500 tons of brass, etc., 120,000 wheels, 200,000 lamps, and

other materials in proportion. Practically the entire output of several large Canadian factories employing hundreds of workmen is taken by the Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

But great as this influence is for the increased prosperity of the Empire, it does not stop there. All over the Empire are Ford Dealers who are important factors in increasing the wealth and prosperity of their communities.

The spirit of faith in the future that has prompted the Ford Canadian Company to proceed with a policy of full-speed ahead in times that have seemed to many to require the use of extraordinary caution and conservatism, is a happy, progressive, enthusiastic spirit that is radiated in every city or town of any size in the whole Dominion and in the Empire over the seas through the Ford Dealer whom you will find there.

Besides this there are the nine branches in Canada and one in Melbourne, Australia, four of which have been rebuilt since war began at a cost of over \$1,000,000, that are powerful supports to these dealers in being elements of first importance in adding to the wealth and progress of the nation.

But attained, phenomenal as the development of the Ford Plant has been, its great success was not attained without its share of great difficulties.

The first three years of its existence were somewhat precarious. The first car was not shipped from the factory until six months after the company was organized. Nowadays, 20,000 cars would have been shipped in that time.

The first main building was a two and a half story brick structure and the entire plant occupied about one acre of ground. The machinery consisted of one solitary drill press.

But from 1910 on the business increased so fast that it was difficult for the plant capacity to keep pace with the sales and additional buildings and equipment were constantly being constructed and installed.

In 1911 the output was 2,400 cars, in 1912, 6,500 cars were built, and so on up to this year's estimated production of 40,000 cars.

The executives of the Canadian Ford Company make no consideration of the war. They are so thoroughly Canadian in their ideals that they take the prosperity of Canada and the triumph of Britain and her allies as accomplished facts.

No stops have been made in their plans for progress—not the slightest hesitation has been evidenced in developing this great Canadian Plant to its highest degree of efficiency on account of the war.

As evidence of this \$652,000 has been spent on new buildings at Ford City—a million dollars has been spent on new equipment—over a million dollars was expended on branches in four Canadian cities—and 900 men have been added to the payroll—all this in a belligerent country during the progress of the greatest war the world has ever seen.

In addition, the price of the Ford car has been reduced \$120 since that memorable August 1, 1914.

So then, this is the story of the wagon shop that became the great Canadian Ford Plant. An industry that is proud to say that it builds its product from Canadian material, with Canadian workmen and that backs its Canadian patriotism with its hard cash.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ont.

Ford Runabout - - \$480
 Ford Touring - - 530
 Ford Coupelet - - 730
 Ford Sedan - - 890
 Ford Town Car - - 780
 f. o. b. Ford, Ontario



2-D

All cars completely equipped,
 including electric headlights.
 Equipment does not include
 speedometer.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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—Illustrated by Mary V. Hunter.



Have you ever used a soap prepared by a skin specialist?

If not, you do not know how beneficial a soap can be.

For thirty years John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin and its needs. He treated thousands of obstinate skin diseases; made countless skin tests, always emphasizing to everyone the following big fact:

Your skin is changing every day! As the old skin dies, new skin forms in its place. *This is your opportunity.* You can keep this new skin so active that it cannot help taking on the greater clearness, freshness and charm you want it to have. The best way to do this is by proper cleansing with a soap prepared to suit the nature of the skin.

It was to meet the need for such a soap that this famous skin specialist evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Begin now to get its benefits

Just before retiring, wash with Woodbury's Facial Soap, in the following way: With warm water, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Then work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—



the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face lightly with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment *persistently*, and before long your skin will take on the greater loveliness of "a skin you love to touch." A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake to-day and begin at once to get the benefits for your skin.

Send now for sample cake

For 4c we will send you a "week's size" cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write to-day! Address,

The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 463 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario

Tear out the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's to-day at your druggist's or toilet counter. For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast including Newfoundland.



MACLEAN'S

MAGAZINE

Volume XXIX

APRIL, 1916

Number 6

Hunting the World's Biggest Game

Written and Illustrated by ARTHUR HEMING

NOTE.—The whaling operations off the north coast of Vancouver Island constitute one of the most picturesque industries of Canada. Arthur Heming, the artist and writer who has won a well-deserved reputation as the greatest interpreter of the wild life of Canada, made a trip to the whaling fields to secure material for an article and a series of paintings. He shipped from Kyuquot on a whaler and spent considerable time with the crews both on board ship and later ashore when the work of cutting up the catches began. His paintings are realistic and complete, showing all phases of the cap-

ture of a blue whale. The article, told in story form, gives a graphic picture of the life of the whaler as well as a volume of most interesting facts. Mr. Heming is especially well-known for his book "The Spirit Lake" and for the illustrations he has made for the work of all the greatest animal story-writers—Kipling, London and Frazer included.

The whaling season covers nine months of the year.

A fleet of small vessels is kept continually occupied during the season and the number of whales caught is very large. As many as a dozen a day are brought in.

"I 'LL bet that brute weighs over a hundred and sixty thousand pounds!" exclaimed Captain Searle, turning to me as the great beast disappeared.

"What, eighty tons? How on earth do you make that out?"

"A ton to the foot is well under the mark, and if that animal doesn't go near eighty foot I'm no judge."

A moment before we had beheld a monster that, as afterwards proved, measured eighty-two feet in length, and weighed more than the combined weight of e'even hundred men. It was a blue whale. For five hours we had vainly tried to get within range, but no sooner would we head the steamer for the monster, stop the engine, and swing the cannon in position, than the capricious brute would sound. It was a cow whale and it seemed to be making game of us for, on returning to the surface, she invariably came up in some unexpected quarter which allowed her ample time to catch her breath before our approach threatened danger. She was very cautious and very shy. A score of times it seemed as though we were going to win and Anderson, the gunner, had actually taken the cannon trigger in hand—yet only to release it again, as the mon-



Arthur Heming at work in his studio on the paintings for the accompanying article.

ster's tail, which measured eighteen feet four inches across, uprose and left nothing save a fifteen-foot circular pool of squirming but unruffled water with a white ripple around its edge.

"Two astern!" shouted the "lookout" from the crow's nest.

Glancing in that direction, we saw two humpback whales about a hundred yards in our wake. They appeared to be a happy couple and were playfully racing through the water with the beautiful undulating motion that is common to their kind. They were going almost neck and neck and seemed to be rubbing sides as

with sudden lurches they would nearly free themselves from the sea.

Hump-back whales remind one of frolicking children or larking dogs, for they have a way of playing—much as sea-lions have—as though seeking the spectator's admiration. And they were doing it now.

"Will we tackle 'em?" questioned the Captain.

"Maybe we'd better, for this squall'll spoil our chances of sulphur bottom* to-day," replied Anderson.

Off our starboard bow a great black cloud was sweeping past. It would have been a thunder cloud anywhere except along the British Columbia coast, where thunder-storms are unknown. Rain had already begun to fall. Here and there light still glimmered on the water and, as though in defiance of the blackness of the approaching storm, the sun threw a flood of rays upon a distant bank of clouds with an effect as beautiful as dramatic.

But just as we had lost hope of securing the great sulphur bottom and, before the skipper had had time to signal for full speed, the unexpected happened. It came in the way of a loud, ominous blowing sound—like the exhaust of a powerful

*Blue Whale.



We beheld a volume of spray spouting twenty-five feet into the air and, through the waves, the head of the huge blue whale was breaking. Instantly Anderson sprang upon the platform, swung the gun about, took aim and fired.

engine—immediately off our starboard bow. Startled, we wheeled about and beheld a volume of spray spouting twenty-five feet into the air and, through the waves, the head of the huge blue whale was breaking. Instantly, Anderson sprang upon the platform, swung the gun about, took aim and fired. When the smoke cleared we saw no sign of the brute save a faint cloud of rapidly dissolving vapor floating above the dark, oily-like, squirming pool of unruffled water that always marks the spot where a whale has sounded.

The gun had hurled the one hundred and fifty-pound iron with such velocity that, though it had dragged behind it an uncoiling six-inch cable, the eye had failed to catch even a flash of the harpoon's flight. Anderson had fired at twenty fathoms and his aim had proved true, for now we not only saw the huge, snake-like line gliding swiftly along the deck and over the bow where it disappeared with a hiss into the sea, but we heard the steam winch begin to whine and then to shriek as the cable unwound itself with increasing speed from the rattling drum.

SOME of the men, bearing down upon a lever with all their weight, endeavored to check the speed of the fast-vanishing cable; while the screaming winch, already overheated, hissed and spat furiously as others threw pails of water upon it to cool it down. The Captain, observing that five hundred fathoms of line had already passed into the sea, bellowed to the men below to make ready with another line. Presently, however, the line began to slacken and, far ahead, we saw the whale blow as she broke water. Without even waiting to rest, she set off straight to windward and, without a single pause, plowed the sea for a distance of over four miles as she towed our ninety-six-foot steel steamer at the rate of twelve knots an hour. Then, slightly slackening speed, as though to catch her breath, she allowed our fifty horse-power steam winch to grunt and groan in an almost vain endeavor to regain some of the line, and thus bring us nearer our monstrous prey.

"That bomb didn't explode. Give 'er another harpoon!" shouted the Captain as his eye travelled anxiously from the blowing whale to the whining winch.

"What bomb?" I queried.

"The bomb contained in the point of the harpoon we fired into her. It was set to explode a second and a half after the discharge of the gun. That allows time for the harpoon to bury itself in the whale."

We managed to reel in about a hundred fathoms of line before she again took fright; this time, however, she went off at a greater pace and, though the propeller, controlled by a six hundred horse-power engine, was now continually backing full speed astern, the whale towed us ahead for over an hour and a half at the rate of seven and a half knots an hour.

FOR one who has not been whaling it must be hard to conceive that there are still living upon this globe animals of such gigantic bulk and power that a single beast will weigh more than the combined weight of one hundred and fifty horses, and can haul a steamer as fast as a man can run notwithstanding that a six hundred horse-power engine is working in opposition.

When the captive again slackened speed, the winch managed to reel in enough cable to bring her within range, and another bomb-harpoon was shot into her. This time, however, the bomb exploded, yet it failed to kill. Again she raced to windward and, after a run of half an hour, swam around in a circle, thus causing our ship to spin and flounder like a child's top that was nearly out-spun. When exhaustion began to overtake her, the winch drew her a little closer and a "bomb-lance" was fired into her, but it did not explode. After another short run, the winch was once more employed in an effort to haul the whale near enough to the steamer to allow of the men using hand lances; but, as she was still stronger than our fifty horse-power engine, the attempt failed. Then a second bomb-lance was discharged. It struck true and exploded, but failed to kill. She, however, soon grew so weak that the winch, after a terrific tug, was able to haul her beside the bow of the vessel, where she lay breathing heavily and spouting her vaporous breath over us, while the captain and the gunner drove twenty-six-foot

hand-lances into her and ended her sufferings. The flukes were then cut off and, with the aid of a heavy chain, the tail was hauled up and made fast to the bow. Meanwhile a lance-pointed tube, perforated for about a third of its length and connected by rubber hose with a powerful air-pump, was thrust into the belly until the carcase was sufficiently blown up to keep it afloat.

THE "St. Lawrence" was then headed for Kyuquot, the most westerly whaling station on Vancouver Island, where we arrived with our prize about three o'clock next morning. The crew were feeling happy, for each man was to share in a bonus given by the Company for every whale secured. The gunner's share was \$5.50 for a humpback, \$10.50 for a fin-back, \$13 for a blue whale, \$30 for a sperm and \$50 for a right whale.

When we turned out at seven next morning to witness the cutting up of the whales (for the whaler "White" had brought in two during the night and there were two others at the floats) we found seven white men, nineteen China-

men, twenty-eight Siwash Indians, and forty-three Japanese—ninety-seven in all—hard at work cutting up the five blue whales that represented seven hundred thousand pounds of flesh and bone—nearly equalling the combined weight of five thousand men.

Mr. Garcin, the manager of the station, was in charge. A great chain attached to a winch's steel cable was fastened about the tail of our eighty-two-footer and the carcase was drawn slowly up the "fat-slip" while water from a hose played upon the planks to lessen the friction. Even while the great body was being drawn from the water the "flenders"—mostly Japanese—had begun their work. Climbing upon the huge carcase they began lining it from end to end with their flensing knives—eighteen-inch curved blades upon six-foot handles. Then a cable from a winch was hooked into the blubber at the head and a strip of from two to four feet wide and the length of the body was ripped off. The thickness of the blubber—the fat next the skin—varied from one to six inches. As the great ribbons of blubber moved up the slip, they were washed



" . . . Sometimes leaping clean out of the sea in a vain effort to free himself from his enemies. It was not only a most awe inspiring sight, but a very dangerous experience, too.

with water from a hose, then cut into pieces about a foot square and tossed into the chopping machine from which endless elevators carried the minced fat to the rendering tanks in the upper storey of the oil factory. Next the carcase was split open and the offal removed.

NO wonder it required a fifty horse-power steam winch to do the work, when one realizes that the liver covered an area of about twelve feet across, and that a barrel with a three-foot diameter looked as though it could not contain the heart, the main artery of which was as big around as a man's waist. The body was then hauled upon the "carcase slip" where still further dissecting took place until all the flesh had been cast into one set of tanks, and all the bones had been sawn up and dumped into another set of tanks. The men reminded one of nothing so much as a swarm of maggots as they crawled up and down the great carcase, sometimes outside, sometimes inside; here wading waist deep in gore, there—when a foot slipped—falling head-long into the awful mess. Occasionally, a flenser's knife went wide of its mark and punctured something that should not have been disturbed, then the flenser was drenched from head to foot with a stream of disgusting matter, shot at him with almost the force of a stream from a fire-hose. So accustomed were the men to the work that when such an accident happened they merely stopped long enough to rub their eyes clear. So enormous were the entrails that they reminded one of a huge heap of hot-air pipes belonging to some great furnace. So plentiful was the flow of blood that it actually ran away in noisy brooks of gore. In mere color the scene afforded a wonderful sight, for even the water in the harbor was red with blood.

The blubber was boiled in steam tanks until thoroughly cooked—then allowed to settle and cool. Next day the oil was run through pipes into cooling tanks, after which it was pumped into the filter press and forced through layers of canvas to remove all the stearine or sediment, leaving the oil as clear as water. Then it was barrelled and marked No. 1 Whale Oil. Stearine, which looks like lard, and is of about the same consistency, is valuable for the manufacturing of candles and soaps. The flesh, offal, and bones were boiled in water and the oil skimmed off. The flesh, after being cooked, went to the meat press where the remaining water and oil were removed and the meat conveyed to the dryer, then screened and blown into sacks to be sold as fertilizer. The bones were taken to the bone chopper—something like a stone crusher—smashed up, dried, pounded fine in the bone-mill, and blown into sacks to be also sold as fertilizer. The fertilizer derived from both meat and bone is called "guano." The Kyuquot whaling station has a record of rendering eight hundred barrels of oil in one week, and the Whaler "St. Lawrence," in one day, killed and towed into Kyuquot no less than seven hump-back and two blue whales.

"In all my experience at both the Atlantic and Pacific stations," remarked Manager Garcin, one evening when he and Captain Searle and Captain Earling—both whalers from boyhood—were discussing whales, "I have never seen or heard of a sperm cow or calf being captured. All the sperms brought into the Newfoundland and British Columbia Stations have been bulls of from forty to sixty feet in length."

"What do sperms eat?"

"Sharks, octopus, cod and other small fish," replied Garcin. "Other whales feed upon nothing but small bait such as shrimps. A large sperm whale has a throat big enough to swallow a barrel four feet in diameter. Once I saw an un-crushed shark ten feet long, taken from the belly of a sperm."

"That reminds me," exclaimed Captain Earling, "that I once killed a sperm that contained a nine-foot shark, and inside the shark we found a codfish and inside the cod we found a cod-hook."

"Of all the other kinds of whales that I have seen cut up—and I've seen thousands of them," went on Garcin, "I have only once found a herring in a whale."

"How about the size of whales?"

"The largest whale I've ever seen," chipped in Captain Earling, "was a sulphur bottom, and it measured ninety-three feet."

"The blue-whale," continued Garcin, "is the largest creature alive to-day and also—as far as we have any record—the largest animal that ever lived upon this globe, as it even out-ranks in size the great Dinosaur of ancient days. Blue whales run from seventy to ninety, and have even been known to reach one hundred and ten feet in length. They average about fifty barrels of oil. Sperm whales measure from forty to sixty feet and average eighty barrels of oil, twenty-five of which is spermaceti, a clear oil found in the head. Fin-backs go about seventy feet and average forty barrels of oil. California gray run about forty feet and supply about thirty-five barrels of oil. Hump-backs go from thirty to forty feet in length, and average twenty-five barrels of oil. The right whale has never been captured off the British Columbian coast. It is hunted in the Arctic and is the only whale that supplies 'whale-bone.' The bone is taken from the mouth and runs from eight to fifteen feet in length."

"**W**HICH is the fastest swimmer?" "The fin-back," answered Earling. "It is the greyhound of the ocean."

"Great Scott, how they can dive!" ejaculated Searle. "The greatest dive I ever saw was made by a fin-back when it sounded, going almost straight down for over four hundred fathoms."

"Four hundred fathoms! How do you arrive at that?"

"Easy enough. When we had let out over four hundred fathoms of line the whale was still going down and continued to pull on the cable with such force that the harpoon gave way."

"The longest time I ever saw a whale sound," remarked Earling, "was forty minutes. It was a sperm."

"I'll go you one better than that," laughed Searle. "I once hooked a sulphur bottom that towed my steamer, straight away, without a single break, for over fourteen knots."

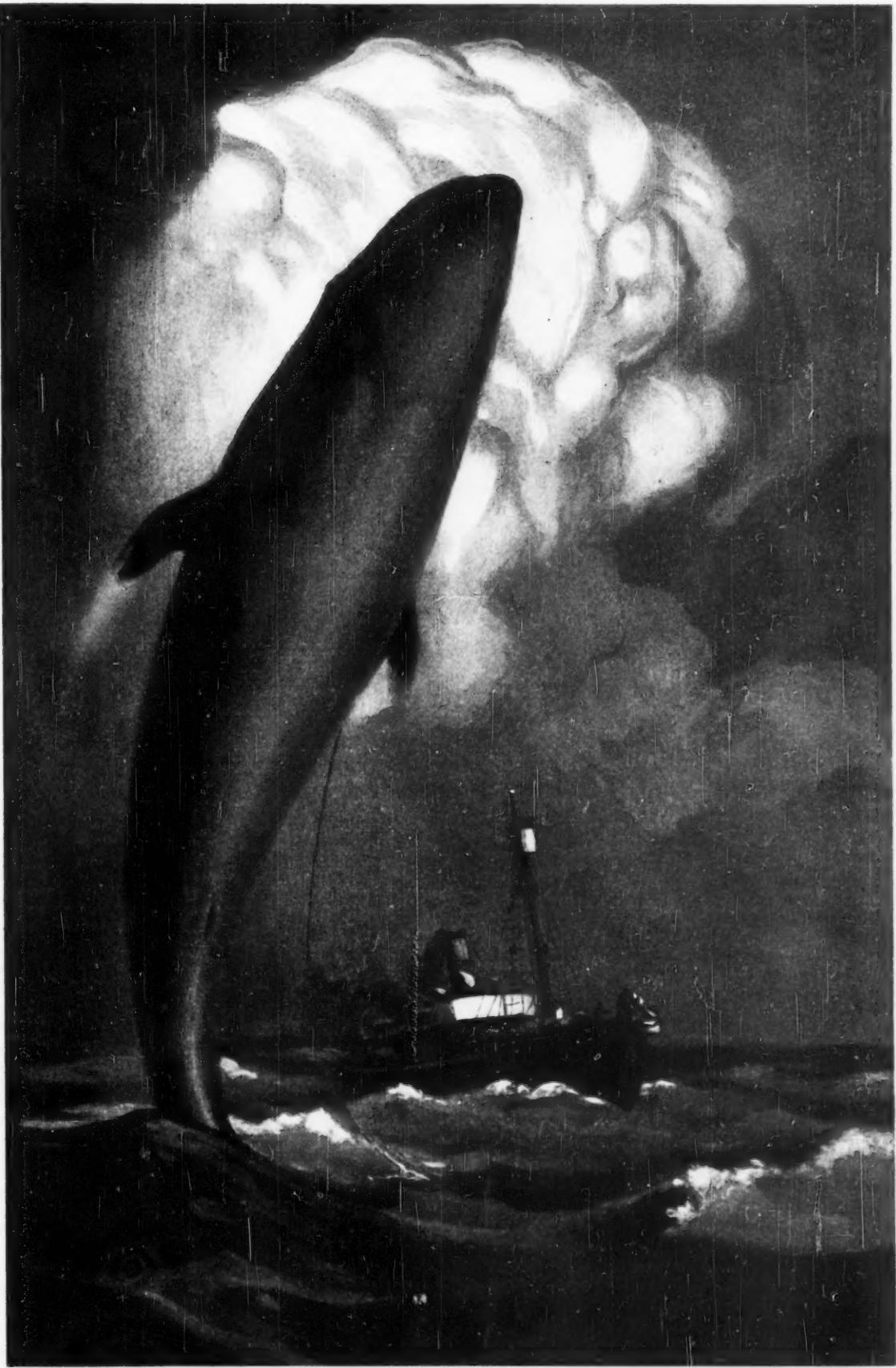
"That's not bad, but I've had better sport than that," said Earling with a chuckle. "Once, while I was hunting a fin-back, the lookout sighted a small hump-back about thirty feet long. It was in a very playful mood. I saw it leap three times clean into the air, and it was within range. Shouting to my mate, I said, with a laugh: 'Head her for the leaping hump-back, and if it jumps again, I'll shoot it on the wing.' As luck would have it, the hump-back took another leap, going even higher than before. I fired. The harpoon struck fair and killed it almost instantly. It jumped exactly like a salmon, nearly straight up with both fins out like wings, and the tail fully ten feet clear of the water. As usual there was scarcely any commotion on the water where the whale left the sea, but each time the whale fell on its side it made a terrific splash."

"Yes, I remember hearing of it," commented Searle between puffs at his pipe, "but sometimes a leaping whale gives one a little more sport than one desires. The other day I harpooned a cow finner and, as the bomb failed to explode, the old girl started in to cut up didoes. She dived—Lord, how she dived! She took down several hundred fathoms of line, then, coming up with a mighty rush, she shot her seventy tons of bulk straight up into the air, fell over on her side and made a splash that was almost unbelievable. She continued to cut up capers for perhaps half an hour, and once she came up so close to our vessel that when she fell the spray drenched the deck. If she had fallen on our steamer it would have been broken in two."

WHILE it was the opinion of the whaling captains and gunners with whom I talked, that whales never charge, they told of several exciting incidents when whales had bumped against their vessels. Captain Earling informed me that his steamer had once been bumped by a sperm.

"The whale," he said, "was about six fathoms away when the harpoon was fired. Immediately it sank. When it rose, it came up under us, bumping the plates so hard that the dents still remain." He also told of two whaling steamers being lost in that way—one off Spitzbergen and the other off Norway.

Next day Captain Larsen told me of his having lost his steamer two years ago off the coast of Iceland, by having a fin-back rise and accidentally punch a hole with its head through the vessel's bottom. It was a steel steamer and he and his crew had hard work to get clear in the life-boats before the vessel sank.



She took down several hundred fathoms of line. Then, coming up with a mighty rush, she shot her seventy tons of bulk straight up in the air, fell over on her side and made a splash that was almost unbelievable.



"It required nine men to dump the 'eighty-two-footer's' fin into a tank."

UNTIL about thirty years ago the British Columbian Coast Indians made a regular business of hunting whales, but since that time the work has been carried on in a very spasmodic way. Seven years ago, however, nine Siwash Indians, headed by Chief Hatliu from Ahousat—an Indian village about fifty miles from Kyuquot—had a whale hunt which they are not likely to forget for many a moon.

They embarked in a forty-foot dug-out provisioned for a three-day's hunt. They were armed with spears and hand harpoons. To the latter were attached wind bags made of sea-lion skins varying in size from that of a keg to that of a barrel. By noon of the first day they sighted a humper and started in pursuit. After manoeuvring for several hours they managed to get close enough to allow Chief Hatliu to hurl a harpoon into the whale. As the chief was not only a great hunter, but a powerful man, the weapon went true and held fast.

Instantly the whale lashed the sea with fury and, while they were splicing on another line to give him more freedom, they were in peril of being swamped. Then he dived. On coming up he raced to wind-

ward. The Indians, being skilled canoe-men and hunters, were not taken unawares, yet their craft plowed the rolling sea with danger ever present. Mile after mile they rode the breakers and hour after hour they followed in the wake of the whale, whose sole idea seemed to lie in swimming to windward, always to windward. The coast line had already disappeared and night was following them out to sea. Soon it overtook them and the full moon stole up behind them. By that time the hump-back appeared to weary of his fruitless race and took to sounding, often coming up in most unexpected quarters, and sometimes leaping clean out of the sea, in a vain effort to free himself from his enemies. It was not only a most awe-inspiring sight but a very dangerous experience, too, for several times the whale fell with such force and so near the boat, that the waves rolled over the canoe and almost engulfed it. The crew were in constant peril, for at any moment the humper might rise under their craft and capsize it. Nevertheless, at every chance the Indians got, they hurled another javelin. By noon the next day the whale had

difficulty in diving for he was buoyed up with so many bags of air.

For the first three days the Indians had food and water to sustain their courage. On the evening of the third day, however, their supplies gave out, and for six days they continued a valiant fight with nothing to eat or drink. Death was ever present, and it seemed that it was spending days in deciding whether to choose the hunted or the hunters. When starvation was imminent, the Indians still doubted the wisdom of cutting their lines and setting out in search of land—as it had disappeared on the evening of the first day and they knew not how far they were out to sea. To go in search of land seemed only to bring death upon them with greater certainty for, as long as they held fast to the whale, there was food at the end of their lines. At last, however, the wind changed and though the hump-back was constantly growing weaker, he towed them back to within sight of land; there, not two miles from the shore, Chief Hatliu and his crew, after a nine-days' fight, drove starvation away by finally dispatching their great quarry.



"The men reminded one of nothing so much as a lot of midgets as they crawled up and down the great carcass. (The bone being cut into lengths is from the skull of the whale.)

KISMET: By A. C. ALLENSON

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

"I f I'd had my pick between the two, which nat'rally I hadn't," said Ephraim Dogget, the mill night-watchman, "I'd rather have been born lucky than rich. Good looks go skin deep, and no further, and you are pretty sure to lose some of 'em in life's ups and downs, same as I've done. You may be born rich, and may have just enough brains to know how to lose your money, but if you're born lucky, you carry it with you, like a squint eye or turned-up nose, from the minute you let out your first yowl in this cold world, till the game's over, and you cash in, and the friends say, 'Happy Release!'

"If you're born lucky, they might drop you out of the sky, with nothing on but clean white sunshine and pretty pink blushes, right into the midst of a desert, seventeen miles from the next place, and you'd find swell clothes, a fine house full of grub and booze, and a Rockefeller roll.

"Find 'em, did I say? No, sir! Your luck would 'ust come bumping against you, and say, 'Hello! You there! Here you are at last, are you? Grab hold of all this junk I've been carting round for you 'way back since the year nothing at all, for I'm dead sick of it.' And it would just heave it at your head."

"I know there's some folks don't believe in luck," continued Ephraim. "There's all sorts to make a world. To make some open their eyes you've got to crack 'em over the head, like knocking at a door, and if you want to get a notion into their heads you've got to do it with a gimlet and funnel. And then there's others like me, that sits and takes notice and thinks and works things out, like kids do their sums. Eddicated sharps call us philosophers, but I ain't coveting no fancy names, and I call it just plain gumption."

"And the funny thing about it is the way a man's luck sort o' plays with him, and fools him, and scares him almost out of the few wits the Lord gave him, and gets him into a fix where a common chap,



There was little Maggie, pretty and sad-looking . . . and the five kids! Little steps down from ten-year-old to three; with clean washed, rosy faces and black clothes.

with no luck, would be all in and ready to go to the everlasting smash and blazes, and then your luck takes a hand with you and makes out of the trouble a glittering, gold bonanza. It's what the niggers call "Kiss Me."

"Kismet," corrected the listerer.

"Same thing," replied Ephraim tartly. "One calls it one way, and another something different. You can have it any way you like."

"Now there was Bill Swithen," he continued, after a moment's offended pause. "That is, if you want to hear about it. Well, all right then. Bill was a smartish chap whatever way you looked at him. Tidy, steady-going weaver, earning his sixteen a week reg'lar, with no bad habits, and for dollars what a b'oodhound is for blood. No putting diamond studs in the shirts of booze sellers for him, like a lot of our chaps do, as have to earn it hard. A thinking man, too, and not one of them ign'rant, miserly blokes what know just enough to freeze on to everything that drifts their way, like a clam, but hasn't got the stuff in 'em to go after anything on their own hook."

BILL was a planner, always with some fine scheme in his nut for making money that nobody ever thought of before till Bill set it sparkling, and then it looked

so simple and easy that they'd stamp on their own toes because they hadn't tumbled to it before. Some day I'm going to invent a collar button that will fall on the floor without rolling under the one thing in the room that a man of my build in front can't get under. It's the simple little things that bring home the bacon.

Well, he was a single man, Bill was, and a bit beany and uppish about it. Thought, like a lot of these kids no woman has bothered to trim the edges off, that if he died, half the girls would go straight into mourning. He used to say that when he started in to pay a woman's meal tick-

et she'd have to own more than a loving disposition and nice looks.

"None of your girls with a few hundred saved up for husband bait," says the bold Bill. "I'm no bargain counter stuff. Any woman that wants me, she will have to own a pocket-book, and if she hasn't, all I asks of her, very politely, is to let me alone. I guess I'll keep."

Lord! Don't it make you laugh, the silly bluffers men be? Big as bull beef; and you'd think a woman was forced by law to wear a human mustard plaster. Then one day some little dame steps along, five foot nothing, ninety-five pounds ring-side weight. There's about thirty seconds of nifty sparring: left, right, cross, upper-cut, just as quick as you can say it, and the poor big dub's on his back, wondering what made the roof fall in.

I don't say as Bill was the most pop'lar chap in town, and if ever there was "bach" written all over a man, it was him. Then, all of a sudden, Joe Ford goes and gets himself killed. It was of a Sunday night and Joe, as was his reg'lar habit, was fuller'n a tick. When the blind tiger man turned him out, his pockets being empty, he tries to navigate home, and somehow, on the road, gets into a mix-up with an electric car that was going hell for leather, it being the last trip that night, and the crew wanting to get home.

Anyway, Joe and the car had an argument, and Joe lost. When they came to assemble what parts they could find, a couple of fair-sized baskets held what was mortal of Joe.

IN a way, it was a terrible thing, him leaving a wife and five little kids. There wouldn't have been money enough to plant him, if his mates in the mill hadn't got up a subscription. That was all right, as far as it went, but you know what this charity business is like? As long as the trouble is fresh, folks are kind, but the newness wears off, and other folks' troubles come along, and the old ones get side-tracked. That's the time when the collar-work starts. It was just then, when things were cooling off a bit, that Bill Swithen shows up in a new light. As a reg'lar thing, when a subscription paper went round the mill, he'd grunt and grumble, chip in a quarter or a half dollar, and wonder how it was folks couldn't keep out of trouble, and if they liked it well enough to get into it, why the dickens didn't they save up till they could afford it.

This time, though, he comes up with a whole dollar, and not only that, mind you, but it gets out that he's doing the Good Samaritan stunt you've read of in the Old Book. You know how the chap picked up the wounded man, carried him to the nearest inn, and gave the saloon keeper tuppence to buy him a glass when he comes round enough to feel the good of it? One day Bill would send some groceries, then a bag of 'taters, or some shoes for the kids, or maybe a bit of coal. Wonderful kind he was, and them as had said hard things about his closeness began to feel a bit shamed. No wonder little Maggie Ford began to look up to Bill as her adviser.

"Bill," she says to him one evening when he stopped her on the street to ask how they were getting on, "there was a man at the house to-day from the Company to talk about Joe getting killed. A nice-spoken young chap he was, too, and he said how sorry for me and the children the Company was, and he gave the young 'uns a nickel apiece."

"You didn't have much to say to him, I hope?" asks Bill, uneasylike. "And you never put your name to no paper, did you?"

"No, I didn't say much, and I didn't sign no paper," said Maggie. "He did say something about the Company being willing to help pay the funeral expenses, but I told him the mill people had done that. Then he said that he wouldn't mind letting me have a dollar or two to help 'em along, though there was no claim against the Company, and if he did it, it would be out of pity for me and the children. He wanted to give me some money right away, but I said I'd like to think it over, and talk to my friends."

"And you did just right," says Bill. "No claim, eh? Well, if he should come nosing round again, just you send him along to me, and I'll talk to him. There will be lots of other sharks coming round, shyster lawyers to take your case, and Company's agents, slick, smiling chaps,

wanting you to sign off for next to nothing. Chase 'em all away, Maggie, and I'll attend to this job. Joe was a mate of mine, and I want to see you and the little 'uns get a fair show."

NOW, you know, Mister, we've all kinds and breeds of lawyers round here. Some useful for one thing, some for another, and a whole raft good for nothing. Just as much use in the Almighty's scheme of the world as mosquitoes and bedbugs, a penalty to remind you what'll happen if you don't keep sweet and clean. If so be as I wanted to divorce my old woman, which the good Lord knows I don't, like as not I'd take my case to Clippem.

Cough up what you are able to get off your chest, and no matter what the fault is, or whose it is, or whether there's any fault at all, beyond a fancy for another shuffle of the cards, if the pair don't run sweet in double harness, Clippem's the boy to split 'em. He'd have divorced Adam and Eve, had the chance come his way—and they'd made it worth his while. But if a car bumps me, or a piece of machinery falls and cracks my head as I'm going round my clocks, and I think a thousand-dollar plaster would mend it as good as new, Clippem's no manner of use for a 'job like that. O'Tort's the lad then.

None of your ambulance chasers, not he. No sir. O'Tort would not chase his best hat if it blew off in the street. The dignity of the law, Sir! Un-pro-fess-ion-al! When he isn't in court, making fat corporations sweat dollars, you'll find him in his offices, up to the neck in business. He ain't like these kid law chaps, that have to mix in to get their bread and butter, but let me tell you this: if so be you were fifty miles off, and met with a bit of an accident getting off a car, you'd no sooner have got up, begun to breathe easy again, collected your hat and umbrella, and heard the parting cuss words of the conductor at you for your carelessness, than some friendly chap would grab your arm, steer you into a drug store, talk pleasant, and pop one of Mr. O'Tort's cards, that he had in his pocket by a bit of luck, into your hand.

Fall down an elevator shaft, get tangled up in machinery, or let a millionaire's automobile run you down, and when you came to in the hospital there would be a doctor one side of the bed, an undertaker sadly rolling up a tape measure that wasn't going to be required, on the other, and one of Mr. O'Tort's runners smiling lovingly at the foot.

O'Tort an ambulance chaser? Perish the dishonoring and unprofessional thought! No man can help being pop'lar if the world makes up its mind he's got to stand for it.

WELL, after talking some more with Maggie, Bill goes to see O'Tort about the case. He spins his yarn, as it had come to him, the lawyer listening, but saying nothing till the tale is done.

"A dark road with big trees on both sides of it Time, eleven at night. Weather, wet and stormy. Electric car travelling on its last trip for the night. Speed fif-

teen miles an hour or thereabouts. The man Ford returning home from a social call and walking across the tracks," says the lawyer, boiling down what Bill had taken the best part of an hour to get out.

"Not walking across the tracks," says Bill, wanting to get the thing just right. "I said he was lying on 'em."

"Ah! You were present at the time, Mr. Swithen?" says the lawyer, giving Bill the slow and careful once over.

"Why, no!" answers Bill, flabbergasted a bit. "That's what they tell me."

"Purely hearsay, and valueless as improbable," sniffs O'Tort. "And pray who is it who tells that story?"

"I reckon it was the motorman of the car," says Bill.

"Precisely," answers O'Tort, looking severe-like at Bill. "The servant of the criminal company. The man whose fault it was that a valued husband, father, citizen, breadwinner is lost to his family and the community. Dead men tell no tales, Mr. Swithen. They have passed beyond the range of human subpoena and interrogation. They cannot affirm or deny the stories that are framed up, therefore lay the blame on them. Had not Ford to cross the tracks to get home? Exactly, Sir! Mr. Swithen, let us not do the dead man an injustice, because the motorman wishes to find a scapegoat for his own wrong-doing. Let us rather think of the widow and fatherless than of the miserable pocket of a bloated corporation."

"You think there is something to Mrs. Ford's case, then?" asks Bill.

"One should not speak hastily," answers the lawyer. "My profession is concerned with the law and not the prophets, but—. But if I know anything of my fellow citizens of this district, and I claim to have some humble acquaintance with them, I am firmly of opinion that a jury of them will not consider our claim of twenty thousand dollars as altogether unreasonable. These God and man-defying corporations must be taught sternly that they cannot with impunity propel their Juggernaut cars through our public thoroughfares. We will endeavor to teach them a much-needed lesson, and at the same time, drive back the wolf, poverty, from the door of the widow and fatherless."

IN the end O'Tort agrees to take the case for thirty-five per cent. of the damages if it is settled by him out of Court, or fifty if there's a scrap; and, just to grease the wheels and sand the rails at the start, Bill puts up fifty bucks for chickenfeed.

Well, it is funny how things do turn out, ain't it? Here was Bill Swithen, who had turned up his nose at all the smart young lasses round, as if they were nothing at all, and we hears that he and Maggie are hitching horses.

Not that Maggie wasn't a fine woman, for she was, one of the best, a rare good mother and housekeeper. I mind her when she was pretty as a picture, so she was. But five kids and a souse of a husband will take the smartness out of any woman, I don't care who she is.

Joe used to chuck seven dollars on the table every Saturday dinnertime, and the

lass had to make out with that: rent, clothes, fire, grub and all. The good Lord only knows how she did it. T'other seven he earned went to clean the arithmetic sums off the back of the barroom door. Kids might go without shoes, but Joe's constitution had to have its reg'lar doses of booze.

When Bill made up his mind and asked Maggie to marry him, she thought either she was dreaming or him crazy, and when she found out he meant business she just made a high-toned, fancy idol out of him. You see, Mister, she had lived long enough with a no-account chap, to think a thrifty, sober man a gold-mounted saint.

"Bill's foxy," neighbors said then. "He knows the kids will be earning in a few years, and so he'll make money out of them. Nobody thought of their getting anything out of the Company, knowing how drunk Joe was when he got killed. Then one morning the papers had it all, how that Maggie was going to law and suing the Traction Company for twenty thousand dollars, with O'Tort as her lawyer.

"The Company's name is mud," they said. "What with O'Tort's gab and Bill Swithen's luck, no corporation ever put together could stand against Maggie's case."

SO the day of the trial comes round, and I gives up my day's sleep to be at the start off. I sits just behind Bill and Maggie, who were in the front row, next the lawyers' table. And I will say this for O'Tort, he put the little play on in slap-up style. There was little Maggie, pretty and sad-looking, and sort of heart-touching in her crape and black clothes. Says I to myself, "No born juryman who hasn't a heart made out of chilled steel armor-plate, could ever give a verdict against her. They ain't made that way, for most of 'em have some sort of a heart under their shirts." And the five kids! Lord o' Pity! Little steps down from ten year old to three, with clean washed, rosy faces, and black clothes, all neat and tidy, but

patched and patched again. The young 'uns had good clothes at home, but O'Tort wouldn't hear of 'em.

"Not too prosperous," says he. "Not too prosperous! Clean, patched poverty is what touches a juryman's heart. If you want to get real sentimental feeling, the fat man of fifty in the jurybox is the chap for your money." And Maggie's lot looked their part down to the last stitch.

When Jim Miller, the Company's boss lawyer, strolls into court and looks at that row in black, you could see it knock him cold and stiff.

"Up against it hard!" he mutters low-like to the young lawyer prentice chap as was bottle-holder in his corner for him. "First squint of the jury at that bunch will cost us five thousand for a starter, and when Mike O'Tort turns on the taps, we'll have to swim round the jurybox with lifebelts on."

"Well," says he, sitting down, resigned-

like. "God defend the right, but He don't often look into these courts." And he turns and chins some to the chief claim agent, and then has a word with O'Tort.

"Give you five thousand and call it off, Mike," he whispers.

"What! with that bunch of winners?" asks O'Tort with a laugh. "Put a one in front of your bid, and we'll dicker," says he.

"How much do you want?" inquires Miller.

"Fifteen," comes back Maggie's lawyer.

"What did you have for supper? Roll over, boy, ye're on your back," says Miller. "Seventy-five hundred to get the thing out of the way. There's more'n a chance you'll never get to the jury. We are sorry for the little woman and the children, poor little beggars, and that's no fable, but if seventy-five hundred won't satisfy you, we'll take chances. If we lose, they may not soak us more."

"Nothing doing!" laughs O'Tort. "There's a lot more than that in it, Jim. I'll settle for ten thousand to save delay and time, an to get the money quick. Not a cent less."

"It's a scrap, then," says Miller, and he nods to the clerk and the fun starts up.

ORD! That there Miller didn't have a one, two, three show. Maggie's case ran off smooth as oil, and all t'other side could do didn't amount to a pinch of snuff. When Maggie took the stand, the four fat men in the jurybox dug for their hankies, three with Mormon whiskers sniffed out loud, and the other five lean chaps looked at Miller like wolf dogs wanting a bite the worst way. If looks could have murdered the company's man, he would have been dead as pork when he started in to ask little Maggie questions, and he did it like a real gentleman, too.

What O'Tort did to that Traction Company was a scand'lous sin and shame. Thieves and mur-

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page 100



When they got nearer home people they knew kept coming aboard the car. They would look hard at the seven in a row and grin a bit, but it never phased Bill Swithen.

The New Era in Canada

By AGNES C. LAUT

SUPPOSE the war lasts for five years, which the world hopes and prays it may not; though we must be prepared for any eventualities.

Suppose it costs Canada \$200,000,000 a year, or in all, a billion! The new rate of world interest practically amounts to 6 per cent. Interest charges on a billion are \$60,000,000 a year, or \$7.50 a head for every man, woman and child in the Dominion.

Will the War make Canada, or break her? Will it do what the Spanish Armada did to Spain—leave her a wreck, handicapped for centuries; or will it do to her what the Civil War did to the United States, brace her sinews, unify her aims, concentrate her forces, electrify her with new power to cope with world factors and dominate world aims?

Canada's population is just what England's was when the Spanish Armada was defeated. When Great Britain fought the Napoleonic Wars, her population was 20 millions, two-and-a-half times greater than Canada's and her debt was four-and-a-half billions with interest charges of \$165,000,000 a year, or \$8 plus a head; and the position won by Britain in the Napoleonic Wars, left her easily the first and most powerful nation in the world.

Where is the present War going to leave Canada?

Be assured, it will not leave her, where it found her. It will make her, or break her;—and hard.

It was not the amount which Britain spent that left her great in the Napoleonic Wars. Nor was it her victories. If you read history carefully, you will find her victories were pretty well balanced by defeats in that period. That was the period when she lost the American colonies. It was what she won in soul, in consciousness of purpose, in largeness of vision, in concentration and force to realize the vision, that left Britain great after the Napoleonic Wars.

SO how is this War going to leave Canada? No matter how much it costs—and you may as well brace yourself to a billion dollar expenditure in money and an untold expenditure in life—what is Canada going to gain? There is not a fighting man in Europe to-day, who does not know and acknowledge that the Canadian work on the Western Line has been without a parallel for courage, fierceness, bull-dog hold. When the Candians first went to Salisbury Plain, they were ructious. They didn't like the business of being leashed in on parade to execute useless salutes. A certain section of the English Army was frankly doubtful of the obstreperous Colonials. You know the story that has gone the rounds of London, how the sentry recognized the different soldiers passing in the dark.

"Who goes there?"
"Liverpool Infantry."

"Give the password—pass Liverpool Infantry."

"Who goes there?"

"London Artillery."

"Give the password—pass London Artillery."

"Who goes there?"

"Oh, hell, what's your business?"

The sentry didn't ask the password. He sang out—"Pass Canadian."

What truth there is in the story, I don't know; but it has gone the rounds of the press and illustrates the mental attitude of mind before the Canadians went to the front. To-day if you happen to have friends in the Red Cross Hospitals, they will tell you there is one class of invalids whom every officer salutes. If asked why, the answer is: "Why—he's a Canadian."

It is quite impossible to mistake what the War is going to do for the spirit of Canada nationally; but Canadians are such a severely practical people, if I put it in terms of heroics, I should be told it was "all hot air"; so let us get it down to a brutal basis of facts and dollars and cents!

Five years ago Canada was on the crest of the wave of the wildest boom she had ever known. Cities sprang up over night. Values doubled, quadrupled and literally went out of sight. Fortunes were made by the flip of a coin, by accident, by chance, by a turn in values less than an hour old. Immigrants were coming in at the rate of 1,000 a day. British and American capital flooded the market. City real estate round prairie towns ran out the area of Chicago. Dollar bills were cheap as dimes are to-day. They called it prosperity; and it was as much as your life was worth to question it. I did question it—and was abused for it—not because I wished Canada less prosperity or knew the situation as well as those who were in the game, but because at that time I was crossing the continent three or four times a year, and saw what was happening in booms from Texas to Oregon. *The crest of the wave was always succeeded by a swift descent to the trough.*

All that was five years ago, and people called it prosperity.

What was the sequel?

The crest was succeeded by the trough all right. Values crumbled. For much property that sold like wild fire at boom prices, there was no sale at any price. Many suburban lots could not be given away. They carried too heavy taxes. Immigration dropped 60 to 75 per cent. Capital suddenly tightened—then stopped. Even in the Panic year of '93, such public depression did not exist; and yet—as surely as the crest is followed by the trough, the trough is followed by the crest; and judging solely by what has

happened elsewhere, by what is now happening elsewhere—*Canada is on the verge of the most important era in her history.* The boom was what the English call "a flash buster." What is coming is no flash in the pan. It is the dawn of a new day. What happened in the United States after the Civil War is bound to come to Canada after the present War.

LET us get down to facts. First of all, even a pessimist must acknowledge there is a wonderful wave of prosperity in the United States to-day. The very year when the whole world had to be fed by America, the United States, that land of luck, was blessed with enormous crops—the greatest ever known, except in cotton. The United States in 1915 sold a billion dollars worth more than it bought. That stood \$11 to the good for every man, woman and child in the country. As a matter of fact, it stood for more; for the War scared people into economy. Savings banks in the United States have bulged with surplus money. That was for 1915. How about 1916? According to the Secretary of Commerce, according to big men of affairs like Hill, and big bankers like Morgan and Vanderbilt, or financial authorities like Babson and Price, the United States will sell in 1916, two billion dollars worth more than is bought. That country is in the vortex of a frenzied prosperity. Cotton is back to prices before the war. Corn, wheat, copper, coal, meat, all the great staple exports, which the world must have—are up to prices higher than before the war. Uncle Sam is at the present time wallowing in money. He is on such a financial drunk that the governors of the Stock Exchange are fearful of a financial reaction and at one time demanded such high margins for stocks as practically to prohibit speculation on margin. On some stocks, the margin called was for 100 per cent; on others 50 per cent. That pretty nearly turned speculation into permanent investment. The reasons for this sudden mad prosperity need not be given here. They will be dealt with in detail as to Canada; but put down as a first fact, *such prosperity cannot prevail in the United States, without a wave reacting on Canada irrespective of Canada's own special reasons for prosperity.*

The surplus capital of the United States is going to be forced to seek bigger and bigger investment in Canada. The scarcity of capital in Europe is going to force Canada, as it has already forced her, to go to the United States for capital. We may like this, or dislike it, but we must acknowledge it is happening. Canada as a nation has floated one big loan in the United States. She will float many such in the next few years.

We may like it or dislike it, but we must acknowledge that the United States is financially the most prosperous country in the world at present. There is a

curious dynamic, swift, almost terrible vitality in the commercial life of the United States. And as a result of the war the United States to-day dominates the world markets in fuel, steel and food. Something of the dynamic swift vitality of the United States commercial world is found also in Canadian life. It has its defects—this system of big swiftness and quick turn-over—but it also has its virtues; and I think its virtues are of a quality to speed up Canadian prosperity. You do not think of English business life as a vortex. You think of it as "the thrifty husbandry of many years," piling up reserves and reserves and reserves of bank balances. That is not the way in the United States. There, it is make, or break, and do it at once, and do it big. The positive qualities bulge. The negative ones are execrated. I do not think it will hurt us to be electrified—charged, if you like—from Uncle Sam's commercial dynamo.

Put down as the three first facts—a reflex of the wave of prosperity in the United States; surplus American capital seeking investment in Canada; an electrifying of Canadian business through new conditions.

HOW about immigration? The very possibility of Canada's growth depends on immigration. Hasn't the war killed immigration for a hundred years? Where can immigrants come from if the war keeps on killing off four millions in a year? When the war ceases, won't Europe need all hands for the work of reconstruction? The war has stopped immigration to the United States. How about Canada?

That is one line of reasoning that is depressing many people in Canada to-day. Oddly enough, I should reason just the other way. Before the war, Europe was taxed to the hilt. One more straw's weight of taxation in Germany would have thrown power into the hands of the Agrarians and Socialists. Lloyd George's system of taxation in England had driven countless investors to Canada. In Austria, taxation touched 40 per cent. of some incomes. Whatever the taxation was before the war, it will be manifoldly greater after the war. Can the poor stand an increase of taxation and stay? Can people of moderate incomes stand an increase and have any income left? Bonds, stocks, consols, salaries to \$250 a year—all will be assessed at least 50 per cent. to pay off the cost of the war.

This factor alone without any devastation of homes will drive countless hosts to America. Take a few insignificant facts as an indication of which way the wind is already blowing! Consols and bonds floated in Europe have to pay a war tax. European consols and bonds floated in the United States are exempt from the war tax. So anomalous is this situation that, when the great British loan was floated in the United States, the bankers had to head off European buyers, who would have bought these bonds, free of tax, when exactly similar treasury bonds floated in Europe had to bear a tax. One of the richest bankers in Lon-

don cabled for \$5,000,000 of the treasury bonds being floated by the Morgans. He was refused.

Or take the situation as to American railroad and industrial stocks held in Europe! For a year before the war, there was a mysterious movement in these "Americans." Money lenders in London and Berlin and Paris began quietly calling in loans. To meet the calls, many American securities were sent across to New York and sold. The movement produced an unexplainable gradual decline for a whole year preceding the war. We know now that those "inside" must have given the word. German investors let go of 40 per cent. of American holdings; and when the war broke out, the governors of the New York Stock Exchange were so afraid of "Americans" being dumped on the market for a slaughter sale that they closed the Stock Exchange. Well, the Stock Exchange finally opened; and what happened? Did "Americans" slump? Not much. They went up with a jump. It was New Year's of 1915 before American financiers realized what was happening. European investors through bankers were buying American rails and industrials. It is an open secret that German buying sent up Bethlehem Steel, which is manufacturing for the Allies. Everybody knows that Carnegie and Schwab between them own 51 per cent. of Bethlehem Steel; so the German investors could not have been buying "to corner" the stock and hamper the Allies. The German investor was buying for profit and income. Why? Because American securities had suddenly become the most profitable on earth. Only 5 per cent. of C.P.R. stock has been sold by German holders since the war broke out. Why? Because it is safe.

Put down then as your fourth certain fact—certain because it is happening now—an enormous influx of European capital to the United States and Canada for sheer safety—to get away from the taxes that the war is piling up.

But how will this argument touch the main problem of immigration?

If people of moderate means and people of substantial means must emigrate to escape war taxes, how about the poor, whose homes and farms have been laid desolate? It is hard to pull up roots and leave ancestral homes; but how about it when the home has been laid waste, when the roots have been pulled up all bloody and torn, when there are no memories but memories of anguish, when there is only fear for the future that blundering unscrupulous diplomacy may repeat the tragedy? If your home was laid waste and all you owned scattered to the wind and taxes increased to take the shirt off your back, would you stay in the land to rebuild your shattered fortune, where it might all happen again? I am guessing what Europeans may do by what I would do; and every reservist called home to fight will have been an unheralded colonist agent for the Land Beyond the Seas, where freedom is guaranteed. In the United States, the free land is all gone. In Canada, are boundless acres of free land; and there is no man fighting in

Europe to-day, who does not know about Canadians. Europeans must rebuild from the ground up. Will they rebuild where such tragedies as this war, on a minor scale, have plowed the land for a thousand years; or look to a land where broad acres are free, taxes merely nominal, and freedom rests in their own hands? I am no prophet but I can venture a guess. Remember the United States has been peopled by races, who left Europe to escape injustice. Also I recall the rough explanation of an old Western pioneer to me on the Missouri.

"The railroads didn't open up this here country. They needn't bust themselves boasting," he said. "They didn't do it."

"Who did, then?" I asked.

"The Civil War did it," he answered laconically. "The Civil War opened up the American West. 'Twas this way—way it was with me. I come from New England. The boys from Vermont served in the War with the boys from Missouri and Illinois and Minnesota. They learned for the first time in their lives there was a country where you could get 320 acres for nothing and raise 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think they were going back to slave as hired man on their dad's farm? You bet we didn't! We came on West and we stayed! It was the Civil War sent the boys from Down East on out West to Texas and Colorado and the Dakotas."

One can set down at least the fact that every single one of Canada's 200,000 fighters will be an unconscious colonization agent for that land where homes are free and government rests in a man's own hands.

I am no prophet, but I would not be afraid to offer big odds that Canada will see as great an influx of settlers to the West after this war, as the American West witnessed after the Civil War. I would rather gamble on that chance to-day buying Western land, than three or four years ago when everybody lost balance and judgment in a real estate frenzy.

TO all this, Canadians may raise the objection that the people who come from ruined homes, will come penniless. Go back to first figures! Suppose the war costs Canada a billion, or interest charges of \$7.50 per head. The Napoleonic Wars cost England \$8 a head. Let Canada set aside the difference, or 50 cents a head for her 8 millions people—\$4,000,000 to establish ready made homes for settlers, the loans to be paid back as paid for the C. P. R. ready made farms! This system could take care of 2,000 homesteaders a year, who would yearly be paying back their loan for more settlers. Don't forget the New England settlers were Puritan refugees, the New Jersey settlers, Huguenot refugees, the Pennsylvanians were persecuted Quakers. England's great textile industries have been built up from refugees from Flanders in the 16th century. So could Canada fill up her vacant lands and build up her manufactures with the finest class of colonists in the world, if she opened a very

(Continued on page 85)

Who, How and Why:

By H. F. GADSBY
Illustrated by LOU SKUCE



It seemed only natural that Major Rhodes should command the heavy artillery in reply.

WHO is this tall, slim, active figure that comes striding—or used to come before Parliament Hill was a clutter of fire-engines and ruins—down the Broad Walk, cane swinging, gaiters twinkling in the afternoon sun, hat at just the right angle to satisfy good form and his blithe spirit, face shining—everything top-hole?

Kindly observe his collar—the latest in wings; also his overcoat, how it flares from the waist downwards; likewise his trousers, the true Piccadilly skimp. I am merely stating a few externals. If I peeled that overcoat of his off I would find, perhaps, the best-fitting suit of clothes in Ottawa, for this young man, unlike many members of Parliament, does not despise good tailors, and it naturally follows that good tailors do not despise him. On the contrary, they do their best for him, knowing full well how the Lord loves a man with a good pair of shoulders.

DON'T forget the shoulders — they must be as broad as the waist is slim to give that dashing effect. A fat man simply cannot carry off these narrow styles. But this young Antaeus is not a fat man. He is the sound-mind-in-the-sound-body product of Acadia College, a graduate of the rugby field, a first-class honor man in baseball, lacrosse, hockey, high-jumping, lawn tennis, arts and law. The Parliamentary Guide classifies him as a lawyer and manufacturer, but these are only his avocations. He is really the college athlete in politics, and his career is a fair warrant that politics are not ungrateful when college athletes pay any attention to them. His prime condition is the best evidence that politics need not be a flabby pursuit if one takes his daily exercise. Many statesmen, dough-faced now and short-winded, prefer to take a Seidlitz powder or a high-ball instead of a walk, but this young dandy believes in keeping himself as fit as he is well fitted.

Imagine the Discus Thrower or the Dying Gladiator in Piccadilly raiment of the latest cut and you have him.

Not to string out the suspense too long, you are gazing on the greatest *elegant* in the House of Commons, the new Deputy Speaker, Edgar N. Rhodes of Amherst, N.S. He has a sartorial tradition to maintain, for he comes from Cumberland County, the nursing mother of Sir Charles Tupper, a great beau in his time, and many years later of Hance Logan, M.P., who

was the glass of fashion and mold of form for the Liberals when they were in power. Indeed, it was Hance Logan that Edgar N. Rhodes defeated in the election of 1911, and Hance Logan whom he hopes to defeat again in the election of 1917 or thereabouts. So, whatever happens, Cumberland County is sure of a well-groomed performance by two gentlemen of irreproachable taste. Cumberland County is a mining, farming, lumbering, fishing, manufacturing constituency; it is English, Irish, Scotch and Acadian-French, but all elements seem to unite in demanding a representative at Ottawa who knows how to wear his clothes.

As Carlyle has devoted a whole book to clothes as the mask of human institutions, I make no apology for dwelling at length on the Deputy Speaker's wardrobe. It would be better if more members would follow his example. Then the House of Commons would not disclose so much fuzz on the back of its neck, not to mention bags at its knees and soup stains on its sleeves. It would be a tidier place than it is now, especially if more hair was cut and oftener. Clarence Jameson, also of Nova Scotia—he comes from Digby, if I remember right—is also a paragon of neatness. He finds that he cannot get a first-class hair-cut in Ottawa, and goes to Montreal for one. But the majority of the members are indifferent, allowing what hair they have left to wander at will so long as it does not get into the butter. It is going to take years for Edgar N. Rhodes' example to have a general effect. Meanwhile, several members of the Rideau Club have asked Mr. Rhodes who his tailor is, and have had the secret imparted to them but do not seem to get the same results, probably because they do not possess the steel-wire outfit of muscles which the Deputy Speaker uses as a frame-work.

THERE are in the House of Commons perhaps twenty good dressers on and off the stage, as the dramatic papers would say, but the Deputy Speaker stands first. His apparel, as Polonius advises, is as costly as his purse can buy, but not exuberant in fancy. His collars, cravats, waistcoats, shoes may be the latest touch but there is that in them which leads people to believe that the metes and bounds are not overstepped. If Rhodes tied his four-in-hand in a shoelace knot, persons of nice taste would follow him, knowing it was the correct thing. What's more, Rhodes would look well in it, and would give it a responsibility and sanction that would make it appropriate for statesmen of the first rank. He can wear a lounge suit with dignity, which is more than Sir Wilfrid Laurier can do. Imagine, if you can, that historic figure walking down Sparkes street in a sack coat and a turn-down collar. It would give the lie to every photograph that has been taken of him in the last forty years, and would turn the Liberal Party, not to mention Parliament Hill, and Canada at large, upside down. And yet Edgar Rhodes can do that very thing any summer afternoon and suffer no loss of prestige.

The Cabinet Ministers, with one or two exceptions, Dr. Reid, for instance, who doesn't like to feel dressed up, and Arthur Meighen who is too busy to bother, are always *en grande tenue*, as also Rodolphe Lemieux and Dr. Pugsley, but theirs is the standardized taste of middle-aged gentlemen—dark morning coats, vests with white collars slips, lightly colored trousers, the usual thing. R. B. Bennett, as a budding cabinet minister, also favors long tails and an important manner. If Deputy Speaker Rhodes has a rival in careless elegance anywhere on the front benches it must be the Hon. Robert Rogers who goes in for velvet collars to his dress coats and things like that. Northrup of Hastings specializes in illustrated waistcoats. Emmanuel Devlin, M.P., has appeared at evening functions with gold buttons on his white silk waistcoat. Shepherd of Nanaimo affects a black and white ribbon for his horn-rimmed eye-glasses, but these are flights of fancy which Deputy Speaker Rhodes does not find it necessary to follow. He contents himself with being all-round good form and lets it go at that.

When young Mr. Rhodes struck Parliament Hill some seven years ago some of the old hands said, "Pshaw! He'll never work. He has too many neckties." These members, by the way, though considering the body more than raiment, were the very ones who plunged through the flames to get their hats and overcoats when the Parliament Buildings were burning to the ground. They could not understand how one with the aesthetic sense so fully developed as the member for Cumberland could possibly have a taste for hard labor.

THEY pictured him as making perhaps one or two brilliant speeches in a session and then resting on his laurels—showing he could be a William Pitt if he liked and then stopping there. Many young members of Parliament do that very thing—begin, as they think, at the top and then fade away. Either because they are lazy, or because they fear to imperil their one-speech reputations by saying something below their previous mark or because they then shot their bolt they never make another attempt. The volumes of Hansard are strewn with these spent rockets.

But young Mr. Rhodes was not that sort. Rich he may be, though that is largely a matter of comparison, but idle rich he is not. He belongs to the busy rich, that enlightened form of wealth which believes it has a stewardship to account for, which takes its responsibilities seriously and which helps the industrial growth of Canada by its intelligent enterprises. Mr. Rhodes has few idle moments. He is director on perhaps a dozen financial and manufacturing companies and it's a safe guess that he is a director who does his own directing—he's no dummy. From my own conversations with Mr. Rhodes I should say that he isn't the kind of man to let his money work harder than himself. As a matter of fact he believes that anything worth having is worth working for and on that ground he refused to become

an honorary colonel, being one of two people in this fair Canada of ours who declined the honor when it was offered to them. Mr. Rhodes is by way of being a Major and when he blossoms out as a colonel you will know that he has earned his step. Hard work, that seems to be young Mr. Rhodes' gospel, because hard work is good for the body, and good for the soul, and also it is the only way a man masters the tasks Providence sets him.

Right now is the place to mention that Rhodes has always been so busy that he has never had time to play golf. He knows nothing about it, not a word of that strange patter of brassies and niblicks and other ballistic engines but when he does undertake to learn the subject I'll warrant that he does it from the ground up. With his gift of concentration I should say that six months would put him in shape to tackle the best arm-chair golfer in the Rideau Club. At least he

would know the terminology of the game and thus Greek would meet Greek on equal terms.

WHEN Rhodes came to Parliament in 1908, being then thirty years of age, that gospel of hard work, knowing things from the ground up, was part and parcel of his creed. It was a useful lesson for him to have learned young. It started him right as a politician. Instead of making flimsy speeches about nothing in particular and everything in general he decided that he would have something to say before he said it. With that end in view he became a close student of supply, and when other young members, and some of the giddier old ones were out taking the sun and air, Rhodes might always be found in the Green Chamber with the Estimates in one hand, and the Auditor-General's report in the other, sopping up information. Supply is the arithmetic of Government, and no statesman is worthy of his post until he has it at his finger ends.

After long experience in supply one can almost close the book and smell out the sawdust wharves and things like that with one's eyes shut. The horrid details, as revealed by supply, are the necessary basis of all criticism, but few there are who have the courage to sit it out and do the grinding. But Rhodes did it. He did it with all his nature crying to him to come out and make the promenade of Sparkes Street With three-quarters of the House

playing truant, Rhodes stuck to the job and presently the oldest in Parliament knew no more about supply than he did.

From this great and useful knowledge Mr. Rhodes has not drawn for many speeches in Parliament. Speaking is not exactly his line of action. What he likes better is a lively bout of cross-examining in a parliamentary committee. Premier Borden was quick to recognize the value of the young Nova Scotian in this regard, and not a year goes by that Rhodes does not take a leading part in most of the important standing and special committees. His work on the Banking Committee revealed an old business head on those young athletic shoulders. His work on the Redistribution Committee added to his reputation and when the scandal battery of the Public Accounts Committee got busy in the spring of 1915, it seemed only natural that Major Rhodes should command the heavy artillery in reply. After repeated trials it was found that

Major Rhodes was the only one who could give Colonel Carvell his answer. When they came to those Nova Scotia horses, it was one of the greatest cavalry battles Parliament has ever seen. As I remember it now it was a drawn battle, Colonel Carvell pressing that it was the Tories bought the horses, and Major Rhodes that it was the Grits who sold them.

AT 8 o'clock on the night of February 3rd, 1916, Edgar Rhodes took his seat for the first time as Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons. An hour later he and the rest of Parliament were fleeing for their lives. So far as I can learn the fire did not wait for the House to be officially adjourned. A scant hour after that the Green Chamber was the white-hot heart of a fiery furnace, which held somewhere in its grip seven dead people. Never did Deputy Speaker have a more terrific house-warming. It was a great pity that, just when the gloom was about to be lifted from Parliament by a Speaker and a Deputy Speaker who should revive the hospitable traditions of the office, this tragedy should cast its shadow over them.



Imagine the Discus Thrower in Piccadilly raiment of the latest cut and you have him.

The MAY ISSUE

Among the contributors
to the May Issue of
MACLEAN'S
will be

*Nellie L. McClung
Arthur E. McFarlane*

Stephen Leacock

Agnes C. Laut

H. F. Gadsby

Robert E. Pinkerton

A. C. Allenson

and many others.

In other words it will be the best number yet offered by a wide margin. Each article and story will be contributed by a well-known writer. No reader can afford to miss this number.

Our Newest Industry: The "Movies"

By HUGH S. EAYRS

ONE is inclined to think of the "Movies" only as our latest pleasure, our most recent diversion, the latest innovation which has tickled the jaded taste of the amusement-loving public. But the "Movies" mean much more to Canada than merely that. They signify, among other things, our newest industry — for, of course, the manufacturing of munitions is not new—and one of our newest and increasingly important means of revenue.

Consider, first of all, the phase of the subject, "Motion Pictures as an Industry," which shows the amount of employment provided. It is difficult to state the exact number of licensed moving picture theatres in Canada. To begin with, this is a variable quantity. Moving picture houses have perhaps more than the usual percentage of transitories. The flotsam and jetsam of the industry, as it were, is a considerable item. Frequently a "Movie" theatre opens in a town, only to close about three months after a license has been obtained and heavily paid for. This was the case in the piping times of peace, and it follows that, in the uncertain days of war, "Movie" shows are opening and closing down every day. Yet, the net result is a steady and notable gain in number at the close of every successive year. Roughly, at time of writing, there are from thirteen to fifteen hundred in Canada. Compared with legitimate theatres—which includes, for the purpose of this parallel, vaudeville houses and burlesque shows—their number is very large. For example, Toronto has seven theatres, but sixty-nine "Movie" theatres. (Before the war there were nearly a hundred.) In the average town or small city where there is one theatre or "Opery house," there are, conservatively, four or five "Movie" shows. At that, the "Opery house" aforesaid half the time is showing motion pictures of the more pretentious sort.

This total of fifteen hundred "Movie" houses is an astonishing number when



Blanche Sweet, one of the best-known "Movie" stars. Her work recently has elevated her to a position in the foremost rank in the film fold. She is one of the youngest as well as cleverest film favorites.

you figure that the first licensed motion picture theatre in Canada did not open for business till 1909. The man to blaze the trail by opening a theatre for exclusive "Movie" use was the proprietor of the Sudbury Amusement Company, of Sudbury, Ont. Of course, motion pictures, or rather animated pictures, for so they were then more generally known, had been shown in big halls and had been heralded with a fanfare of trumpets as something novel. But it is only six or seven years ago since the first "Movie" theatre, as such, was established.

CONSIDER the employment which these fifteen hundred theatres are able to provide. In management and operation of the theatres alone it is extensive. Taking the average of big and little houses, counting in cashier, ushers, orchestra, machine operators and caretakers, the number would be nine or ten. For example, the small show will have a cashier (often the proprietor), one usher,

two machine operators (so the law provides), one pianist, one caretaker. This list is exceptionally light. The large theatres will double that staff. The very large will treble it, sometimes quadruple it. So that, taking the thing by and large, the average number employed actually in and by the theatre itself, is nine or ten. To be on the safe side, say nine. Multiply that by, say, fourteen hundred, and you get a result of 12,600 employees. I want to emphasize the fact that that number is, if anything, low.

Take another way of arriving at astonishing totals; employment as represented by wages. The weekly payroll of "Movie" shows is around \$75 in the case of the smallest, and varies from that to \$1,500 in the case of the largest. That is, a typical small show will pay \$3,900 per annum in wages. The very large one will pay \$87,000 a year. And there are thirteen to fifteen hundred of them in Canada. Then you come to indirect employment furnished by the "Movies." Every film company has its film exchanges. These are located in every big city across the Dominion. Toronto and Montreal, for instance, have each at least fourteen such exchanges, and probably more. A city like Regina in the middle West will have at least four or five. So will Edmonton. Halifax and St. John probably run higher. Winnipeg has about ten to twelve. New exchanges are locating every month. The "Movie" business in the States is still in evolutionary stages and producers are amalgamating every day, just as new ones are coming into the field. All these have to locate branches in the big centres. All these branches have a number of employees, and the pay-roll ranges from \$100 to \$300 a week. Taking the number of exchanges established in Canada to be sixty-five or seventy—again estimating very conservatively—and taking the average weekly pay-roll at \$200, you get an aggregate payment to employees of branch film exchanges of some-



Above: Ethel Barrymore, one of the greatest of the stars of legitimate drama to appear on the screen. She is here shown with her manager, Augustus Thomas.

Centre: Theda Bara, one of the most beautiful of film favorites.

Below: Mary Pickford, the prime favorite of film patrons the world over, shown in one of her best roles.



thing like \$14,000 a week. Per annum this amounts to approximately \$720,000.

LETTING the films to and fro, from place of production to city of showing, and thence to next city of showing, is a considerable item. Freight must be paid. Expressage is a considerable item. Manufacturers of materials used in packing film are sharing in extra employment which comes from "movie" men. A film, sent from Toronto to Hamilton, for instance, will be packed in wood first, then tin or zinc. The manufacturers of those commodities benefit by the use of their products necessitated by the constant to-and-fro movement of films, from east to west end of the same city, from town to town in the same province, from province to province in the Dominion. Electric light is needed to illumine the thirteen to fifteen hundred "Movie" theatres. Every theatre has at least one machine. This will not last forever. New ones are being bought all the time. New theatres are being put up, old ones remodeled, tumble-down and uselessly-shaped dwelling-houses are being converted, and vacant lots are being filled by structures. Work for the builder, the plasterer, the carpenter, and so on, is provided. In fact, there is not a trade but feels the indirect benefit from our newest industry.

And—though this is in the producing end rather than the exploiting—several hun-

dreds of Canadian men and women are busy week in, week out, planning scenarios of motion pictures, a percentage of which, at any rate, "get over."

So much for the employment phase.

WHAT is our newest industry contributing to the coffers of the Dominion? Here again the figures are amazing. The license fee paid by the "movie" theatre to the province in which it is located is \$150 per annum. There is an aggregate paid to all Provinces by all "movie" houses, then, of \$210,000 per annum. In addition, in many cities (Toronto is one) there is a license fee paid to municipal authorities of \$50. If vaudeville is played, too, that \$50 is just doubled.

Exclusive of that, the "Movie" business contributes, at the very least, about \$980,000 a year. The most important item, of course, is the duty payable on reels of film coming into the country. On every such reel there is a duty of \$26.50. What are known as "feature" films run four, five or six reels, and each pays accordingly in duty either \$106, \$132.50 or \$159, as the case may be. The smaller films consist of one, two or three reels, and each pays accordingly \$26.50, \$53 or \$79.50. It is probable that no less than four hundred and fifty reels (taking a fair average of reels to a film) come into Canada every week. At \$26.50 a reel, this represents an aggregate weekly duty paid to the Government of something like \$11,925. In a year the duty paid on reels of film alone would total \$620,100.

Nor is this all. Duty has to be paid on what is called "paper" coming into this country. This includes photographs and all advertising matter from a half-sheet to a 24-sheet — to use technical terms. Duty is at the rate of 42½ per cent., and amounts, it is calculated, to \$450 per week. The duty payable on new projecting machines is also 42½ per cent. There are, on the average, seven new ones coming into Canada every week, for projecting machines wear out quickly, and, as each machine costs about \$300, there would be a weekly duty of \$1,000.

Now, to turn again to payments made to respective provinces. In addition to the licenses already totalled — \$210,000 — there is a fee of \$1.50 in respect of work by the censor. Here, the estimated aggregate must essentially be rough. But supposing half the 420 reels coming in are censored in two provinces, Ontario and Quebec, the fees paid there would be \$630. If the other half of the 420 reels coming in are censored in three provinces the total for that half would be \$945. The grand total paid in censor's fees would therefore be \$1,575 a week.

TO summarize, the various duties and fees which the "Movies" contribute weekly to Canada are as hereunder (the first three items are paid to the Federal and the last to Provincial Governments):

Duty on film	\$ 11,925
Duty on paper	450
Duty on projecting machines...	1,000
Censor's fees	1,575
 Total	 \$ 14,950

That is per week. Per year it would be \$777,400.

Add to that the amount estimated for licenses, which is \$210,000, and you have a grand total of fees, duties and so on paid to the Governments of Canada every year of no less than \$987,400. This is not guaranteed to be accurate to a dollar, since there are one or two items estimated only, but it is approximate.

"The "movies," therefore, are responsible for not far from a million, and certainly much more than three-quarters of a million, coming into our national coffers per annum.

Adding to that the enormous factor of employment which the "Movies" provide,

to remodel a store in a small town and equip it for moving pictures but, on the other hand, there is one picture house on Yonge street, Toronto, occupying a site valued at \$380,000. The manager of this particular photoplay palace owns the property, and finds it a good investment.

The time has not yet come in Canada when large companies are formed to build moving picture theatres or to produce the pictures themselves; but it is coming. The industry is in the swaddling clothes stage here. It is showing symptoms of precocity, however, and its development will be amazingly rapid. Perhaps in five years' time the business streets of Canadian cities and towns will be dotted by substantial theatres with imposing façades — built for moving pictures and operated on as elaborate a scale as the homes of the legitimate drama to-day. It is equally probable that in the same short space of time the fastnesses of nature as well as the busy streets of the cities will often witness events far out of the ordinary run, events followed faithfully by the click of the busy camera; for, of course, Canada will in time begin to produce plays. When that stage is reached, the industry will be on a new basis. It will mean that a larger percentage of the Canadian public's dime will remain in Canada.

AND that is why the "Movies" constitute the most important of the new industries in Canada. It may be that the growth of this husky infant will be sufficiently rapid to bring it in a short time to the gigantic proportions of certain other industries. That it is of importance to-day can be deduced when the broad fact is faced that more money is spent by the public to-day in the moving picture theatres than is spent on automobiles! Such, at least, is the estimate made by one man who is closely in touch with the situation.

There is no limit to the possibilities of the future.



Dorothy Bernard, who headed the caste of "Amazons," and who has now gone over to the photoplay.

it will be seen that our newest industry is already a mammoth one.

And it grows every year!

IT is quite impossible even to approximate the total investment represented by this new industry in Canada. It might be five million dollars and it might be twenty. A few hundred dollars will serve

A Handy Range-Finder
This latest pocket instrument which has made its appearance has received the approval of the War Office. It is an extremely small device, comprising merely a rectangular case with the requisite glasses and calibration, the whole measuring only three inches in length, so that it will slip unobtrusively into the tunic pocket or belt. By means of this handy little instrument the distance of any object with a base of a predetermined length may be ascertained; it is also possible to determine the distance of an object the size and height of which is known, or to calculate accurately the distance between two inaccessible points.

The Last Cruise: By VICTOR LEESE

The Last of the Foster Series

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the last of the series of sea stories by Victor Leese, outlining the adventures of Lieutenant Foster of Montreal, erstwhile Lieutenant Stanford of the British Navy. From the position of wireless operator on an ocean liner, Foster has worked his way up to the command of a monitor and is now operating in the Aegean. His last adventure is the best of all. Mr. Leese is a young Canadian writer of exceptional promise and more of his work will appear in later issues of MACLEAN'S.

COMMANDER FOSTER, R.N., sniffed the fog-laden air suspiciously as he reached the low quarter-deck of His Majesty's monitor *Churnet*, and strode forward briskly. He had just rounded off his first nap since leaving Valletta harbor with two cups of strong coffee; and the briskness was a trifle forced.

"Morning, sir," murmured the boatswain, coming up with the newly roused watch.

"Same to you, Mr. Smith. Smell anything?"

The boatswain trumpeted into a large red handkerchief to remove the fog from his system, and breathed delicately, opening and shutting his mouth.

"Salt marsh, sir—smell o' the sea, as the Channel trippers call it."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith. Keep the lead going constantly."

In the control top, high up on the tripod mast—the *Churnet* disdained the frivolity of a bridge—third officer Farrell, blue-nosed and swathed in mufflers, had nothing to report but that his cold was worse.

"Go to my cabin and mix yourself a stiff toddy before you turn in," advised Foster, kindly. "You deserve it for running blind through the Aegean without hitting anything."

"I suppose we are in the Aegean," Farrell returned with attempted cheerfulness. "At least, the last boat we got a flash from was pretty certain it was; and the wireless man says Imbros can't be more than fifty miles away."

"We've passed it, or I'm mistaken. The bo'sn smells Gallipoli somewhere east."

Half through the manhole Farrell paused. "Then the dead-reckoning is all wrong!"

"You're delirious. Talking about dead-reckoning on a tub with the speed of a tramp, the beam of a battleship, and the draught of a ferry-boat! Go to bed! Lay her west-north-west, quartermaster!"

CHECKING the record of patent log and compass against intuition and the whiff of salt air that he and the boatswain had caught, Foster believed that some such course would bring him to the neighborhood of Salonika. He erred. But a man who has run through twenty-four hours of a Levantine spring fog—the season being winter and the said fog a most flagrant anachronism—a man, moreover,

who has done this in a new and very queer command, without accident, might err more grievously and still write himself a seaman.

Half an hour later the water shoaled rapidly and the lead began to bring up traces of river mud and roundish pebbles. The *Churnet* eased her engines. From the west, far off in the fog, came the sullen, muffled boom of a single gun. The sound was repeated at short intervals; and it drew nearer. At the same time an old battleship signalled that she was feeling her way eastward along the Macedonian coast. Asked to explain the firing, her captain confessed that he was shooting in the general direction of Bulgaria—"tickling" for batteries, as he put it, with a six-inch gun. He also hoped that no one was unduly alarmed at the noise and that no one would be foolish enough to get in the line of fire.

Just then, the gun appeared to find a mark. At all events, a much heavier piece replied, and Foster was able to report that a large shell had passed his way, going south and a little east. Thus encouraged, the ship tried a broadside of her secondary armament. She was reported sunk in the enemy's *communiqué* for that day; and sunk she certainly would have been if a tithe of the iron hail that hurtled vaguely seaward in response had struck her.

In point of fact, nothing was hit but a square mile or so of what the first naval historian called the violet-colored sea. No disrespect to Homer is intended. His color-scheme was at least as accurate as that of the officer whose voice came thinly to the *Churnet* through the fog, and who had not the excuse of speaking in dactylic hexameter. Great is the Navy, and fertile in resource, but curiously hackneyed in its epithets.

Twin funnels, set abreast behind a towering mast, broke suddenly into view; and the position of the two ships was satisfactorily established. The cannonade proclaimed the forts of Dedeagatch. The river off which they lay could be no other than the Maritza.

FOSTER sent his thanks for the location and inquired politely whether the battleship would prefer to take a draft of ten men that the *Churnet* had brought out, or to have them left at Salonika. With equal politeness her captain

replied that, with all due respect to Foster's seamanship, in view of the weather prevailing, the chance of collecting the men undamaged by sea-water was too good to be missed; and that he proposed to pay Commander Foster the compliment of calling for them in person. For the *Churnet* was the newest of the new monitors, and her fame had blown before her.

An accommodation ladder, standing out curiously from the little vessel's side, was dropped to a point in the sea towards which a painted slope of riveted plates descended. This slope, running like the glacis of an old-fashioned fort all round the monitor from about two feet above the waterline, constituted the visible part of her defence against torpedoes and mines, and incidentally gave her a good deal of that amplitude of beam to which her commander has disrespectfully referred. Foster joined certain of his officers near by.

"That is a queer ship," said Martin Dool, privileged engineer, pointing to the grey ghost westward. "She looks like a battleship; but I don't see any turrets."

"She is the *Artemis*," Foster replied, walking apart with his friend. "Her two pairs of twelve-inch are carried in sunk barbettes. It was considered a big improvement on the *Majestic* type at first. Then, while others of the class were being altered, the *Artemis* was kicking about on the China station. So she's still as beautiful and foolish as on the day they christened her."

"Well, they can't sneer at our beauty. But what is there about this meeting of extremes that excites you?"

"Friend of mine, I was once torpedo lieutenant on that ship . . . And I think I know her captain."

"I beg your pardon," said Martin Dool. For these two reticent men had never once inquired into each other's past from the day of their first meeting.

Yet when Dool had been relegated to the patrol service, on the occasion of Foster's appointment to the *Churnet*, they had each independently sent certain friends in high places to explain at the Admiralty that the two appointments were irreconcilable. They had been prepared for some such contingency when Foster had allowed himself, as the condition of promotion and an independent command, to be jockeyed out of the volunteer reserve into the navy permanent and proper. And because their friends had ways of their own of doing things, Dool with his mercantile engineer's rating was also appointed to the *Churnet*, monitor of one fourteen-inch gun and six twelve-pounders.

CAPTAIN BUCKNALL of the *Artemis*—a moderately young man for his rank, faintly touched with superiority—was perhaps as cordial as the weather permitted.

"Don't remember your name, sir. Probably my fault; but quite a lot of new

fellows coming in. Perfectly good men, of course. Mind if I take a look over your vessel?"

"Bo'sn," snapped Foster, "show Captain Bucknall round the ship!"

Captain Bucknall started. He had been subtly rude; yet, while independent men are not rare in the Navy, the number of unknown commanders who will insult a full captain without serious provocation is small. But he started at more than the affront. Foster met his glance impassively.

"By God!" said the captain: "It's Stanford."

Foster moved not so much as an eyelash till, after a pause of seconds, the other thrust out his hand.

"Glad to see you back, old man."

THE draft of ten men had reached the *Artemis*; but their new captain lingered still in the monitor's cabin, finishing on a chart a fair copy of a sketch in his note-book.

The sketch dealt with the river Maritza, showing between the steep hills on its left, or Turkish, bank, some miles above the port of Enos, a narrow artificial channel leading to a landlocked basin.

"Ostensibly," said Captain Bucknall, "the place is a refuge for a few tugs and a couple of old torpedo boats. Not for our sakes, mind you; for they know quite well that a low-trajectory gun couldn't get a shell between these hills from the sea in a thousand years. It's the Bulgarians they are afraid of. The Turk is nobody's fool. He knows that if, or when, the split comes with his friends across the river, the beautiful little submarine base that the Kaiser has kindly given him will be wiped out with howitzers as soon as they get wise to it. For the same reason, he has planted a few forts thereabout. In the meantime, it suits his book to let the Bulgar scrag the Serb, and to bring U boats in sections from the railway for the German engineers to put together. Between this and a few other places, they are building faster than we can sink 'em.

"There's just one way of getting at it. A light draught boat might crawl up the river and block the channel; and—see this hill shoulder where the fort is?—with light charges in your guns you could lob a few nice ones over there with a fair chance of hitting something soft.

"Come to the question of getting up. It's no good talking about sweeping mines in a hole like that. But I've a notion that this patent sardine tin of yours could worry through . . . like this. . . . The forts are the real trouble; but if the fog should thicken a trifle you've got 'em blindfold. The admiral had half a notion of trying it in the spring, when I told him. But here's a first rate fog two months ahead of time, and the old boy hasn't got my chart yet—the *Lancewood* was taking it when she went under, last Sunday.

"Icart, the Frenchman I picked up from the sea hereabouts last week, and from whom I got most of this, will be here in a few minutes. He is a smart chap, and will give you all the details you want. I can't see anything to prevent your put-



Presently the blind man felt himself seized and borne across the deck. "What is this?" he cried. "Put me down."

ting in for the job right away and—if you catch the old man in a good temper—helping yourself to a D.S.O. before the crowd gets in on it. Providing you get back, of course."

AND Captain Bucknall acknowledged by a slight shrug that the general uncertainty of life affected even such little holiday jaunts as the one his old friendship had led him to propose.

"No harm in asking, anyway."

"Good for you Stanford. You'll let the Navy know you've come back with a vengeance if you pull it off."

"Hardly. You are overlooking what I said about having no great reason to be dissatisfied with myself as Commander Wiliam Foster, domiciled in Montreal."

"Rot! Do you mean that you haven't enough right feeling to want to pick an honorable name out of the gutter? Sorry, if I hurt; but you kicked it there yourself when you left in such a hurry. I know the woman in the case looked awkward; but lots of good men have pulled through scrapes of that kind. It's only an occasional damned fool who rants about honor and won't listen to his friends, who goes under. Anyhow, you're clear of her. And as for that affair of the ward-room accounts, I tell you there wasn't a single man who knew you who believed for a moment that you were anything more than careless. If you hadn't been the worst kind of a hectic ass you'd have stopped and taken your medicine."

"Think of it! There's been a Stanford in the service as long as there has been a Troubridge. You tried to break the record when you went to Oxford. Happily they kicked you out, and you came home like a pigeon. Then, over a little pothole that would have blown over in three months, you chuck up a career and, as far as I can make out, take a delight in knocking about the world under an alias like a blasted mechanic. I simply can't understand such low tastes."

"Listen, Bucknall! I was a good mechanic. It was the first time I had been good at anything. I won my right to exist as William Foster."

"Bosh . . ."

"Wait! Something died in me when I soiled my father's name and . . . broke his heart. I grant it needn't have been as bad as it was. I was not altogether a cad. The stiff-necked, reticent pride, the unnatural respectability of the old gentry of the service and the countryside, had more to do with his death than my folly. It was that that made him bitter. I'm bitter yet whenever I run up against a perfect gentleman. I'm worse when one of them tries to make me crawl, as you would have done if you hadn't recognized me. . . ."

"Hit, begad!" said Captain Bucknall. "Have it your own way. But get off that message and then take a look at Icart. I hear them getting him on deck. He is not very much to look at. I found him on an eight-foot raft, nearly dead. The ingenious devils had fastened his wrists to one end, his ankles to the other, and had sawn the raft through the middle. When it got in the waves he was the hinge. Interesting bit of work, what?"

"OUI, monsieur," said Icart from the hammock in which they had swung his wrenched body; "some of the sheds about the basin can be reached by direct gunfire if one can get inside the tongue of land that covers the mouth of the channel. I know it very well. It was from there that they loosed our rafts of torture, mine and the six that went before. We lived on it day and night, that we might watch each other go. There is one there yet, perhaps."

"How did you come to be there?" Foster demanded.

"Eight of us were rescued by the Turks from the Bouvet. They made us work on their basin, because we were men of our hands. Afterward there was one who devised a plan of escape, and himself almost succeeded. He had one of these rafts, which they use to kill us with torture; but not sawn. Him they kept to the last, promising that he should enjoy for still a week the idea he had helped them to invent."

"A week? From when?"

"It is to-day, in the afternoon, so that he will not reach the sea till dark. It is very sad. Yet I console myself, thinking that already he has done much for France, that one. He was *sous-officer* of the artificer staff, with a medal for the sinking of the German cruiser *Bayern*.

"For what?" cried Foster, genuinely astonished.

"It is true, my captain. Almost alone he survived that glorious deed, with an English captain, one Lord Belfostair, who greatly assisted."

"The devil!" said Captain Bucknall. "Tell me more about this captain."

"Tell me about the man," said Foster. "Did he come from Toulon? And was his name Adolphe Vignon?"

"But no, my captain. His given name he had changed to Archimedes, a title of honor. Otherwise it is he."

Foster strode, with long, nervous strides and snapping fingers, to the cabin of the wireless operator.

"Is that reply from the flag ship never coming?"

"Not . . . I think it is here now, sir."

The commander spelt out the first few letters, standing behind the telegraphist, and translating from code as he read: "You may wa—"

A pair of pliers fell with a crash on a glass tube through which a blue flame leant; and when the astounded operator looked round from his useless instrument, the officer had gone.

"Get out of this Bucknall. I'm going."

"Lucky dog! I began to think you would not get permission."

"Something went wrong with the wireless. I got two whole words: 'You may,' And I certainly will. Lovely weather, isn't it?"

The wind had risen, dispersing much of the fog and bringing heavy snow—which was better.

THE *Churnet* scrambled over the bar as soon as the ten-inch tide was nicely flowing. Inside, a contact mine tore away a large piece of her false sheathing; and the noise of the terrific explosion brought out from Enos a questing motor launch with a gun in the bow.

As Martin Dool put it, the mine was really a Godsend; for the *Churnet* had lashin's of boiler-plate to spare, and the launch with its Greek pilot—who came aboard very readily when he found himself unexpectedly under the monitor's guns—would help to save what was left of it. Foster sent the Greek ahead in his own boat, with a leadsmen to check his instincts and Farrell with a pistol to check any possible inclination to cause trouble. There was also a British crew for the excellent little Elswick-made gun that the launch carried. So they felt their way delicately upstream.

Just as the flow of the river began to assert itself against the tide, the launch sighted such a raft as Captain Bucknall had described, broken in the middle, swinging at the end of a rope that whipped in and out of the water as it lost itself in the snow. And on the raft lay a little black-bearded Frenchman, biting his lips to avoid giving his tormentors the pleasure of hearing him scream. Farrell gagged the Greek and waited till the raft came spinning down free of the rope. Then he ran the launch alongside, and clapped a hand over the unfortunate man's mouth before setting him free.

It was in truth Archimedes, so dubbed by Foster what time the *Touraine* was saved. Archimedes, who, if the credit of

sinking the German raider was not altogether his, had at least saved Foster's life at the close of that memorable incident. To Farrell, however, he was merely a pathetically haggard little chap consumed by a passionate desire to kiss him. Farrell felt that this was unreasonable, and tried hard to switch him to the idea of making trouble for his late gaolers, who appeared to be still on the spit from which the Frenchman had been launched. Farrell had desired a more reliable guide than the Greek for the exploration of the little cove behind the spit.

A RCHIMEDES rose to the occasion; but just as the launch was completing its careful soundings, there came a friendly hail from the Turks on the bank. It was too much for Archimedes: he rose again and hurled defiance. There was nothing left to do but to clean up the Turks. So Farrell turned the gun on them and threw half a dozen men ashore to cut off their retreat. Archimedes went with the half dozen, weaponless, and without permission. Presently he returned with a small dagger sticking ludicrously in his shoulder.

"Pah!" he said. "What of it? He died horribly, the pig who put that there."

Farrell turned the hero over to the surgeon of the *Churnet* for repairs, and neglected to include the pig in his report of accidents to the enemy. Farrell, though developing into a very efficient officer, had no soul for art.

Icart was different. Archimedes lavished pity on him while the surgeon jabbed in a few stitches.

If he had not had someone to pity, he would probably have fainted, being very weak.

"But courage, mon pauvre," he urged: "Already you are terribly avenged."

"Mon brave! You will get another medal!"

"It is possible. We killed all ten of them."

"The more so," continued Icart, who also loved a dramatic situation, "since I believe that it is your Lord Belfostair who commands this ship."

"Sacred name of a pipe!"—Archimedes had almost torn out the stitch that was being tied—"It is impossible."

"Nevertheless it is true. But they do not call him a lord."

"Naturally," said Archimedes. "That is the English phlegm."

A RCHIMEDES did not get his medal. But over the mantel of the little cottage near Toulon, which Madame Vignon bought with the money of an Englishman who really was a lord and an Irishman who had once been a rebel, there is a watch, with one bright jewel shining from its winking gold, which is more than many medals. It is a watch which stopped in the sea the night the *Bayern* sank; and which is there because Adolphe Vignon saved once again the life of his English captain, who was not a lord, and who only became a captain when he had not further use for watches.

On the day after the snowstorm, the admiral commanding in the Eastern Mediterranean was inclined to be waspish

Continued on page 79

Evolving the Ideal Automobile

By W. A. CRAICK

AN automobile enthusiast, with a bump of originality in his cerebral composition, undertook recently to collect from odd corners a number of photographs, which he had framed and hung up in his den. They depicted the evolution of the motor car. For each year from 1896 to 1916 a picture, characteristic of the most up-to-date car of that year, was included in the series and the twenty-one representative automobiles, thus brought pictorially together, formed a progressive collection, alike curious and suggestive.

Going back a few years, what extraordinary productions of the automobile manufacturer's art were being offered to the public! Strange, uncouth contraptions they appear to the world of 1916, and yet in their day and generation, these self-same cars were regarded as the acme of perfection and elegance. The advertising literature of each successive year lauded its models as the culmination, the final word, in automobile construction.

The enthusiast's automobile portrait gallery, if such it might be called, showing as it did so clearly the ancestry of the modern pleasure car, not unnaturally suggested the question: Towards what ultimate goal of perfection is the automobile progressing? Here was a steady and pronounced development, one year's car differing appreciably from the preceding year's car and so on, year by year, until the resemblance became faint and uncertain. Here, moreover, was *a priori* evidence that for some time to come at any rate the world might expect to see a continuance of changes in design from season to season. When might it be said that the evolution was complete?

AS the car of 1916 is far superior in every respect to the car of 1906, it must be obvious that we are in this year of grace much nearer that ultimate stage of perfection in motor car construction, beyond which it will be exceedingly difficult to proceed. Naturally, the nearer that degree of perfection is approached, the less noticeable will be those annual changes in design and equipment which have been features of every season since automobiles were first placed on the market. Between the average cars of 1912 and those of 1913, for example, there was a far more pronounced differentiation than between the average cars of 1915 and 1916 and, as the world wags on, such differences as are developed from year to year will become more and more infinitesimal.

An analogy might not inaptly be taken from the realm sartorial. In bygone years the garb of the human being of the male sex was far richer in color and more varied in design than it is to-day. Gradually, however, tastes became plainer and dress more practical. Changes of style grew less and less numerous. To-day, broadly speaking, men dress pretty much to a fixed standard. Collars, shirts and

boots are all made in uniform sizes, clothes cut to a pattern and, while some would contend that masculine garb has not yet reached that perfection of comfort, economy and serviceability, which it might possibly possess, yet the average male is pretty well satisfied with the common-sense character of his dress.

It is evidently going to be pretty much the same way with the automobile. Ask any manufacturer of motor cars, what the most pronounced characteristic of present-day production is, and he will say—standardization. When automobile manufacturing was in its infancy, cars were the luxury of the few and, for some years, only men of tolerably substantial means could afford to buy them. To tickle the fancy of these people, designers thought nothing of making wide variations in models from season to season. As the cheaper makes of cars, however, were evolved, and people of lesser means became buyers, the economic necessity of standardizing parts so that large numbers of machines could be turned out at a minimum of cost became apparent.

THE great objective of the automobile designer of to-day is to produce a standard type of car, pleasing in appearance, comfortable in equipment and with materials and engineering design which will ensure the purchaser long-time service at the least possible expense. Practicability and serviceability are the *desiderata*, because the manufacturer appreciates the fact that he must make his car for the average man if he would achieve success. And just as the average man, when he buys a suit of clothes, a shirt or a pair of boots, prefers to take an article that is standardized by usage and good sense and is strong and durable, so, when he comes to buy an automobile, he will set about making the purchase in much the same way.

Up to the present time, with evolution still a decided factor in automobile manufacturing, the experimental side of construction has necessarily received great emphasis. There are to-day throughout the United States and Canada thousands of keen, skilful engineers and artisans, who are doing nothing but strive to improve on existing models. The larger factories, at any rate, are equipped with engineering departments and testing laboratories established at great cost and devoted exclusively to working out new ideas, which are not to be equalled in completeness short of certain governmental offices.

The maintenance of the experimental, or as it might be termed, the evolutionary, end of the automobile business has hitherto been costly and of necessity that cost has been assessed on the buying public. When at length the world is presented with its perfect car—and some believe

that day is near, if it has not to all practical purposes arrived—experimental costs will be swept aside, and all that will remain will be those testing charges which will continue to be needful for the sake of efficiency.

UST what influences are being brought to bear on automobile evolution at the present time it is a little difficult to define. With the popularizing of the pleasure car, the demand of the buyer—what the public wants, in other words, in style, finish and equipment—is becoming an ever more-powerful factor. Through the antennae of their far-flung sales organizations, manufacturers are able to keep a pretty close tab on popular requirements. The average automobile buyer is a keen critic. He discusses his own and his neighbor's car with perfect intimacy and freedom, draws attention to defects, often suggests improvements, and so helps indirectly to promote the process of development towards the ideal.

The buying public's demands are pretty well confined to three features—cost, efficiency and attractiveness—and these three may be said to cover quite thoroughly the whole subject of automobile production. Reciprocally, the manufacturer, realizing that the public wants good looks, comfort and economical efficiency, has been directing all the efforts of his experimental forces towards compassing these ends. Back of the whole process of evolution there lies this powerful determining factor—public demand. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that changes in automobile design are being made simply at the whim or caprice of the manufacturer. He works on the assumption that the public only buys what the public wants.

So far as the item of cost is concerned, this is probably the most powerful of all influences that have been contributing to the evolution of the automobile. Cost has many ramifications. It evolves alike the purchase price of a car and its maintenance. Eventually there will be a nice balance between the two. The original cost will cover the inclusion of such excellent material and equipment as will enable the owner to run his car satisfactorily at a minimum of expense. Quality will not be sacrificed for cheapness, nor will cheapness be gained at the expense of reliability.

Standardization has been one phase of cost reduction and it is becoming a still more powerful one. How much more economically a car can be put together when all its parts are uniform is obvious, and how much cheaper it becomes for the owner when he has to replace parts is also clear. A few years ago a mechanic, called on to repair a car, had to provide himself with four or five different taps, all of the same size but containing different threads, in order to be able to handle the various bolts. To-day one tap does it all. That little reform is one phase of standardiza-

tion, and it is extending by degrees to all the working parts of the car, to the tires and the accessories. It is bringing down the cost of the automobile appreciably, not alone by reducing the expense of manufacturing the individual car, but by allowing economies in experimenting, testing, etc., which can be cut down to a minimum.

FROM the standpoint of the buyer, the problem of tires is of prime importance. Tires bear the brunt of the wear and tear on the car and, being costly in the first place and susceptible to sudden destruction, it is of immediate interest to the automobile-owning public that the greatest possible use should be had from them. While seemingly a problem for the tire manufacturer to solve, the automobile manufacturer has also been deeply concerned in the matter. If he could evolve a car that would be easier on its tires, so much the better would it be appreciated by the buying public. In attempting to do this, he has tacitly acknowledged the increasing influence of popular demand on automobile construction.

Tire-protective reasons have therefore been partially, at any rate, accountable for the decided reduction in the weight of the average-priced car of recent years. Take, for instance, the car body which has been by its nature susceptible to the greatest economy in this direction. A short five years ago bodies weighed about 1,400 pounds. They were built of wood and on top of the wood was piled coat after coat of paint. To-day the wooden body is antiquated. Even the metal body, riveted together, is disappearing and instead there is being produced the electrically welded thin sheet steel body, very light but very strong, and weighing without upholstery, only some 200 pounds. The manufacture of the body, virtually in one piece, admits of its being enamelled, and the added weight of the thirty-two coats of paint has been effectively diminished.

Another item: the electrical starting device, which was a great innovation when first introduced, added several hundred pounds to the weight of the car. To bring this weight down to more reasonable proportions and at the same time to maintain or increase the efficiency of the appliance has been a goal of effort on the part of electrical engineers. That they are succeeding is apparent, for from a weight of between three and four hundred pounds two years ago, the average starting apparatus has been cut down to only about seventy-five pounds to-day.

Not alone because of the saving in the wear and tear on tires has weight been reduced. The cost of gasoline has also had its influence on this particular development. Consumption of gasoline is an unavoidable item in car operation. By lightening the car, this consumption can be materially lessened. So here again engineering skill has been at work, reducing dead weight, lessening wind resistance and gradually bringing the car to that point of final adjustment when it can be as economically operated as it is possible successfully to make it.

CLOSELY allied with the item of cost is that of efficiency. The public is calling for a reasonably cheap car. At the same time it wants a reliable car. Here is a second powerful influence at work on the evolution of the automobile. Standardization of parts is doing a good deal for the cause of efficiency. So, too, are the various improvements which are being introduced into the motor itself, all with a view to increasing efficiency. Between his desire to produce a cheap car and his anxiety to make a perfect-running car, the manufacturer assuredly has to secure a nice adjustment of interests.

The third great influence on motor car evolution is attractiveness, in which are included all those features which make a car good-looking, convenient and comfortable. With many buyers these are important considerations and manufacturers undoubtedly pay great attention to them. They are confined almost entirely to the car body, since the body to a very large extent is the determining factor in appearance and utility.

From the general viewpoint, the automobile has just about reached the acme of refinement. Compare the lines of the 1916 car with those of its ancestors and it is difficult to conceive what more attractive-looking vehicle could be produced. Grace has succeeded clumsiness, symmetry of outline has developed from crude unevenness, and certainly convenience has reached a remarkable degree of perfection. Doubtless from season to season one may expect to see variations in design, just as fashions in dress alter from year to year, but the basic standard has been set. So long as the general public is provided with a nice-looking, smooth-running serviceable car, there are not likely to be very many demands for alterations in design. Such changes as are evolved in the future will be at the instance of automobile users and will be of a practical rather than of a capricious nature.

CONSIDER the changes and improvements which have been introduced into the car of 1916 and contrast them with the changes and improvements of other years. It must be admitted that nothing of a really radical nature marks the development of the automobile between last year and this. Progress has certainly been made, but it has not been of such a character as to render the 1915 car obsolete beside its younger brother.

One feature that is receiving a good deal of attention and is giving rise to considerable alteration is the more general use of multi-cylinder motors—the double-four and double-six types. The relative values of fours, sixes, eights and twelve are debatable. There can be no doubt that the multi-cylinder types as introduced into the 1916 car have advantages. They conduce to smoother running; give a more even application of power with a ready acceleration; and provide a power plant that is practically vibrationless and that can be held down to so low a speed on occasion as to make the shifting of gears unnecessary.

On the other hand, from the standpoint of cost and maintenance, it is doubtful whether there is sufficient advantage in

the use of eight and twelve-cylinder motors, to give them the preference over the lower-cylinder types for popular use. They are being made, it is true, in small forms suited for cheaper cars, but even so, repair costs must necessarily increase in proportion to the number of cylinders and some manufacturers at any rate, by sticking to the four-cylinder type, are acknowledging that, all things considered, that type is best adapted to popular requirements.

IN some makes of cars the use of aluminum in motor parts has been considerably extended, thereby increasing the lightness of the engine. This, however, is not to be regarded as any very radical change, since aluminum has already been utilized to a certain extent in earlier models. For the average car, the price of the metal makes its use practically prohibitive.

So far as the car body is concerned, there is again no very marked change. On the whole, the 1916 body is perhaps somewhat roomier than its predecessors and additional conveniences have been introduced. The cowl idea has been carried out between the backs of the front seats and the tonneau, admitting of the insertion of locker room for lunch baskets and the like. Space has been concealed in the back of the tonneau for the storage of spare tires, and in runabouts the seats are made to accommodate three people comfortably.

OTHER features of this year's car, which differentiate it from its predecessors may be enumerated as follows:

With the universal use of electric starting and lighting systems has come a marked diminution in the installation of high tension magneto ignition.

In connection with power transmission, the spiral bevel gear is being employed in many more rear axles than in past seasons, and bids fair to become the standard.

There is a general tendency to use the dry-plate clutches of the multiple disc and three-plate forms, though the cone clutch remains popular because of its simplicity and ease of operation.

A great increase is noted in the use of the silent chain for camshaft operation, and also for driving auxiliary electrical apparatus.

The vacuum type of gasoline feed has become much more common with the result that the pressure feed from a rear supply tank shows an appreciable decrease from the practice of former years.

Reading over the foregoing and also noting other changes which are being made in present-day cars, the truth of the assertion that development has been rather in the direction of refinement than of substitution, is brought home to the investigator. The world is getting bit by bit nearer to that standard of excellence in automobile construction to which reference has already been made, and in the 1916 car the public is being furnished with a machine, refined in appearance, serviceable in build, reliable in operation and as near the economic mean of cost and upkeep as it is at present practicable to approach.

THE FROST GIRL:

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

THE STORY — UP TO THE PRESENT

Allan Baird, who has been running a preliminary survey line for a new railroad to Hudson's Bay, meets Hertha MacLure, a strikingly attractive but very mysterious girl. He learns from his chief assistant, Hughey Munro, that the girl runs a trading post which was formerly managed by her father, and that she is known all through the north country as "The Frost Girl," on account of her coldness to all the men who visit the post. Baird completes his survey and returns to headquarters at Toronto, where he receives peremptory orders to start at once on a complete survey line from his chief, McGregor, a big railway magnate, who warns Baird that an opposition syndicate will attempt to prevent him from completing his survey, as they have, by wire-pulling at Ottawa, had a limit fixed on the time for filing the plans. Baird must complete his work and file his plans at Ottawa by April 1. Baird at once returns to the north. Four days out from Sabawe, his base of supplies, nine of his dogs are poisoned over night. Baird goes to the post of the Frost Girl to secure supplies. She refuses absolutely to sell him anything. Baird then hurries back to get supplies up from Sabawe, and, after a long delay, gets back to camp to find that his hungry men have gone to secure supplies by force from the Frost Girl. He protects the Post from his men and sends them back to camp. By this time Baird realizes that he is in love with the girl. He starts out himself to discover who poisoned the dogs and at a camping place where the teams have been accustomed to stop he finds a man hiding pieces of frozen meat in the snow around the camp where the dogs would find it the next time they stopped there. He endeavors to overpower the stranger and a fierce struggle ensues, from which Baird issues victor, his opponent sustaining a broken arm. The poisoner gets away, however. In striking across the ice, Baird breaks through and is nearly drowned. Fighting his way back to camp in freezing condition, he nearly succumbs but is found and rescued by the Frost Girl. He is nursed back to life by Hertha and during the days that ensue before he is able to start out again he tells her of the outside world, and their intimacy ripens into a deep friendship. Before leaving, however, he is shocked to find that her Indian helper has a broken arm.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

ALLAN felt a little choking sensation in his throat as he looked at the on-rushing dog train.

"With such a crew I could survey a line straight through to the north pole," he whispered to himself. "The National will have to send an army to stop us now."

"There's more than a ton of grub forty miles ahead of the camp now," said Hughey, when Allan had shaken hands with him.

"You certainly did well in that storm."

"Wait until February, lad. Then you'll know what a real blizzard is like."

"How about the dog team men?" asked Allan when he had drawn the woodsman to one side. "Can you trust them with a trip?"

"Sure, I would."

"All right. Start them back to Sabawe to-morrow to bring up the next relay of grub. We'll need two teams here to move camp."

"What did you find out below?" asked Hughey, after supper.

"Nothing," replied Allan, shortly.

"Couldn't get track of anything in that storm."

"I got one track, Hughey, and the fellow'll remember it for some time. I broke his arm, but he got away. Someone was with him and carried him off with a dog team."

"Who was it?" was the eager question.

"That's where I missed out. I don't know. I found him scattering poison in the camp where you left the last night up. I waited until he was through and then closed in on him. The hammerlock put him out of business. But, while I was back getting something to tie him up with, another fellow sneaked in with a toboggan and took him away."

"Couldn't you trace them?"

"The storm had already begun, and it was after dark. There was no use."

"What are you figuring on keeping me with the crew for?"

"It's just a hunch, Hughey. You needn't make the trip out if the men are safe, and you may be needed around here."

THE next morning the dog teams left for Sabawe after careful warnings for the drivers as to the poisoner's latest methods. The same day camp was moved on up the line. Though the days were now the shortest of the year, and the working hours were distressingly few, the line was carried on swiftly each day. Allan again worked at the head of it, inspiring his men with an example of cheerfulness and high tension endeavor. The cook had let leak the prospects of a Christmas dinner, and the men were more firmly behind their leader than ever.

The evening of the third day a weary, limping figure entered the circle of light

from the big campfire around which the crew was eating supper and dropped to a seat. Hughey looked up in amazement, and then demanded angrily:

"What you leave that cache for, Jimmie?"

"There wasn't any cache to leave," came the sullen answer.

"What do you mean?" broke in Allan.

"The cache was burned last night. Everything, except my snow-shoes—and I haven't had anything to eat since."

"How did that come?" demanded Hughey ominously.

"You needn't look at me that way," reported the new comer, whom Allan recognized as one of his best axemen. "I was trying to do the square thing. Yesterday afternoon an Indian came along and said there was a herd of caribou less than a mile away. He offered to take me to it for a sack of flour. You said for me to keep an eye open for fresh meat, and I thought it would be all right to go. I followed him for a mile and then he said he'd take a circle and drive them to me. I waited two hours and then it began to get dark, so I back-tracked to the cache."

"Well?" demanded Allan, when the cache guardian stopped to attack the meal the cook had brought to him.

"That's all. When I got back there wasn't anything left but ashes."

"Here's where we starve," grumbled an axeman behind Allan.

THE engineer wheeled and shook his fist in the man's face.

"Drop that kind of talk, Harris!" he commanded. "We've got enough grub here, and the teams will be back soon with more."

Allan looked about the circle of firelit faces, but every man was eating silently. Then he turned to Hughey, but the woodsman was gone. In a moment he came from one of the tents, his robe, rifle and snowshoes in his hands.

"Fix me up some grub, cook," he whispered. "Enough for four or five days."

"Where are you going?" asked Allan.

"I'm going to get the fellow who burned that cache if I have to track him until snow goes," was the quiet answer. "What did he look like, Jimmie?"

The cache guardian described the Indian who had decoyed him to the mythical caribou herd; and Hughey was off.

"Bring him back here and we'll fix him," called one of the men.

"Yes, bring him back," came a chorus of angry voices.

Hughey did not answer, but started on a long, smooth, tireless lop along the well-packed trail toward the cache. The wind blew hard out of the north, hard and cold, but he welcomed it, for he knew that it meant clearer weather. He had sensed a snowstorm the day before and now knew it was postponed. The Indian who had

burned the cache had probably figured on it to hide his tracks, but now they would be plain as print.

Hughey reached the burned cache before daylight and, with the first light, was searching for the trail he must follow. His skill and experience made this possible in fifteen minutes. And immediately the chase was on.

All day he pressed forward in the tracks he had found. They made a big circle to the east and then turned south, running parallel to the trail from camp.

"He's headed straight for the Frost Girl's," decided Hughey in the middle of the afternoon. "Well, I can travel as far as he can. Give an Indian white man's grub, and he can out-travel us. But he can't do it on boiled rabbit, even with the hair on."

Hughey was wrong in one thing, however. The Indian was not headed for the Frost Girl's. Just after dark he saw the tell-tale whirling sparks about the peak of a wigwam, and, a few minutes later, with a bunch of howling, hungry dogs at his heels, he was lifting the flap.

"B'iou!" he said as he entered and sat down beside the fire.

"B'iou!" replied the Indian, who seemed not to have taken his eyes from the blaze. Hughey took advantage of this and looked him over. He was the man Jimmie had described.

And the next night at supper time he led the Indian into the survey camp.

INSTANTLY the place was in an uproar. Men dropped their plates and cups and sprang to Hughey's side. One man reached out and grasped the Indian's arm, jerking him to the centre of the group.

"Stand back, you fellows!" cried Allan, jumping into the midst of them and shoving men right and left. "Stand back! You don't even know if he is the man."

"He's the one, alright!" shouted Jimmie, the cache guardian.

He leaped in front of the prisoner and, before Hughey or Allan could interfere, had stretched him on the snow with one right-hand swing. Instantly Allan was astride the fallen Indian fighting the men back.

"Get out, damn you!" he cried as a place cleared. "I'll kill the next man who lays a hand on him."

There was no new movement upon the part of the crew, and Allan turned upon them savagely.

"What sort of a bunch are you?" he demanded. "This poor devil isn't to blame. It's a lot of men down in Montreal who are sipping their Scotch in their club right this moment, toasting their feet before a wood fire and listening to the bishop explain why he wants some money for his pet Indian mission up at Lake St. John. And they'll pity the poor Indians and give it to him."

"They're the men we want, not this poor, starved devil who pulled a dirty trick for a couple of sacks of flour. And we can't get them if you kill him. Now go back and sit down, and I'll tell you what I'll do."

Silently the men returned to their half-eaten suppers about the big campfire. When they were all seated, and the Indian, dazed from the blow, had been helped to a log and given a cup of tea, Allan addressed the crew.

"I'm going to keep this fellow a prisoner until the next time the teams go to Sabawe," he said. "Then I'm going to send him out and have him turned over to the proper authorities. I know how you fellows feel. You think he tried to starve you to death by burning that cache. It was as dastardly a trick as a man could pull off, but, because we're fighting a bunch of crooks, is no reason we should not play square."

"Now, I'm going to promise that this man gets punished, but punished legally. You'll be squared and, by keeping him, he may tell who hired him. And then we'll get those fellows in Montreal. Isn't that better?"

"Lead us to the big fellows!" shouted a rodman; and in the laugh that followed Allan knew that he had won.

The chief himself stood guard over the prisoner the first night. There were no handcuffs, and it would have been cruel to bind his hands and feet in such weather. So, day and night, a guard was maintained over him, and the silent figure beside the campfire ceased to be of interest to the crew.

LATE in the afternoon of the second day after Hughey's return with the Indian, Allan returned to camp for some work in his tent. The light was just beginning to fade when he heard the jingle of dog bells. Believing it to be the teams coming from Sabawe, he rushed out.

But there were no dogs in the surveying outfit such as those that dashed into the camp-site and stopped at command of the fur-clad driver in the carriage.

"Down!" came the sharp order in a voice that drew Allan quickly, eagerly toward it.

But he had only gone half the distance when the driver, unaided, threw back the bearskin robe and sprang out.

"Hertha!" cried Allan, again running forward. "I didn't expect to have you for a guest, and on Christmas eve, too."

"I didn't come as a guest," the girl answered.

Allan halted before her at the tone. It was that which she had used when she refused to sell him food for his men. He looked searchingly at her face and saw the grim mouth, the hard eyes, the determined chin. But he saw something that had been lacking before. Despite the grimness of her expression, the defiance in her bearing, there was a vague suggestion that all was assumed, that her evident hostility was no longer real.

"I have come for that Indian you are holding prisoner, if you haven't killed him," she said.

"Indian!" exclaimed Allan. "Why did you come for him?"

"You are holding him unjustly. He is not the guilty one."

"But Hughey tracked him from the cache he had burned to his wigwam. And

the guard identified him as the man who had decoyed him away."

"But he is not the guilty one," repeated Hertha firmly. "You have made a mistake. His squaw came last night and told me what you had done, and I came at once. You must let him go free."

"I am sorry," Allan replied doggedly, "but he is the man according to all the evidence, and he will be turned over to the proper authorities for punishment."

"Send him to prison!" cried Hertha. "You must not! You can't do that! Think of what it would mean to him to be shut up. He's never even known what it means to live in a house."

"I'm sorry," Allan repeated, "but he must be punished. This sort of thing has got to stop."

"Then," and Hertha took a quick step toward him and looked up defiantly in his face, "if it's someone you want to punish, punish the guilty one, not him. Punish me!"

"Hertha!" cried Allan. "You don't know what you are saying!"

"I do know. I am responsible for that man's burning the cache."

"Do you mean you hired him to do it?"

"Not exactly, but it amounts to the same thing. I am guilty." And then she added fiercely: "If it is a crime."

"And the others?" questioned Allan dully. "The poisoning, the forged note?"

"Yes! Yes! I am responsible."

"And the man I fought? Did you take him away?"

"I saw you," she said, and the anger had vanished. The eyes became a warm blue, and there was admiration in them as she went on: "No one ever whipped Me-mi-e-is before. I would not have believed it if I had not seen you."

But Allan did not seem to hear, to notice the change. For a moment he stared unseeing at the fire. Then he turned toward her suddenly and demanded fiercely:

"Why did you do it? Why did you take their filthy money? I can't—I can't believe it, Hertha!"

"Whose money?" demanded the girl. "You've spoken of money before—of the National people. I never heard of them. I haven't taken anyone's money. Did you think I would do such a thing for pay?"

"Then why?" asked the amazed engineer.

HERTHA turned quickly, but not too quickly to hide the tears that had sprung suddenly to her eyes. Then, sobbing, her shoulders shaking, her face covered with her hands, she sank to a log beside the fire.

Allan, his mind still unable to grasp what she said, looked helplessly about the camp-site. His impulse was to take her in his arms; but he did not dare. There was something he did not understand, something he could not comprehend.

As he stood there he felt a tug at his sleeve and turned to face the prisoner. The man spoke quickly, impulsively, in Ojibway. Allan could not understand a word of it.

"What does he say?" he asked Hertha, feeling that the Indian might explain.



"Up," cried Denny Slavin, raising his cup before him. "To the guest of honor fellows!" And with a cheer the toast was downed.

But Hertha only shook her head while the Indian turned his back in disgust and went to the other side of the fire.

CHAPTER XV

The Railroad

AS Allan stood looking first at the Indian, then at the girl, he heard the shout of the returning crew. It was Christmas eve, a holiday ahead of them, a big feast and a day of release from the snow and the cold and the ceaseless endeavor. In a minute they would come tumbling into camp, rough, boisterous, profane.

"Come, Hertha," whispered the engineer, laying a hand on her shoulder. "Come to the tent for a little while. The crew is here."

She looked up startled, a little afraid, and sprang to her feet.

"There is no danger," Allan assured her. "Only they must not find you like this. Come."

He led her to his tent, where a little folding stove was aglow and a couple of candles were lighted.

Her tears were gone when she faced him in the dim yellow light, and he drew in his breath quickly at the picture she presented. She wore trousers of moleskin, but to her knees fell the loose folds of a wonderful, skirt-like, hooded coat of lynx skins, the gray, tawny coloring striped with thin lines of black and the fur seeming to absorb and then to give out more softly still the mellow glow of the candles.

That part of the costume was striking enough in itself, but Allan saw it only vaguely. For the hood was of the wonderful black fox, the long bushy tail being used to encircle the face. And out of this black, lustrous, silver-glittered frame looked the face of the girl. The golden hair thrust itself forward and, mingling with the coal-like fur, seemed to give it the sparkling semblance of life.

But, most wonderful of all, Hertha was wholly unconscious of the effect she produced, of the striking beauty of herself and her costume, of the compelling result of the two together. As simply and unaffectedly as a child she stood there; and, as naturally, she pushed back the hood to expose the extravagant golden billows and let them tumble down and glisten against the fur.

Allan forgot all else as he looked, forgot what this glorious creature had just told him, forgot what her confession meant to him and to his ambitions and desires. His eyes showed something of this, and Hertha, not quite understanding, still obsessed with the object of her long, hard journey through the forest, looked back defiantly.

"Well," she demanded, "now that you know, what are you going to do with me?"

"Do, Hertha, DO?"

HE took a quick, eager step forward, and then the meaning of her question struck him and he turned and dropped dejectedly to a seat beside the folding camp table. When he looked up, miserable, wretched, despondent, her expression had not changed.

"I'm not going to do anything, Hertha," he said gently.

He placed a chair for her beside the stove and led her to it.

"But I wish," he added, "that you would tell me why you did this, why you have fought me so. You say it isn't the National people. You surely do not hate me enough to do such a thing. Why is it?"

"It was because I hated what you are doing," she answered quickly, defiantly.

"What I am doing? This survey?"

"What your survey means. It is the railroad, and what it will bring, that I hate. I would have done anything to prevent its coming."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Allan. "I thought railroads were always welcomed, always sought. A railroad means life to a country."

"And death," added Hertha quickly. "It means death here, the death of a people."

"I don't understand."

"Who have you seen since you came into this country? White people who wanted a railroad? You have seen only Indians, scattered families of hard-working people. Do they want a railroad? It is the last thing they do want. It can do them no good. It will do them an everlasting harm. It will kill them, kill their spirit, rob them of what is rightly theirs, turn them from men to beasts. It can't be."

"But, Hertha, you would not stop progress, stop the work of your own people, for a few savages?"

"Savages!" cried the girl, leaning forward fiercely. "What is a savage? Is the man who is honest, industrious, supporting his family, tender with his children, a savage just because he lives in a house of birchbark and has a dark skin? Or is it the man who corrupts and steals from this dark-skinned man, who robs him of the dearest things he has, and gives him nothing in return? The white man who comes into the wilderness to loot it and its people, who takes and never gives, who destroys and never builds up, he is the savage."

"You think the Indian is barbarous. You don't know the Indian. Perhaps you have seen only those who have lived where the barbarity of the white man has degraded him. I know him, and I would rather have him for a friend, for a neighbor, than the white men I have known. And it is because here in this district, where the evil influence of the white man has never come, where the Indian lives as he has always lived, as he likes to live, as he only can live, that my work, and the work of my father's life, are threatened with ruin—that I have fought you and your railroad."

THE girl, her eyes shining with the zeal of her cause, her hands gripping the edge of the table before her, stopped and, still defiant, looked at the engineer. And Allan, at the reference to her father, knew and understood. He saw the effects of her father's teachings, of his well-meaning but narrow and almost fanatical ideas. He saw the traits that had descended to the daughter, the loyalty and the obstinacy, the insincerity and the in-

tractability, the keenness of the mind and the influences that had cramped it.

Hertha began to speak again, and as he listened he felt a growing admiration for this girl who, alone, defied the forces of civilization itself; who, single-handed, was willing to fight for what she believed to be right. Pity mingled with his respect, pity that her ability should be wasted, her ambitions futile. And suddenly he realized that he had a triple mission, that this winter's work had been trebled. Not only must he put the survey through on time to save his own respect, not only must he win the love of this strange girl to save his own happiness, but he must now convince her of the error of her conception of life and of the world to save her from the bitterness of failure.

It seemed hopeless, on the face of it. The girl worshipped her father's memory, believed implicitly all that he had taught her, had the same strength of character, the same adamantine allegiance to purpose. But the very difficulty of the task nerved Allan to the attempt. He must do it, he knew. Too much depended on it to lose.

And so he listened while Hertha told of her father's work at his first post. How the railroad had ruined everything, had brought only misery to the people he loved, had at last driven him, broken and bitter but uncompromising, to the new field where he had again built up and left the fulfilment of his ideals as a heritage for his daughter.

The soul of the girl was in her words. She marshalled facts quickly, stunningly, overwhelmingly. She defended brilliantly, argued convincingly, pleaded eloquently. The passionate enthusiasm for her cause shone in her eyes. The determination of her spirit was displayed in every gesture. But, when she stopped, breathless, tense, challenging, Allan only felt a sudden exaltation, a sudden certainty that he could convince her of her error, that he could save her.

"Listen, Hertha," he began quickly. "All that you have said is true. No one could understand the Indian and his problem better than you. No one who has given the subject any thought doubts but that the Indian has been treated unfairly by the white man. But facts do not constitute the truth unless all the facts are considered. You have only one viewpoint, see only one side of the question. You have given only one side of it and, for that reason, your picture is not entirely true."

HE paused and picked up a pencil he had been using in map making. For a moment he tapped lightly on the candlestick with it in that unconscious manner of one who is thinking deeply.

"I've looked on life as pretty much of a joke," he began suddenly. "It was always a game to me. Work was a game, something to be played at. I've been on railroad surveys before, all through the west, and it was always one grand holiday. Even when I ran this trial line last summer it was a sporting proposition. I began this in the same way. But when

Continued on page 69



The Governor-General reviewing the Vancouver corps.

The Woman Soldier: A By-product of the War

By LAURA E.
McCULLY

THE enlistment of women in Canada has begun in earnest, and organizations for drill are forming in all the large cities. The Duke of Connaught reviewed the women troops at Vancouver and gave them high praise. But although Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg also have their enthusiasts, these are few in number compared to the hundreds of thousands of English women who are drilling, or the host of Russian and Serbian women now actually fighting in the ranks. Of the latter it is said that the enemy fears them more than they do their men comrades, and that in Serbia their name, The Legion of Death, has been won by singular audacity, though at present they are said to be operating chiefly as an army service corps and as orderlies. To many people this movement comes as a surprise and shock, because, for one thing, it is new to modern times. In order to appreciate it justly, it is necessary to review certain peculiar conditions of the world war which have brought it about.

The most vital question is that of the supply of men. From the first this has been Britain's problem, in particular, and the opening of new fields of conflict makes it more than ever pressing. It is already obvious that peace can be made only as a necessity; one or other party must be definitely beaten, or any pact arrived at would be broken within a year. Germany is prepared to fight to a finish and this is shown in nothing more plainly than in her training women for the work of war. At the outbreak of hostilities, the women of Berlin offered the Kaiser a regiment, and it is a well-known fact that German women are ready in great numbers to resist invasion, if necessary.

In spite, however, of Germany's shortage of men, these women have not been called upon. So far, the more highly civilized nations have hesitated at using women as soldiers, but it is very dubious whether this may be attributed to chivalry or to the existence of social problems which make necessary the segregation of the sexes. All such considerations are likely to be of little moment should the real pinch of war come home as it has in Belgium. The treatment of non-comba-

tant women in that country has dispelled forever the illusion that woman has anything to lose by taking up arms.

RECENT murders of Belgian ladies, and the more deadly home-thrust of the execution of Nurse Cavell on the flimsiest pretext, with the destruction of infants in Belgian creches, were not needed to drive in the lesson that there is no safety where German Kultur can force its way. The world has been immensely surprised at the hysteria of Germany. For many centuries it has not been customary for Aryan races to wage war in such fashion. Occasional outbursts of unnatural rage have occurred, but none on a large or general scale since the darkness of the middle ages. It is interesting to compare the German state of mind with that which inspired the actions of the French Terrorists.

Germany's attitude is that she must "clean up" the countries which she has invaded by stamping out all opposite opinion. She believes firmly in her strange philosophy of force and fraud, and her methods are those of wholesale slaughter, justified in German opinion by the end in view. It will be remembered that this was the precise idea of Robespierre, but it will be also remembered that his was the reaction from centuries of oppression, while the Teutonic and Prussian propaganda has come to a head entirely unprovoked and in an era of unexampled prosperity.

The Kaiser proposes to acquire the territory of countries so thickly populated that they can only be colonized by first exterminating the inhabitants. There are many cogent forces which he has left out of calculation, but with which he will have to cope before this purpose can be achieved. One of these is the fact that war itself is passing away. The world is even now trembling on the brink of the greater Renaissance of the human spirit. Men are disclaiming material benefits as sufficient incentive to crime. An international code of laws and a general police have come to

be so popular in the people's minds that even the vaudeville ditty recommends them. Above all, the science and machinery of to-day have emancipated women to such an extent that she is a real military necessity. The plans of Germany run counter to her fundamental function, which is constructive, and in the final analysis she is bound to enter the field as a force of opposition to wars of extermination.

It is always invidious to draw lines of sex distinction where they are not essential. Yet it is true that man most resents the destruction of property, which is his personal product, and woman that of human life. Arnold Bennett is now writing with exquisite pathos of the ruins of famous cities. But the great heart of womanhood all the world over throbs to pity at the tale of slaughtered innocents when the Cloth Hall of Ypres can win but a passing regret.

LET it not be thought that woman's militarism is altogether a product of resentment at the methods of a barbarous enemy. On the contrary, it is interesting to trace the growth of the Amazonian idea in ante-bellum days.

Many persons have a confused notion that women's militarism has something to do with suffragette militancy. Nothing could be more mistaken. Neither in England or Canada have the two movements coincided; on the contrary, many militants are pacifists, endorsing the destruction of property, but never the taking of human life. Again, other suffragists are ardently national and militaristic. No better example of the cleavage could be instanced than the fact that the Pankhurst family are divided on the point, the mother being active in the army work. The vast majority of women in the British and Canadian army movements are indifferent to the question of votes, save as one of necessity should wages fall too low for subsistence. Prominent leaders are frequently of the aristocratic and ultra conservative element which regards suffrage as its pet *bête noir*, so that it is seen plainly how diverse are the two organizations.

The women's yeomanry of England was launched a number of years ago when war seemed the most remote contingency. It was largely an expression of the typical British woman's love of the outdoor sports which are available at all times of the year in that milder climate. Its growth was great, but there was at no time a loud voiced opposition or a particularly vigorous propaganda.

The Girl Guides, founded by the sister of General Baden-Powell, offered a similar inducement to the younger generation. They came into being a little after the Boy Scouts, and found immediate acceptance, soon becoming Empire wide. In the south of England alone it is estimated that there are 300,000 Girl Guides and other kindred organizations, all told, exclusive of the new women's army. The course includes signalling, drill, first aid, emergency work, and scouting.

But these two movements must be regarded as ante-bellum in their conception, and are not to be confused with the women's volunteering for active service or defence in wartime. The number of girls in the Guides was not reported to have increased phenomenally owing to the war. On the other hand, no sooner had the campaign been launched in France than women in the United Kingdom and the Colonies began to flock to enlist in military societies of one kind and another with the avowed purpose of training for service.

AS early as a year ago the army of English women was making itself felt in London and besieging the War Office with offers to do anything that was possible. There is little doubt but that most of the recruits would have gone to the front had the regulations been as easy to elude as in the case of the Russian and other Continental armies. Nor has the woman soldier proved a drawback to Russian or to Serbian arms. From the earliest times of which we have any record there have been fighting women as well as fighting men. Caesar's legions had to contend with women of the Gauls who chained themselves together in their "trenches" in order to form a bulwark for their men, dead or alive. Quite recently a woman lieutenant in the French army was reported to have received a medal for valor, and the achievements of the Russian women officers have been so widely heralded as to need no comment here. It is a fact that literally hundreds of them are being discovered among the stream of wounded pouring into Petrograd from the Polish fields.

There may be drawn a nice distinction between the woman who disguises her sex from motives of love or patriotism and enters the army as a man, and the woman who openly enlists herself in an organization formed entirely of her own sex. As a matter of fact, the latter idea has a more classic tradition and goes directly back to the days of the Amazons, while the former is to be found in all ballad lore of our own race, from the Bird Helen of the old-time singers to the Britomart of Spenser. It is scarcely necessary to justify the French women for their en-

listment, openly or otherwise. Above them all, the incarnate spirit of indomitable Gallic valor, towers Joan the Maid, whose very name can still turn the tide of battle and speak to the souls of fighting men. There is nothing new or surprising in the women's military movement to the mind which is well versed in history, ancient and modern.

That there is great impatience among those who feel physically fit for service, and have devoted many months to training can well be imagined. The call for recruits is so urgent at the moment, owing to the situation in the Near East, and men are so hard to get in great numbers. Many women have lost all that made life worth living, and patriotism and vengeance alike inspire them to wish to lay down their lives to prevent the further progress of the enemy.

It would indeed be interesting should an actual opportunity arise, to observe the conduct of these trained, equipped and officered women soldiers under fire. Women take to the discipline rather more readily than men, it is said, but how would they get along with the bayonet, and would it be necessary to arm them with repeating revolvers instead? In this connection one cannot but recall that our own men excel with the bayonet, and that they have little difficulty in putting to flight Germans of much superior size and weight. There is always a fourth dimension to be reckoned with when it comes to fighting. The Romans called it *vis*. Normal womanhood is endowed with it to a remarkable degree when it comes to preserving the young. Can this divine rage be chained, directed, and brought to play on the battlefield? After all, should Germany win, we shall see repeated the slaughter of the helpless wherever her black eagles perch.

MANY men who oppose the women's movement do so on the grounds that were the very worst to happen, and the Overseas Expeditionary Forces to suffer defeat, still there are men enough at home for all possible contingencies. Men who urge this are no doubt sincere, and it is not the purpose of the women's army to shame them into enlisting, any more than it is its purpose to take their places at the front. Many men are so situated that they cannot well enlist. But the fact remains that an untrained man might prove less efficient in the ranks than a trained woman. Among the things which instance this is the necessity of avoiding those in front and behind you when taking a firing position. Again, just recently a soldier who was ignorant of the rifle blew his head off by not closing the lock accurately. These are very small items of the mass of specialized information which is an essential part of the soldier's training nowadays.

As a matter of fact, war has become a science to so great a degree that the amateur soldier now no longer exists. The military authorities are obliged to spend months getting raw recruits into shape where in former times almost every man had the requisite knowledge for fighting. All these facts combine to minimize the

advantages of weight and heft, and substitute that of the training and discipline of mind and body in co-ordination. This gives woman a chance to step into the field as a really eligible candidate.

The women of England have proved themselves most active in enlisting for all possible branches of war work. Much of their best effort has been organized and directed through the medium of their army. Quite apart from all other similar movements in existence before the war, this now numbers well into the hundreds of thousands. For obvious reasons information is as zealously withheld as possible, but it is well known that their training is now complete. They have acted as guard of honor for Sir Robert Borden when he was in London, and their occasional parades are on a gigantic scale. In addition, they recruit for industries, for munition works, and are employed as sentries on the sea-coast, thus allowing the men to go to the front.

That many of these women would welcome the opportunity for active service cannot be denied. This will come in case the Kaiser should be sore pressed and put into the field women troops as a national defence force. When it does come, if ever, or when the need for national defence arises, it will be found that these women not only have had thorough military training, but that they can do field ambulance work, drive autos, attend to repairs, act as stretcher-bearers, and even in many cases as first-aid nurses.

Wherever the movement is inaugurated, there is an immediate demand for instruction in all sorts of Red Cross field work, and thus two distinct sides are created, making for efficiency under almost any circumstances.

AS one who worked with the movement in Toronto from its beginning, the writer can describe something of the enthusiasm with which it was received. Other cities report the same thing. A tiny announcement that a few women had decided to secure military drill was printed in the papers. It was instantly followed by an open letter and a meeting at which the main object was to recruit men. This was by no means publicity of a striking kind. Yet the women recruits came in literally by the hundreds, and a tent had to be secured at the City Hall to receive them. A woman who worked at passing the new members and taking the doctors' certificates said that she had never experienced anything like it in her life. The very air was electric with the intensity of feeling—there was a force suddenly loosed and set to its native purpose, a force that we had not suspected was in existence at all. It was interesting to receive telephone calls from such diverse classes of society, and exquisite indeed was the *naïveté* with which each and all demanded how a private could become an officer, or how one could step into the officers' class without ever being a private. Remarks made by the women of all ages showed plainly that they were interested mainly in the prospect of somehow or other getting to the front. There was distinct disappointment when it was ex-

plained that the chance was small indeed and that patriotic work must be the immediate objective. In plain words, these hundreds of women, offering in one city alone, practically wanted to fight.

It was not hard, however, to turn this idea into the more practical one of assistance in men's recruiting, aid of soldiers' wives, and similar patriotic work. These are the immediate objects of most of the women's military organizations, and the military authorities now recognize them as effective in appealing for more men. During the coming months they will raise money by entertainments, and in various ways make themselves as useful as possible. Meantime, they are drilling steadily, and in a short space of time they are going to be soldiers in the most literal sense of the word.

Considerable publicity unfortunately attended the beginning of the movement, and there were internal dissensions both in Montreal and Toronto. In the latter case, this led to the commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Galloway, having the women sworn in under the rifle club provisions of the Militia Act. Afterwards their difficulties resolved themselves into technical questions of club procedure, and they are now progressing without friction, and increasing in numbers.

Naturally there was great joy in newspaper-dom over these amusing incidents in which pugnacity played a part, but as stated above, there is plenty of pugnacity remaining in the movement, and the part of the public that makes merry over it is misguided. These women are made up of wives, sisters and sweethearts of the men at the front, and their earnestness is convincing. One hears them on drill nights talking over the news and comparing notes regarding the German treatment of prisoners and the stories of cruelty which are forever seeping through. Nothing loud or threatening is said, but there is an undercurrent of feeling so intense that the enemy might get a surprise if only it could be loosed on them in an effective way. Womanhood, as such, is at war with the ideals and methods of

the German people, as expressed in this struggle. Like the action of a natural law comes the call to arms.

FROM the very first, the non-commissioned officers and the rank and file of the soldiers here have given every encouragement and consideration towards the women's movement. They have drilled them cheerfully night after night, helped enlist, advised, scolded, and licked the raw recruits into shape. Their attitude is never that of ridicule, nor is there the smallest trace of familiarity in their manner to women who wear the khaki on the streets. Every soldier respects the uniform—he may smile or speak, but he passes on after his curiosity is satisfied regarding the movement. That he ap-

proves it is to be taken for granted, for offers of help pour in continually. One phase of this is that men who are trying for commissions get needed practice in drilling the women.

Officers are a trifle more chary of expressing themselves, on account of the dignity of their position, but even so, many come forward with willingness to assist in the drill.

At present it is being widely rumored that the English women's army is actually entering the service in orderly work and the stretcher work on the field. Many women enlisted in Canada talk of transferring to England as soon as trained, as they have taken the first aid, and could do this work well.

This simple expedient at once solves all the difficulties suggested by the stern moralist who believes that women in their hearts are simply trying to foist themselves off on the Government, while they seek one more opportunity to hunt down their victim, man. The silly vanity of this viewpoint makes it merely a poor sort of unseasonable joke.

Many little incidents in connection with the new movement are genuinely amusing, partly because women are apt to take themselves more seriously than men do. On the main street of a big city the other day a group of women in uniform were swinging along, fit looking, but a bit self-conscious, trailed at a distance by some curious officers. Around

the corner and directly through the squad marched a small, dilapidated looking male, and in front of him he was wheeling a baby carriage! As he took in the uniforms, his quiet pessimism just deepened into what Tennyson calls a solemn scorn of ills. The unrestrained joy of the bystanders may be imagined.

Many humorous incidents occur as is only natural when women undertake anything out of the common. When for, instance, a gentleman of the old school encounters one of the women in khaki, it is an event. He is shocked, mutters into his mustache, chokes, pauses to administer a stinging rebuke, thinks better of it and hastens away in indignant consternation, much as if he had been hoaxed with a cayenne chocolate,—and so he has.



Logic versus Love: By DAVID H. MARTIN

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY

WEARILY Chris Laken and his companions dragged along their snowshoes over the frozen snow in the face of the bitter winds of the Arctic.

Day after day passed with dull, monotonous slowness. The snow crunched beneath their feet, and the runners of the sleds drawled out their discontent. As far as the eye could see there was the same dreary prospect. In the semi-darkness of the day, fantastic shadows were cast on the snow. In the evening the sparkling rays of the *aurora borealis* flitted across the sky, a quick succession of ever varying colors.

In their eagerness to reach the land of the White Eskimo they had pushed forward at a quick yet steady pace, but, as their freshness wore off, the long trudging over the crisp snow began to have its effect.

It was six weeks now since they had left civilization behind. The constant travelling had worn the men and dogs almost to the limit of endurance. With the exception of their dogs, they had not seen a living animal for three days.

The Eskimo villages that they had passed had all been inhabited by the swarthy race common throughout that country, and beyond a vague pointing to the west, they could gain no information as to the locality of the tribe they sought. Still, they had left the last village ten days ago, and they hoped that they were not far from their destination. A ridge of snow covered hills loomed up before them, and across that ridge they believed their search would end.

"Come on, boys, we have almost reached our goal. Keep a stout heart, and a steady stride, and we shall be there before another day has passed," shouted Chris.

"Get up, you whining sons of wolves," roared Wade, cracking his long whip over the heads of the huskies.

"Never again will I be tempted to come with an Arctic expedition," muttered one to his companion.

"Laken should be shot for bringing us on such a chase," was the surly reply.

The lightness of heart and outbursts of laughter which had marked their start had long since given place to a sullen discontent, which to-day seemed heightened by the hunger of the men.

THEY observed a long, low cloud coming toward them. To Chris Laken it looked unusually dark. In the afternoon it was blowing harder, and, as the evening approached, snow began to fall. They were now on the first slope of the hills, and they hoped to be able to gain the other side before the storm reached its height, and find warmth and shelter in the Eskimo village they sought. The driving wind and frozen snow indicated a storm of unwonted severity. With an anxious look around at the dull threatening sky and hazy atmosphere, Chris urged his com-

A Story of the Land of the White Eskimos

panions to travel faster, but the hardships of the last week and the meagre food had told on their strength terribly.

They pushed on with every ounce of strength they could muster, for each man realized that he was fighting for his life. The dogs were hurried on unceasingly and mercilessly with their load of blankets and shelter.

When they were half way up the hill the wind began to blow like a thousand furies; then came the snow in a solid sheet shutting everything out of sight.

Wade stooped hastily to let the dogs loose and shouted to his companions. His reply was the noise of the wind and snow rushing past like an avalanche. He felt that it was useless to try to go on further; and lay down in a corner by a rocky ledge. The dogs crept up to him and licked his face, but he was too much exhausted to notice their caresses.

Wreathed in white, with icicles hanging from nose and beard, and eyes that could scarcely see beneath the snow covered lashes the others struggled grimly on, bending low, fighting wind with muscle, pitting their strength against the greatest terror of the north.

Suddenly the wind fell, but in an instant returned with redoubled fury. It tore through their clothes, and numbed their senses; rushing by with a scream of raging passion, sweeping everything aside with uncontrolled violence.

Stronger and stronger the wind blew, bringing with it walls of snow that blotted out all sense of direction, and made progress all but impossible.

The gloom of the day was succeeded by the darkness of night, and the storm ever increased in intensity. All through the night it raged, howling and shrieking with the ferocity of nature primeval.

THE morning twilight had long since dawned when returning consciousness brought Wade to his feet. His chest and limbs were aching with the pain of hunger and exhaustion, and cramped where the dogs had crawled over him for warmth. The dogs were all dead, but apparently their bodies had saved his life. Weak as he was with hunger, he had not the heart to use their frozen flesh for food. They had given him life by losing their own; to mutilate their dead bodies now would be sacrilege. He turned away, and with shaking feet and trembling body began his climb for life. Always, he thought, was he fighting for life. It is man's eternal destiny.

On, and on, he struggled over the never ending rocks and snow. At last he reached the top, and started the more difficult descent. It seemed an age since he had set out. His mind was past thought, his

body without feeling, yet mechanically he lifted his feet, ever going on, on, the word singing through his brain at every step, until his weakened body collapsed; and he knew no more.

A party of Eskimo hunting Caribou came across his tracks later in the day, and, following his wandering steps, they discovered his partly frozen body lying in the snow.

For days he lay on a bed of furs fighting back the dread angel of death. When at last his ravings ceased and his mind cleared, he found himself in the igloo of Chief Akar, and being fed with warm soup by his daughter.

LAUGHING FACE was the daughter of Chief Akar. She was small and plump, with tow colored hair, and a pair of eyes that danced and sparkled with delight at the least provocation. She could also be serious at times, as Jekil Mouka, the arrow maker, can testify. Once she had slapped him, and then in language more plentiful than choice, had lectured him on the duties of a husband to his wife. They say, but this could never be proven, that Jekil had taken her unawares and kissed her. But that was three years ago, and Laughing Face had since married and was daily entertained by little Big Eyes, a maid of almost two years, who was now able to run around, and romp and play, as all little girls like to do.

To-day Laughing Face was troubled, and the eyes that were usually so bright were sober and subdued. Even her little daughter felt the change, and wondered in her babyish way why Mama did not play with her as usual. Never before had her caresses and kisses failed to bring the desired effect.

Early that morning a hunter had brought word that a party of men with six dog teams were crossing the ridge, and would reach the village that evening. Her husband was away on a hunting trip and would not be back for several days. He was not of her own people, and she remembered her mother's warning before she was married—"Look not upon the stranger, for it is not well. Does not Tu-lu-ak, the raven, fly away when the sun goes down, and does the same one ever return when the long nights are gone?"

But she had reasoned to herself: How could he fly away as the raven? Across the plains he would starve. Over the hills whence he came? No, he had told her many, many times it would be impossible to return that way without the aid of a Fire God such as his people possessed. To the north she knew he could not return, because had not her father said that when he was a young man a great famine had come over all the land, and he had gone to look for food, traveling day after day until he reached a mighty ocean, which was the end of the world. And so, he would



J.W. BEATTY.

Laughing Face stood outside her igloo, dressed in velvet-tanned deer skin that clung softly to her form, with Little Big Eyes in her arms.

stay with them always. Had not the Great Spirit answered her prayers when this man was brought to her father's house? She would pray again to the Great Spirit to keep her husband here, and prevent him leaving her. Was not their house warm with furs, and was not she famed for the stews she made?

Silently the evening stole along—a gradual change from twilight to darkness. With a white fur robe thrown over her shoulders clasped tightly with trembling fingers to her breast, Laughing Face was making her way to a small tent which had just been erected. Once she hesitated, and almost turned back, but a sudden impulsive thought spurred her on afresh, and without further consideration she pushed aside the flap and stood inside the tent where John Templeton was reclining.

HE was not surprised to see before her the same fair features that marked her husband, and with quick excited tones demanded in her broken English: "Why you come here?"

Templeton was astonished to be thus addressed in his own tongue, and before he could reply the woman was again speaking. "Why you come here? Him my man. You no take him 'way. Laughing Face loves him, and no let you take him 'way."

Guessing from her speech that she had married one of the survivors of the expedition he had come in search of. Templeton asked her where her husband was.

"Him 'way hunting. Back two, three days. Go 'way. Oh please go 'way quick."

"But," replied Templeton, "I have come a long journey, and I can not leave until I have seen him and know what happened to the rest of the party."

"All rest die in big snow storm. Men find him in snow and carry him to house. I, Laughing Face, daughter of Chief Akar. Him my man now."

"Well I must see him and talk to him. He must please himself whether he returns with me or stays here."

Laughing Face felt her cause was not progressing. Going closer to him, she smiled up in his face and, showing her pearly teeth, said: "Why you not stay here too? I speak to Chief Akar and he let you pick any maiden you wish. Miske, she pretty and fat with big blue eyes. Nitma, she make fine stew. Orsaka, she have long hair down to her knees. She love big men. Yes, I think Orsaka make you good wife. Plenty deer come in summer, and plenty fur for the long nights. Orsaka make them soft and warm."

Templeton laughed. "I have one wife at home, and it is not good for a man to have more. No, I am sorry I can not agree to your suggestion, Laughing Face."

Reluctantly she departed to her own igloo, there to pray to the Great Spirit, and await the answer to her prayers when her husband returned.

JOHN TEMPLETON was seated at an improvised table in his tent. Opposite to him sat a well-built man of forty or thereabouts, with long dark brown hair

covering head and face. His cheeks and forehead were burned a deep tan from constant exposure to frost and the glare of the snow on snow covered ground. His dress was of well tanned deer skin with the fur inside, and comprised a long coat loosely made reaching almost to his knees, trousers rather tight-fitting, admirably adapted to his open-air life, and moccasins fastening well above the ankles.

Templeton was speaking. "Now that my search is ended, I must make arrangements to leave here immediately. I suppose it will be agreeable to you to return at once?"

Wade hesitated a minute before replying, his brows gathered in thoughtful perplexity. "Well, to tell the truth I had not thought of returning at all. It is an easy life here on the whole. There is generally a plentiful supply of food in the summer, and we store enough away for winter use. Besides, I have married Chief Akar's daughter as you know, and though she is not of the same race, she comes from European stock, and she loves me so passionately that I would hesitate to leave her."

"Indeed!" was the reply. "Of course I know that Laken's object was to find the White Eskimo. Do you mean to say that this is really the tribe he sought?"

"It is. Of that I have not the slightest doubt. There is very little similarity between the people here and the Eskimo we stayed with farther east. Their complexion is much the same at first sight, but their features are not so heavy, and the light hair and blue eyes, which though not common, are occasionally present, show conclusively that they are descended from the Norwegian explorers. They are also far more intellectual, and have a fondness for singing that is not found among the native Eskimo."

"But even so, surely you would not dream of spending the rest of your life here. It is a thousand chances to one that you will never have another opportunity to reach civilization again. And once you are back at home you will be handsomely rewarded by the government and could also command any salary you ask for lectures. Think, too, of the honor and esteem that would be yours in the old home town. Think how proud they would be to welcome you back. You would be gladly received into any home, and could take your choice of the eligible young ladies for a wife, and settle down to a life of comparative ease and contentment. Come, don't be a fool. Think of what people will say if I tell them you would not return because you have married an Eskimo squaw. And marriage here is no marriage at all. You know that. Why man, your wife, much as you say she loves you, would have another man living with her inside of a week, and after a month you would be forgotten."

"I know that these people have their faults, but I think you are mistaken regarding my wife. Though she is an eskimo she has principles just as high as any of the women at home, and in a case of desertion of this character, she would have a perfect right to take another husband without violating any law, but nevertheless I do not believe she would

When I first came here I was grateful for her care and solicitude. It was almost necessary that I should take a wife, as I could hardly take advantage of the old chief's hospitality after I was well. Laughing Face made no effort to disguise her liking for me, and so we were married, although there was not much ceremony attached to it."

"Well, you acknowledge there was no love on your side, and perhaps your real mate is waiting for you down at home. This is no life for you to live. You must realize that you are simply dying a living death by staying here when all your advantages and the luxuries of civilization are urging you to return."

"Yes, I do miss the home comforts very acutely at times. I long for my bath, and my lounging suit, and the daily papers, and the long arguments at the club. How they would smile if I told them one-half of my experiences here!"

"Think now. This is the last chance you will ever have to see all your former acquaintances and friends. It is a serious thing to stay here for the remainder of your life in this environment. Come, decide now to return with me. It is really the only course you can take. You have no need to say anything to your wife about your decision. Just leave naturally as though you were going on a hunting trip such as you have been in the habit of doing."

After a few minutes Wade replied: "It seems to be the wiser course to take, yet somehow I cannot help feeling sorry for Laughing Face. I suppose I ought to take your advice. Yes, I will come with you, but I will start a day ahead and wait for you at the ridge."

AND then, after they had completed their plans, he walked back to his snow-walled dwelling.

Throwing aside the heavy white bear skin covering the doorway, he entered the igloo that was his home. Inside, a solitary oil lamp gave out heat and light. Having no ventilation the room was stifling hot, although Templeton's thermometer had registered forty below zero outside.

Laughing Face was bending over the lamp, preparing their evening meal of caribou stew, which indeed was their main sustenance; but ptarmigan and rabbits, and even wolf were welcomed when the caribou were scarce. Any Eskimo will tell you that fat wolf is much preferable to lean caribou, and the wolves were always fat in early winter.

The meal over, he was preparing to lay down on the skins that formed his bed when Laughing Face came and stood before him. Reaching up she clasped him round the neck, gently pulled his head down to her shoulder, and murmured: "I love you, my husband. I am so glad you are home again. It has been so weary waiting for the days to pass until you came back. You will not have to leave me again for many days now. And little Big Eyes has been continually asking when you would return."

Holding his face between her hands, she looked into his eyes, and still using

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More than Twice-Told Tales: or Every Man His Own Hero

I.

IN WHICH THE SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN RECOUNTS THE EARLY STRUGGLES BY WHICH HE "MADE GOOD."

No, sir, I had no early advantages whatever. I was brought up plain and hard—try one of these cigars, they cost me fifty cents each,—in fact, I practically had no schooling at all. When I left school, I didn't know how to read, not to read good. It's only since I've been in business that I've learned to write English, that is, so as to use it right. But I'll guarantee to say there isn't a man in the shoe business to-day can write a better letter than I can. But all that I know is what I've learned myself. Why, I can't do fractions even now. I don't see that a man need. And I never learned no geography, except what I got for myself off railroad folders. I don't believe a man *needs* more than that anyway. I've got my boy at University now. His mother was set on it. But I don't see that he learns anything, or nothing that will help him any in business. They say they learn them character and manners in the colleges, but, as I see it, a man can get all that just as well in business—is that wine all right? If not, tell me and I'll give the head waiter hell; they charge enough for it; what you're drinking costs me four-fifty a bottle.

But I was starting to tell you about my early start in business. I had it good and hard, all right. Why, when I struck this city—I was sixteen then—I had just eighty cents to my name. I lived on it for nearly a week while I was walking round hunting for a job. I used to get soup for three cents, and roast beef with potatoes, all you could eat, for eight cents, that tasted better than anything I can ever get in this damn club. It was somewhere down town, but I've forgotten the way to it.

WELL, about the sixth day I got a job, down in a shoe factory, working on a machine. I guess you've never seen shoe machinery, have you? No, you wouldn't likely. It's complicated. Even in those days there was thirty-five machines went to the making of a shoe, and now we use as many as fifty-four. I'd never seen the machines before, but the foreman took me on. "You look strong," he said; "I'll give you a try anyway."

So I started in. I didn't know anything. But I made good from the first day. I got four a week at the start, and after two months I got a raise to four-twenty-five.

Well, after I'd worked there about three months, I went up to the floor manager of the flat I worked on, and I said: "Say, Mr. Jones, do you want to save ten

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Illustrated by C. W. JEFFERYS



Of course, if anything happens to the old man, then we get it all. I notice him each day, how weak he's getting.

dollars a week on expenses?" "How?" says he. "Why," I said, "that foreman I'm working under on the machine, I've watched him, and I can do his job; dismiss him and I'll take over his work at half what you pay him." "Can you do the work?" he says. "Try me out," I said, "fire him and give me a chance." "Well," he said, "I like your spirit anyway; you've got the right sort of stuff in you."

So he fired the foreman and I took over the job and held it down. It was hard at first, but I worked twelve hours a day, and studied up a book on factory machinery at night. Well, after I'd been on that work for about a year, I went in one day to the general manager downstairs, and I

said: "Mr. Thompson, do you want to save about a hundred dollars a month on your overhead costs?" "How can I do that?" says he. "Sit down." "Why," I said, "you dismiss Mr. Jones and give me his place as manager of the floor, and I'll undertake to do his work, and mine with it, at a hundred less than you're paying now." He turned and went into the inner office, and I could hear him talking to Mr. Evans, the managing director. "The young fellow certainly has character," I heard him say. Then he came out and he said, "Well, we're going to give you a try anyway: we like to help out our employees all we can, you know; and you've got the sort of stuff in you that we're looking for."

SO they dismissed Jones the next day and I took over his job and did it easy. It was nothing, anyway. The higher up you get in business, the easier it is if you know how. I held that job two years, and I saved all my salary except twenty-five dollars a month, and I lived on that. I never spent any money anyway. I went once to see Irving do this Macbeth for twenty-five cents, and once I went to a concert and saw a man play the violin for fifteen cents in the gallery. But I don't believe you get much out of the theatre anyway; as I see it, there's nothing to it.

"Well, after a while I went one day to Mr. Evans' office and I said: 'Mr. Evans, I want you to dismiss Mr. Thompson, the general manager.' 'Why, what's he done?' he says. 'Nothing,' I said, 'but I can take over his job on top of mine and you can pay me the salary you give him and save what you're paying me now.' 'Sounds good to me,' he says.

So they let Thompson go, and I took his place. That, of course, is where I got my real start, because, you see, I could control the output and run the costs up and down just where I liked. I suppose you don't know anything about costs and all that—they don't teach that sort of thing in colleges—but even you would understand something

about dividends, and would see that an energetic man with lots of character and business in him, if he's general manager, can do just what he likes with the costs, especially the overhead, and the shareholders have just got to take what he gives them and be glad, too. You see they can't fire him—not when he's got it all in his own hands—for fear it will all go to pieces.

WHY would I want to run it that way for? Well, I'll tell you. I had a notion by that time that the business was getting so big that Mr. Evans, the managing director, and most of the board had pretty well lost track of the details and didn't understand it. There's an awful lot, you know, in the shoe business. It's not like ordinary things. It's complicated. And so I got an idea that I would shove them clean out of it—or most of them.

So I went one night to see the president, old Guggenbaum, up at his residence. He didn't only have this business, but he was in a lot of other things as well, and he was a mighty hard man to see. He wouldn't let any man see him unless he knew first what he was going to say. But I



As you know, I never take anything as a rule.

went up to his residence at night, and I saw him there. I talked first with his daughter, and I said I just had to see him. I said it so she didn't dare refuse. There's a way in talking to women that they won't say no.

So I showed Mr. Guggenbaum what I could do with the stock. "I can put that dividend," I says, "clean down to zero—and they'll none of them know why. You can buy the lot of them out at your own price, and after that I'll put the dividend back to fifteen, or even twenty, in two years."

"And where do you come in?" says the old man, with a sort of hard look. He had a fine business head, the old man, at least in those days.

So I explained to him where I came in. "All right," he said, "go ahead. But I'll put nothing in writing."

"Mr. Guggenbaum, you don't need to," I said, "you're as fair and square as I am and that's enough for me."

His daughter let me out of the house door when I went. I guess she'd been pretty scared that she'd done wrong about letting me in. But I said to her it was all right, and after that when I wanted to see the old man I'd always ask

for her and she'd see that I got in all right.

GOT them squeezed out? Oh, yes, easy. There wasn't any trouble about that. You see the old man worked up a sort of jolt in wholesale leather on one side, and I fixed up a strike of the hands on the other. We passed the dividend two quarters running, and within a year we had them all scared out and the bulk of the little stockholders, of course, trooped out after them. They always do. The old man picked up the stock when they dropped it, and one-half of it he handed over to me.

That's what put me where I am now, do you see, with the whole control of the industry in the country and more than that now, because we have the Amalgamated Tanneries in with us, so it's practically all one concern.

Guggenbaum? Did I squeeze him out? No, I didn't, because, you see, I didn't have to. The way it was—well, I tell you—I used to go up to the house, see, to arrange things with him—and the way it was—why, you see, I married his daughter, see, so I didn't exactly need to squeeze him out. He lives up with us now, but he's pretty old and past business. In fact, I do it all for him now, and pretty well everything he has is signed over to my wife. She has no head for it, and she's sort of timid anyway—always was—so I manage it all. Of course, if anything happens to the old man, then we get it all. I don't think he'll last long. I notice him each day, how weak he's getting.

My son in the business? Well, I'd like him to be. But he don't seem to take to it somehow—I'm afraid he takes more after his mother; or else it's the college that's doing it. Somehow, I don't think the colleges bring out business character, do you?

II.

THE STORY TOLD BY THE MAN WHO ONCE HAD A STRANGE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

WHAT you say about presentiments reminds me of a strange experience that I had myself.

I was sitting by myself one night very late, reading. I don't remember just what it was that I was reading. I think it was—or no, I don't remember what it was. Well, anyway, I was sitting up late reading quietly till it got pretty late on in the night. I don't remember just how late it was—half-past two, I think, or perhaps three—or, no, I don't remember. But, anyway, I was sitting up by myself very late reading. As I say, it was late, and after all the noises in the street had stopped, the house somehow seemed to get awfully still and quiet. Well, all of a sudden I became aware of a sort of strange feeling—I hardly know how to describe it—I seemed to become aware of something, as if something were near me. I put down my book and looked around, but could see nothing. I started to read again, but I hadn't read more than a page.

or say a page and a half—or no, not more than a page—when again all of a sudden I felt an overwhelming sense of—something. I can't explain just what the feeling was, but a queer sense as if there was something somewhere.

Well, I'm not of a timorous disposition naturally—at least I don't think I am—but absolutely I felt as if I couldn't stay in the room. I got out of my chair and walked down the stairs, in the dark, to the dining-room. I felt all the way as if someone were following me. Do you know, I was absolutely trembling when I got into the dining-room and got the lights turned on. I walked over to the sideboard and poured myself out a drink of whisky and soda. As you know, I never take anything as a rule—or, at any rate, only when I am sitting round talking as we are now—but I always like to keep a decanter of whisky in the house, and a little soda, in case of my wife or one of the children being taken ill in the night.

WELL, I took a drink and then I said to myself, I said, "See here, I'm going to see this thing through." So I turned back and walked straight upstairs again to my room. I fully expected something queer was going to happen and was prepared for it. But do you know when I walked into the room again, the feeling, or presentiment, or whatever it was I had had, was absolutely gone. There was my book lying just where I had left it, and the reading-lamp still burning on the table, just as it had been and my chair just where I had pushed it back. But, I felt nothing, absolutely nothing. I sat and waited a while, but I still felt *nothing*.

I went downstairs again, to put out the lights in the dining-room. I noticed, as I passed the sideboard, that I was still shaking a little. So I took a small drink of whisky—though as a rule I never care to take more than one drink—unless when I am sitting talking as we are here.

Well, I had hardly taken it when I felt an odd sort of psychic feeling—a sort of drowsiness. I remember, in a dim way, going to bed, and then I remember nothing till I woke up next morning.

And here's the strange part of it. I had hardly got down to the office after breakfast when I got a wire to tell me that my mother-in-law had broken her arm in Montreal. Strange, wasn't it? No, not at half-past two during that night—that's the inexplicable part of it. She had broken it at half-past eleven the morning before. But you notice it was *half-past* in each case. That's the queer way these things go.

Of course, I don't pretend to *explain* it. I suppose it simply means that I am telepathic—that's all. I imagine that, if I wanted to, I could talk with the dead and all that kind of thing. But I feel somehow that I don't want to.

Oh, thank you, I will—though I seldom take more than—thanks, thanks—that's plenty of soda in it.

III. THE STORY TOLD BY THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER OF HOW HE SOLD GOODS TO THE MAN WHO WAS REGARDED AS IMPOSSIBLE.

WHAT," they said, "you're getting off at Midgeville? You're going to give the Jones Hardware Company a try, eh?" And then they all started laughing and giving me the merry ha! ha! Well, I just got my grip packed and didn't say a thing, and when the train slowed up for Midgeville, out I slid. "Give my love to old man Jones," one of the boys called after me, "and get yourself a couple of porous plasters and a pair of splints before you tackle him!" And then they all gave me the ha! ha! again, out of the window as the train pulled out.

Well, I walked up town from the station to the Jones Hardware Co. "Is Mr. Jones in the office?" I asked of one of the young fellers behind the counter. "He's in the office," he says, "all right, but I guess you can't see him," he says—and he looked at my grip. "What name shall I say?" says he. "Don't say any name at all," I says; "just open the door and let me in."

Well, there was old man Jones sitting scowling over his desk, biting his pen in that way he has. He looked up when I came in. "See here, young man," he says, "you can't sell me any hardware," he says. "Mr. Jones," I says, "I don't want to sell you any hardware. I'm not *here* to sell you any hardware. I know," I says, "as well as you do," I says, "that I couldn't sell you any hardware if I tried to." But, I says, "I guess it don't do any

harm to open up this sample case, and show you some hardware," I says. "Young man," says he, "if you start opening up that sample case in here, you'll lose your time, that's all." And he turned off sort of sideways and began looking over some letters.

"That's *all right*, Mr. Jones," I says, "that's *all right*. I'm *here* to lose my time. But I'm not going out of this room till you take a look anyway at some of this new cutlery I'm carrying."

So open I throws my sample case right across the end of his desk. "Look at that knife," I says, "Mr. Jones. Just look at it: clear Sheffield at three thirty the dozen, and they're a knife that will last till you wear the haft off it." "Oh pshaw," he growled, "I don't want no knives there's nothing in knives—"

WELL, I knew he didn't want knives, see? I knew it. But the way I opened up the sample case it showed up, just by accident so to speak, a box of those new electric burners—adjustable, you know—they'll take heat off any size of socket you like and use it for any mortal thing in the house. I saw old Jones had his eye on them in a minute. "What's those things you got there?" he growls, "those in the box?" "Oh," I said, "that's just a new line," I said, "the boss wanted me to take along: some sort of electric rig for heating," I said, "but I don't think there's anything to it. But here, now, Mr. Jones, is a spoon I've got on this trip—it's the new Delphide—you can't tell that, sir, from silver; no sir," I says, "I defy any man, money down, to tell that

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He looked up when I came in. "See here, young man," he says, "you can't sell me any hardware."

The Mad Hatter: By ARTHUR BEVERLY BAXTER

THE only person who did not misunderstand Reginald Bertram was his servant, Brown. Brown was deaf. The outside world made the mistake of listening to Bertram talk. Men said that Bertram was a talkative bore, women pronounced him a delightful enigma. By some freak of obstinacy Brown could only hear words pertaining to domestic economy. Brown saw that his master had good meals, prepared his bath for him, kept his wardrobe in order, and would have taken his oath that Bertram was a decidedly ordinary young man who provided an excellent service for him, Brown, and otherwise was not to be distinguished from a thousand other young men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty.

Unfortunately, Bertram made the same mistake as the world—he listened to himself talk. Consequently he became an enigma to himself. He expressed opinions on everything and after hearing how they sounded, agreed or disagreed with them according to some inner subconscious judgment of his own. He was frequently quoted as upholding both sides of a debate, which annoyed people who had a prejudice against such mental acrobatics.

In due course Bertram became a fascinating puzzle to himself, an interested

The Story of a Playwright Who Always Did the Unexpected

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

audience for his own actions. It was as though a dispassionate Dr. Jekyll followed the atrocities of Mr. Hyde with the interested callousness of a City Editor. He soared to poetic heights—he bordered on the licentious. He was idealistic, brilliant, paradoxical, flippant, religious—all of which immensely interested but did not move him. He regarded his own actions as "copy." His brain was retroactive; he always sought for the motive in everything he did, after he had done it. It never occurred to him to control an impulse. I suppose he was something of a fatalist as well, after the manner of Dick Swiveller.

At the time this story opens—for this is a story—Bertram was dramatic critic on a prominent metropolitan newspaper. He had a fluency of style which made his writings entertaining, and he criticized with a daring which made his editor shudder. He had absolutely no reverence for the public—which was a mistake. He thought that a playwright should have something to write about before he wrote a play, which made him the *bête noir* of

a half dozen successful dramatists.

He was not immoral, for immorality requires an overwhelming passion and natures like Bertram's do not indulge in such luxuries. For the same reason

he never loved deeply, though he made love violently—for aught I know he may have broken two or three hearts—at any rate his name was coupled with at least five young women of more or less social prominence. For some time match-making mothers looked upon him with a favorable eye,—and then as he floated by like a reincarnated Don Juan, they followed him with anathema, which did not disturb him in the least.

I do not know when he was first called "The Mad Hatter." I am sure he was not Christened it,—but no one could remember when he did not bear the name.

I would have preferred "Don Quixote" for, despite appearances, Bertram was intensely sincere—so sincere that he sometimes lacked humor; and he was constantly charging windmills. However, he was named "The Mad Hatter," which is perhaps just as well, as nobody knows the correct pronunciation of Don Quixote anyway.

ON a summer's morning, four years ago, Bertram alighted from the train at the little seaside village of Woodburn, and a few minutes later presented himself at the door of Dr. W. P. Chapman. He rang the bell and the Doctor, a young man, a year or two older than Bertram, answered it.

"Well, Chapman!"

The doctor, a former school friend, gasped. "The Mad Hatter! How in the devil are you?"

Which was the first time the doctor had been profane in four years.

"I am hungry," said Bertram, "and in need of a bath. Are you married?"

The doctor shook his head, a little puzzled by the rapid change of subject.

"Good," said Bertram, "then I shall stay with you for a week."

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, "I shall be delighted."

They entered the house and half an hour later Bertram descended the stairs in immaculate flannels.

"Please don't think me inhospitable," said his host, proffering him a cigarette, "but might I ask to what good fortune I owe this visit?"

"Well, you see, Chappy," said Bertram, "you hadn't crossed my mind for four or five years"—the doctor winced slightly—"until the other day—I was writing a play. What time do you lunch?"

"At one," said the doctor.

"Good," said Bertram. "I suppose you haven't changed and I must content myself with a linguistic cocktail?"

The doctor looked puzzled.

"You know I disapprove of strong drink," he said sternly.

The girl's words floated across the footlights—slowly, wistfully: "Sometimes when I am alone ambition urges me until the struggle to suppress it leaves me weak and listless."



"Quite right," said Bertram, lighting his cigarette. "It stimulates one to do great things and leaves one fit for only little things. I think I said I was writing a play."

"I think you did," said the doctor.

"You never wrote anything stronger than a prescription, did you?" asked his guest.

Dr. Chapman's brows puckered.

"Why do you ask?" said he.

"Well, you see," went on Bertram, "if you've never written anything you don't realize what a serious thing it is. You know," he smiled, "every man who writes has a lurking suspicion that he is the coming writer of the age."

"Which doesn't explain your being here," said the practical Chapman. Bertram sighed.

"That's so," he said. "But if you have never written, I don't know whether I can explain it or not. You see," he went on as his host made a gesture of impatience, "my play deals with the tremendous fascination of a great city. It has to throb with a realism that staggers one—the language, the action—everything—must ring with the clamor of city strife and turmoil; so I thought I would come here to get the proper atmosphere."

"You say you have come to Woodburn to get color for such a play!" said Doctor Chapman. "Then all I can say is that you have a damned distorted sense of humor."

Which was the second time the doctor had sworn in four years.

"My dear fellow, I am serious," said Bertram. "No man in love can write a story of love. Only a starving man can really picture a banquet. Don't you see that one has to get away from an object before he can focus the lenses of his intellectual field glass?"

"Luncheon is ready," said the doctor, with a yawn.

FOR five days Bertram wrote and the doctor plied his country practice. At luncheon on the sixth day the doctor looked at his guest.

"Merely as a matter of business," he said. "I am going to a dance this evening."

"Where?" asked Bertram.

"Mrs. Martin—the wife of our private banker—is giving a dance for her daughter who is home from school."

"I shall be delighted to go," said Bertram, seasoning an egg.

"But—but—" the doctor stammered.

"Tut, tut," said his guest. "They will be charmed to have me. I shall mistake Mrs. Martin for her daughter—teach old Martin how to mix a cocktail—and pay violent court to the homeliest girl in the room."

"But do you think you will enjoy it?" queried his host as a last effort.

"My dear Chappy," said Bertram, "even if I don't enjoy your friends, I can always enjoy myself."

* * *

THAT evening at eight o'clock, Dr. Chapman and Reginald Bertram (the former in a sombre grey, his guest in a distinctly well-fitting suit of flannels) wended their way to the scene of festi-

vities. The doctor had taken the precaution to phone Mrs. Martin and she gave the New Yorker a hearty welcome. A few moments later he was being introduced.

"Miss Perkins, Mr. Bertram; Miss Snooks, Miss Elizabeth Snooks—behind the chair there, Miss Matthews, Mr. Bertam; and you must meet Miss Griggs, Mr. Bertram of New York—Mr. Griggs is one of our very wealthy manufacturers."

"And Mr. Martin is a banker," muttered Bertram. "I beg your pardon?" asked his hostess.

"I said," answered Bertram with a courtly bow, "that Mr. Griggs is to be envied for his many possessions."

"Oh—go on," simpered Miss Griggs.

"I shall," said Bertram.

With a quizzical glance at him, his hostess completed the ordeal

of introduction, a little puzzled in her own mind as to the nature of Dr. Chapman's pre-Woodburn friends.

The dancing was preceded by a very pretty custom for choosing partners for the first dance. Each guest was required to draw a slip from a hat, the slip bearing the name of some world-famous lover. Bertram drew "Darby." The guests were required to find their romantic opposites.

Bertram glanced about him and his gaze fell on an exceedingly pretty girl to his left. "The gods are still good," he muttered and crossed over to her.

"What did you draw?" he asked.

"Juliet," answered the young lady.

"Good," said Bertram, "I shall seek out Romeo and offer him a dollar for his ticket."

The girl pouted prettily.

"I think I am worth more than that."

Bertram gazed at her.

"By Jove," he said, admiringly, "I believe you're right. Tell me, what is your name?"

"Juliet."

"No, no, I mean your real name."

"Jane."

"Heavens!" he gasped. "What a mundane appellation."

"I am sorry that my parents were not able to consult you concerning my name."

He laughed.

"I suppose it was difficult to forecast what a beauty you would be."

"You have developed flattery to a fine art, Mr. Bertram."

The denizens of the gallery were rather surprised to see a careworn but good-looking youth seat himself at the back of the gallery.



Bertram looked at her.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Nineteen," answered the girl.

"You are the first girl," said he, "that ever told me her age without simpering over it."

"Excuse me," said a voice behind Bertram's ear, "I am looking for Juliet."

"I am Juliet," said that young lady.

"Ah," said the stranger. "Then as Romeo, may I claim the first dance?"

"I shall be charmed," said Juliet. "Au revoir, Darby." She smiled roguishly. Bertram stepped towards her.

"But I shall see you again?"

"Of course," laughed the girl, "providing you bring Joan." And she disappeared.

"What a charming Juliet," soliloquized Bertram. "But who ever heard of a Romeo with a squint in his eye and the general air of a dissipated umbrella?"

HE glanced about the room. Everyone had left for the spacious verandah but Miss Griggs. Bertram walked over to her.

"I suppose," said he, with an extremely courteous bow, "by the process of elimination you are Joan."

Miss Griggs noted the bow and blushed.

"You're an awful man to blarney," she giggled; and for once the enigmatic Bertram gasped.

At the end of the first dance Bertram sought out Juliet and to his intense dis-

gust was not able to procure the promise of a dance until the tenth. In due course, however, the tenth arrived, and—it being the pre-Castle period—they glided into a non-hesitation waltz.

"You dance beautifully," he said after a few moments. There was no reply but she quietly hummed the refrain of the waltz that the imported orchestra was rendering. He was acutely conscious of her fragrant girlishness. Her hair brushed against his face and a delicate, elusive scent of violets came to him. The refrain was repeated and he hummed it with her. It ended—and almost with a sigh he released her.

"Thank you," he said simply.

She glanced at him, her dark eyes flashing with merriment. His eyes met hers and before the burning ardor of his gaze, she was forced to lower hers.

"Hello!" he said suddenly. "I am in luck. This is the supper dance."

He glanced at the receding guests.

"I have an idea," he said. "Let us skip the supper and go for a stroll on the shore. It is a magnificent night and we shall be back by the time the dancing recommences."

"I wonder if I should?" murmured the girl.

Bertram drew himself to his full height.

"I assure you," said he, "that despite the popular suspicion of my friends, I am a gentleman."

"Oh, it wasn't that," she answered hastily. "It was the—I—was thinking of the conventions."

"I discarded conventions long ago," said Bertram sententiously, "as being out of keeping with the true development of character."

"You have a very elastic philosophy," said Juliet—but she went.

I sometimes think that the Serpent had rather an easy time persuading Eve to taste the apple.

WHO has not felt the witchery of the moon in early August? Who has not thrilled to the music of waves gently lapping the shore—and drunk to the full the nectar of a star-filled sky? Who has not bowed before the majesty of such a night—the purity of it—challenging at once man's puniness and vileness? Bertram's pulses beat faster as they strolled along the sand and for once in the presence of a woman, he was silent. She, too, said nothing and side by side they went, these two, whose acquaintanceship was a matter of minutes, daring the intimacy of a silence. Finally, Bertram said:

"I can't understand it. At nineteen, you know, you should be either prematurely *blasé* or childishly coquettish."

"And am I neither?"

"It may be the effect of the night," he answered, "but to me you seem intelligent."

"And are girls of nineteen never intelligent?" asked Juliet.

"No," said Bertram, "not when they are pretty."

"Dear, dear"—her laugh was delightful—"then beauty is never intelligent?"

"Juliet," he said after a pause, "you have a grave responsibility before you.

Through some injustice of the gods you have been given several wonderful qualities, the first of which is comeliness. You wouldn't change the route of Fifth Avenue, you know, but you're really pretty."

"So I wouldn't look well on Fifth Ave.?" pouted Juliet, who, being a woman, was a coquette.

"No," said Bertram, "you are too wholesome."

"Ugh." Juliet made a face.

"Don't despise wholesomeness," said he. "It is becoming rarer than radium, which is both alliterative and illuminative."

"Very well," said Juliet, "proceed with my grave responsibility."

"You have one drawback," said Bertram, "your eyes."

Juliet stopped in her walk, and the accused members held Bertram with a hurt look.

"I have never laid claim to beauty," said she, "but I really thought I had nice eyes."

"No," said Bertram, "they are most unfortunate. You have such beautiful eyes," he said slowly, "that many will fail to see the soul behind them."

"I am sorry," she said quietly, "that you don't like my eyes."

He threw a pebble into the water.

"I always dislike things that fascinate me," he said.

"Haven't you wandered from your point?" asked Juliet, with a vague feeling that she was doing wrong in prolonging the conversation.

"I have," said Bertram, "but like Polonius I shall be brief."

"I hope you will be more successful than Polonius," laughed the girl.

"Ah—so you read the Classics?"

"At times," said Juliet, "as an antidote to the fashionable American novel."

"Juliet," said Bertram, "when you talk like that I could embrace you."

"Which you musn't do," said Juliet.

"Good Lord," said Bertram, "I was merely speaking allegorically." And Jane Evelyn Weatherley, daughter of Puritan parents, as innocent as a wayside violet, had a vague feeling of disappointment.

"Look at that falling star," exclaimed Bertram, and they paused in their walk. Then he turned swiftly towards her and placed his hands on her shoulders, although any book of deportment would have told her that she should not have allowed it.

"Have you no response," he said, speaking with sudden rapidity, "to the bigness of the universe? Have you never felt the madness throbbing in your brain and everything in you crying out for the unattainable heights? Have you never felt that you could rise up on the wings of music or the poetry of such a night as this and shout to the very gates of heaven, 'I too am a god!' Have you never felt that the dwarfishness of our lives is little better than the crawling snails?"

The girl almost shrank from his vehemence.

"Your words thrill me," she said quickly.

ly. "They seem to awaken thoughts and emotions I thought were dead."

"Then you, too, have felt like that?"

"Sometimes." Her voice trembled. "When I am alone there rises in me such a hatred of the narrowness of my life and such a longing to really live if only for a few fleeting moments. Sometimes, when I am alone, ambition urges me until the struggle to suppress it leaves me weak and listless."

"Yes—yes," said Bertram as the girl paused. "You are ambitious—for what? For what?"

"I do not know," said the girl slowly. There was a moment of silence.

"That is quite possible," said Bertram slowly. "Do not repress it—it is the gift of the gods. Cherish your ambition and some day it will take definite shape and then"—his voice rose in intensity—"follow its bidding. The world will buffet you—bruise you—but to one who has heard the call of ambition there can be only one course. Follow it right into the jaws of discouragement—of death—and though you die, a failure in the eyes of men, you will be a success to the God that is in Heaven and the Divinity within yourself."

HE paused and for a few moments they stood, silent. Then as if by mutual consent, they turned back towards the house, neither speaking but in each of them there was a sensation that something new had come into their lives. To the girl there was a new courage to plan her life, to search for, not hide from, the call of Destiny. To the man there was an odd knowledge that for once he, himself, had been deeply stirred—that for once there had been no actor and no audience, but instead he had lived, not played, a part.

At the gate he paused and turned to her.

"Juliet," he said quietly, taking her hand in his, "will you let me kiss you?"

She did not shrink from him. She had not learned the arts of simulation.

"I have never been kissed by a man," she said simply.

Bertram was silent. He held her hand gently—then released it. He opened the gate.

"You have taught me a great deal tonight," he said. "And I thank you for awakening in me a sense of chivalry."

He held the gate open for her. She passed him and then—looked back and smiled. With an inarticulate cry, Bertram took her in his arms.

Which was ridiculously illogical; but Juliet had wonderful eyes and he—well, he was the Mad Hatter.

THE following afternoon Bertram left for New York. The day had been raw and damp and in the evening Brown lit a fire in the grate.

Bertram reached for his pipe and slowly filled it, while his eyes gazed at the smouldering embers.

"And so," he soliloquized, "another page is filled in the scrap-book of memory—to turn back to and enjoy as the years

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REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

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Why Britain is Winning

The Influences of Sea Power as Seen by an American War Correspondent

DEPRESSED by the successes of the Germans, many have begun to fear that the possibility of victory against them is not large. This feeling is found to some extent in our own country but it is reflected chiefly in neutral lands. This view can be gained, however, only by disregard of the lessons of history and a lack of comprehension of the broader issues. The situation is put forward as it actually stands by Frank S. Simonds in an article in the *American Review of Reviews*. Mr. Simonds has established a reputation for sound judgment in his war articles. He writes:

Eighteen months after the first great battle of the Civil War, great in its consequences, there was hardly an observer of experience in a neutral country who believed that the North could win, or questioned the ultimate independence of the South. Not until the two-year mark had been passed, not until Gettysburg and Vicksburg in July, 1863, had restored the Northern prestige and prospects lost at Bull Run in July, 1861, did the world appreciate the fact that in preventing the South from gaining a decision in the earlier years, the North, with superior resources in men and money, above all with the control of the seas, had in fact won

the war, however long it might take to enforce the decision.

In the present article—covering a month in which the military operations have been of small importance, and there is at the moment, no prospect of an operation offering any promise of immediately important consequences—I desire to discuss at some length the fashion in which sea power is steadily becoming more and more of a decisive factor, and more and more seems to be re-establishing those lessons which were taught by the Napoleonic Wars, by the Wars of Louis XIV, and were again emphasized in our own Civil War.

Always it has been well understood that sea power could not win a war of itself, that it could not prevent the success on land of a great nation, superior in preparation and in organized military strength to its enemies. Despite all French naval superiority in the War of 1870, German victory was complete, and French naval officers and troops were landed to defend Paris.

In the Napoleonic Wars the great Emperor won Austerlitz after and Ulm just before Trafalgar. His first abdication came nearly ten years after British sea power became supreme and it was immediately procured, not by the British fleet, but by the armies of the last great coalition.

Yet there is plain possibility that the importance of sea power will be overlooked, that too much store may be set by the land operations alone, and that the lessons of the past may be forgotten. This has, it seems to me, actually happened in the present case, and that the world has permitted its attention to be fixed upon land victories, which have not been decisive, when the victory of sea power had not only been immediately decisive, on its own element, but was daily contributing to reverse the actual situation on land.

Napoleon's ultimate defeat was due to British sea power, although he surrendered to conquering armies. It was due to the fact that Great Britain was able, while immune from attack herself, to use her money and the discontent and jealousy of Napoleon's land rivals to incite war after war, while in Napoleon's desire to strike at Britain he was led from one campaign to another, to extend his control of the sea front of Europe in the attempt to close Europe to British commerce, to strike at London through Moscow, and thus to ruin the nation he could not reach by arms.

In the course of the years that stretch from Amiens to Fontainebleau, Napoleon won several complete decisions over his land enemies. He defeated and conquered Austria at Austerlitz, Prussia at Jena, Russia at Friedland, Austria a second time at Wagram, and his victorious armies swept Spain from the Pyrenees to Cadiz. But sea power kept up the fight and, master of the oceans and the seas

alike, Great Britain sustained the battle and raised new war after new war, until the French people grew weary of the struggle and France was bled white of conscripts. Yet it is well to recall that not until a year had passed, not until seven months before the abdication, did the Emperor sustain a real defeat in battle and only four months before he yielded, had hostile troops entered France.

Taking the existing situation, it will be recognized that up to the present British sea power has accomplished all that Nelson accomplished for his country and a little more, that is to say it has established the British supremacy on water beyond question, it has abolished the German commerce from the sea, it has destroyed the German warships and undersea boats that have ventured within reach, it has given to British commerce and to British transport the safe use of the sea. Despite the sensational details of the sinking of a few great liners, it is well to remember that the actual percentage of loss of British shipping from German activities is far smaller than that inflicted by French privateers in the Napoleonic time, and never did the British in the earlier wars with the French succeed in paralyzing so completely an enemy commerce as they have now.

Following the earlier precedent, British sea power has made it possible for British expeditions to operate in Europe and outside of it. In Europe British armies have rendered great help in France and contributed to abolish all prospect that the Germans can win a decision in the West. They have permitted the British to undertake a campaign in Gallipoli, which has failed as did the several campaigns undertaken against Napoleon before the great campaign of Wellington in Spain. In the same way sea power has permitted the concentration of troops at Salonika and in Egypt, thus blocking a Turkish thrust upon Suez.

Outside the European and Mediterranean field sea power has enabled the British to gather up all but one of the German colonies; with French and Japanese help, the remaining colony, too, German East Africa, lies within the grasp of the British whenever they choose to seize it. The Great Britain of Asquith has dealt with Germany as the Britain of the Pitts dealt with France, both of the Monarchy and the Empire. It has abolished German commerce, appropriated German colonies, sealed up German harbors to trade, and it has prevented the Germans from inflicting any material loss upon the British in their own kingdom, and from effectively interfering with their trade or their transport.

To-day Britain is giving financial aid to Russia and to Italy, she is giving military aid to France and she is engaging Germany's Turkish ally. Her troops, her money, her fleet are all available for use, wherever German activity calls for Allied effort. By no means all of her ventures have been successful, but in the Napoleonic War there were several Gallipolis, notably on the Island of Walcheren and in the case of Sweden. Even the Spanish affair was for long such a failure as almost to lead to its abandonment.



—London Punch.

Imperial Sculptor: "I want you to sit for my colossal figure of Victory."

Germany: "Yes, sire. Might I have a little something to eat first?"

The real obstacle to peace, at the present moment, lies in the fact that Great Britain has so far been the sole nation to profit by the war, and her profits have been absolute. Germany has made conquests on land, she has most of Belgium, a corner of France, much of Russia, and (with her ally) Serbia and Montenegro. But Germany has lost the sea. Not a German ship can put to sea, and Germany cannot return to the ordinary business of life until she can again begin to ship her manufactures by water and draw her raw materials by the same route.

Thus, in effect, Germany has occupied Warsaw, Lille, and Belgrade, only to lose Hamburg and Bremen, which are to all intents and purposes in British hands, since they cannot be used by Germany. After eighteen months Germany has captured nothing that can give her a basis for bargain with Britain. And what Britain holds makes Germany's conquests of little value. She is, as I have said before, in the position of a burglar, who has entered a house and collected the silver, but cannot get out to dispose of it.

Now, unless Germany can outlast Britain, or find some way to exercise compulsion upon Britain, she must ultimately go to London and ask for peace, because she must ultimately resume her sea commerce, she must ultimately use the oceans. Nothing is more idle than to suppose that there is a market or a future for Germany as a self-contained empire, even if that empire extends from Hamburg to Bagdad. The very character of German industry makes the sea the necessary way of transport, and it is from her trade beyond the frontiers of her allies that she draws the revenue which keeps her great population living in a restricted area.

Aside from this question of the future,

there is, too, the question of the present, the problem of food and munitions for a war of exhaustion.

Despite the various rumors, I do not believe that the German people are starving or in immediate danger of starving. Perhaps after a year or two more of war there will be real suffering where there is now only hardship. But hardship there is, hardship which is revealed in a multitude of ways. There is, too, a shortage of certain things essential in war, for which substitutes may be found in most cases, although not, for example, in the case of rubber. Still, it is possible to believe that another year or two of war would not exhaust Germany to starvation.

On the other hand, it must be recognized that Germany's men are limited. She has already lost seven men for one of the British and her population is but 67,000,000, against 60,000,000 for Britain and her white colonies. Financially the war is costing her, with advances to her allies, almost dollar for dollar with the British, and she has no such resources of accumulated capital as Britain upon which to draw. She is, in fact, mortgaging her future beyond imagination, while Britain is still drawing upon her past.

In a similar situation Napoleon was able to live upon his land enemies and keep France free from debt, but Germany has been unable to do this. She has drained Belgium dry and made heavy drafts upon the resources of her French conquests, but Poland and Serbia are destitute of all real resources, having been completely wasted by war. The rapid decline of German credit in the open markets of the world, the neutral markets, is perhaps a fair evidence of what the world thinks of the German financial situation.

All these circumstances should be apportioned in their proper proportion. If Germany can get to Paris, if she can get to Petrograd, she may yet dispose of her land rivals and readjust her own financial problems. She may yet conquer the Continent, as Napoleon did, but she has so far failed to conquer any great opponent, even temporarily. She has failed to cripple any great opponent materially, and she has lost for the period of the war, so far as one can see, the use of the ocean.

To escape from this situation, Germany tried first to go to the Channel. Had she arrived at Calais and Boulogne she might have dominated the Straits of Dover and seriously crippled British commerce, conceivably shut up London. But she was stopped in the Battles of Flanders, and the check has become permanent. She tried the submarines and they failed, absolutely failed so far as the British waters are concerned. She tried Zeppelins and the consequent "terribleness" and these failed. She has not even been able to survey the British coast, as did Napoleon from Boulogne.

Yet, if she cannot find a way to break the British blockade, the fact is self-evident that Germany must persuade Britain to raise it. To do this is to surrender on British terms. Such terms, at the very least, would carry the evacuation of Belgium, of France, of Russia, the restoration of the *status quo ante* in Europe, with probable provision for French reoccupation of Alsace-Lorraine, Italian

occupation of Trent and Trieste, and the surrender of Turkey to Allied mercies. Of course Germany would not now consider such a peace, but the thing that I desire to make clear is that British sea power has become absolute; it bars the way of every German port; it is hampered by no loss of territory essential to the empire, in fact by no loss of British territory whatsoever.

So far as the seas go, Germany is a besieged nation; and the besieged nation, like the besieged garrison, must break the lines of investment, ultimately, or surrender. Not only has Germany so far failed to do this, but she has failed where Napoleon succeeded. He conquered his land foes, occupied their capitals, and paid the costs of his war from their treasuries. All this Germany has been unable to do.

Early in our Civil War, the North isolated the South; but it took years to reduce the fortress thus isolated, and it was always possible for the South, by occupying Washington and our eastern cities, to win the war. But ultimately the blockade was fatal, when coupled with the failure of the South to obtain a decision on land. Unless the Germans shall find a way to break the blockade or compel the British to raise it, there seems to me no reason to doubt that the end of the war is assured. It is a fact that Germany has so far failed in every attempt to reach Britain; and her failures have been so costly, that it is difficult to believe that it is any longer within German power to compel Britain.

Bear in mind, always, that this war is, in its main issue, a contest between the Germans and the British. The dispute between the French and the Germans is limited to a single province. Russia and Germany could arrange their differences by bargain. Italy could be bought off by a payment in territory. But it is not any question of relatively minor importance that separates Germany and Britain. On the contrary, Germany has asserted that Britain has deliberately set out to thwart her expansion, to check her natural growth, and that it is only on the ruins of British sea power that she can erect that empire which is necessary to her existence.

Great Britain on her part, slow to perceive the challenge, has now taken it up as she took up the challenge of Holland, of Spain, and of France both under Louis XIV and Napoleon. In every one of these cases Britain did not pause with a victory or abandon hope when she was left alone to fight. She fought to the end and to the destruction of her foes, so far as their marine ambitions were concerned, because she saw in these ambitions a peril to her own existence. To-day she has accepted the German challenge as Rome took that of Carthage. She is bending her energies and her power, not to throw Germany back within her own boundaries in Europe, but to put an end for a generation at the least to all peril at sea. She is fighting, not to destroy the German nation, but to destroy Germany as a rival naval power and marine competitor.

Absorbed in our study and interest in the land operations, properly impressed by the magnitude of German victories, we in America, as indeed the observers in the whole world, have too little appreciated the truth that the land operations have lacked the character of a decision; and the fact that they have lacked this character has given to the naval operations an importance far in excess of those

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on shore. British muddling, defeat, disaster on land have captured the mind of a generation which is too unfamiliar with British history to appreciate that the same things have marked every great British conflict and were fatal only in the case of our own War of the Revolution, and then merely because Britain at the decisive hour also temporarily lost control of the sea.

On the map, the German conquests make a formidable showing, but how much more impressive is the showing of the British conquests if you color the seas to indicate them. Some day Europe will talk peace, but what value will peace have or Germany if it does not include in the terms the right to use the seas? But how is Germany to persuade Britain to concede his right, if she cannot conquer it? Does any one suppose that Germany will be able to exhaust Britain before she is herself exhausted? This is absurd, because Britain is still able to carry on a portion of her industrial life, and her resources in capital far exceed German.

As for ruin, when peace is made, if the British are able to compel the Germans to give up their merchant marine, even if they are only able to forbid German ships the right to use their harbors and their colonial ports and naval stations as ports of call, in concert with their allies, German shipping will be out of the race and the British will replace their only rival in the carrying trade of the world, and find her new wealth to replace old.

Prophecy is idle and I do not mean to prophesy. What I do mean to emphasize is, that eighteen months after the outbreak of the war, sea power, navalism if you please, has so completely bested militarism, that the situation that exists, unless Germany can find some way to modify it, by success over the British, insures German defeat exactly as Napoleon's defeat was insured when he failed to dispose of sea power and faced the Continent in arms.

From my own standpoint,—and I have tried in all the long series of articles on the war to make clear the situation as it appeared to me,—the war on land has been fought out and there is practically no hope of a real decision there. In the spring there is every reason to suppose that if Germany still has the men, and it seems far from improbable, she will make one more great bid for a decision in the East and seek to resume and complete her march to Moscow and Petrograd.

In the same fashion there is likely to be a great Anglo-French offensive in the West. The success of this operation may well depend upon the extent to which Germany is compelled to reduce her armies in the West to make a new campaign in the East. I do not believe that the spring offensive will reach the German frontiers, or clear Belgium. It may conceivably rescue the portion of France now in the invader's hands. It is even conceivable that Germany will, herself, shorten her lines in the West, recognizing that no terms of peace can be thought of, so far as France is concerned, while French territory is in German hands and French armies unconquered.

Italy, on her side, will doubtless pursue her selfish and local campaign, useful to the Allies only as it distracts the attention of some hundreds of thousands of Austrian troops. As for the Near East, I shall deal with Suez a little later. Having now conquered Montenegro, there is little reason to believe that the Austro-Germans will lose it, and less reason to

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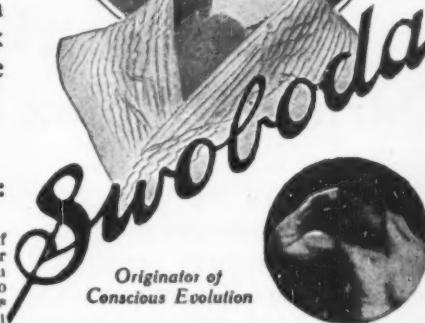
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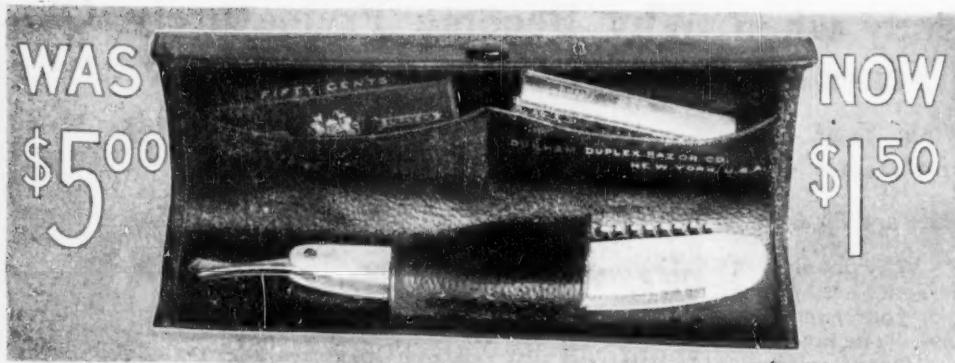
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suppose that the Allies at Salonica will be able to conquer either Bulgaria or Turkey.

But if Germany should next fall arrive with her armies, greatly weakened by losses and hardships, at Moscow or Petrograd, would this affect the war to the extent of producing that victorious peace which Germany still expects and demands? I do not believe it, because I cannot see, even in such a victory, any real menace to the British blockade. Nor, with Russia out of the war, is there any real reason to suppose that Germany would then be able to muster sufficient men to break the French and British lines in the West. Mere arithmetic makes this seem utterly improbable.

Meantime there must be no mistaking the steady growth of British military strength and of what is far more important, British national determination and moral and intellectual mobilization. By next fall Britain will certainly have as many men under arms as Germany and they will be physically far better men, because Germany's best have already been removed from the firing line, like those of France and Russia and Austria.

Coincident with this is the growth in Britain of a realization that victory means for the Empire the end of the gravest peril since the Napoleonic era, and a determination to abolish that peril not by a mere victory, but by terms of peace which shall dispose for a long period of years, perhaps forever, of a rival on the sea. It is no idle statement that the Germans make, that France and Russia are fighting Britain's battles. They are; and in destroying German manhood they are removing the competitors of British industry. But of course both the French and the Russians are equally serving their own purposes.

The Allies, Italy now included, have covenanted not to make a separate peace, and every British end is served by prolonging the war to the utter exhaustion of Germany. And Britain retains the decisive weapon, for even peace with all her other foes would not enable Germany to take up her national industrial life again or begin the terrible task of paying for the war. It is to London now that one must look for the decisive gesture as to peace. And all recent talk of peace has died out because, for London, the war is just beginning; the prospects of victory, the meaning of success to the British Empire, have only just been perceived.

Even now British ministers and statesmen are planning to make the victory over Germany absolute by arranging in advance of peace a condition which will abolish German competition on the high seas. The British have waked up, as they have not waked up before since the war began. They have appreciated the value of their weapon of sea power, and they are now preparing to make good all that Admiral Mahan has written of the possibilities of sea power, and to repeat against William II the absolute successes won against Napoleon.

Jitney drivers have discovered that there is a considerable difference in the profit to be made from different passengers. For example, a fat man occupies 15 cents' worth of room, but pays only a nickel, and as a consequence the wise jitney usually fails to see a stout passenger seeking a ride.

Why Business Firms Fail

An Analysis of Conditions Surrounding the Firm That "Goes Under"

AN outstanding and a most disturbing feature of the rapid advances of modern business has been the increase in the proportion of failures. Nine out of every ten businesses launched prove failures. Why? It is a big question, the biggest in business to-day. Not until it is answered and steps taken to remedy the conditions which create this situation, will the business world be placed on a safer footing. An excellent article, showing the reasons for so many failures, is contributed by J. H. Tregol to *System*. He writes:

Nine out of every ten individuals or organizations that start in business drop out; this is a very high percentage—the American bad-debt waste is enormous. And when the cases are studied in the business laboratory, it will be found that one or more of a half-dozen causes are common to every failure. The reasons glibly assigned are apt to be surface symptoms rather than real underlying causes.

THE TWO CLASSES OF CAUSES WHICH STAND BEHIND ALMOST EVERY FAILURE

Every failure in business may be eventually traced to a temperamental or sociological cause, if acts of God are barred. The temperamental causes go back to the make-up of the individual or group of individuals who are in business, while the sociological causes are to be found in the nation's natural aptitude towards waste; we gallop so hard and so fast that we come many a cropper; we sometimes confuse care with dullness.

A few business foundlings arise from unavoidable causes, such as acts of God—death, storms, or other disaster, but the vast majority may be traced to six definite, avoidable causes.

These causes are:

1. Lack of skill, which includes preparedness for the business; inefficiency, inaptitude, and the general subject of buying and selling.
2. Lack of capital.
3. Over-extension.
4. Unwise credits.
5. Speculation.
6. Dishonesty.

There are a few other causes, such as bad habits and personal extravagance, but more often than not these grow out of a lack of skill; few failures are, in the last analysis, found to be due to either of these frequently assigned reasons.

All of this may sound very scholastic and unpractical. Some men, who see only that which hits them in the face, might dismiss the whole subject by saying: "We've lost our money, haven't we? What are you going to do about it?"

It may not be possible to do anything about that particular "it." But the man who knows business diseases by the symptoms will not again be infected by the same disease. There was a time when people wandered freely through plague regions and, when they fell stricken, sighed and said it was the will of God; now we jail those who insist on mixing up with plagues.

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- 1042 Lauding Irish Eyes, from "Princess Pat." Chas. W. Harrison.
- 1043 Hungarian Dance (Brahms). Concert Orchestra.
- 1044 M'Appari (Like a Dream), from Martha. Chas. W. Harrison.
- 1045 When Old Bill Bailey Plays the Ukalele. Arthur Collins.
- 1046 Curiosity Hunters (Comic Sketch). Golden & Marlowe.
- 1047 Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes. Fred Linden, tenor.
- 1048 Elation Waltz. Operaphone Band.
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- 1050 Salut d'Amour (Love's Greeting). Concert Orchestra.
- 1051 Then You'll Remember Me, from Bohemian Girl. Karl Gould, tenor.
- 1052 Sprung Song. Mendelssohn. Concert Orchestra.
- 1053 La Donna E' Mobile (Rigoletto). Santi, tenor.
- 1054 Chant Sans Paroles. Operaphone Band.
- 1055 Torreador Song, from Carmen. Vernon Archibald, baritone.
- 1056 Herl Girl's Dream (Violin, Flute and Harp). Philharmonic Trio.
- 1057 O Sole Mio. Neapolitan Serenade. Vernon Archibald, baritone.
- 1058 Humoresque (Ovorak). (Violin). Fred Landau.
- 1059 Happy Moments (Violin, Flute and Harp). Philharmonic Trio.
- 1060 Il Ballo Del Suo Sorriso (The Tempest of the Heart). Tivatotie, Delenti, tenor.
- 1061 Polish Dance. Concert Orchestra.
- 1062 Beatrice Fairfax, Tell Me What to Do. Ada Jones, soprano.
- 1063 La Lisonjera (The Flatterer). Concert Orchestra.
- 1064 Sonnets of Later (Duet). Davis & O'Connell.
- 1065 Swedish Wedding March. Operaphone Band.
- 1066 Out of a City of Six Million People, Why Did You Pick on Me? Ada Jones, soprano.
- 1067 One-Step—Mr. Thomas Cat. Band.
- 1068 One-Step—Mr. Maryland. Band.
- 1069 Fox Trot—Ragging the Scale. Band.
- 1070 Fox Trot—Barn Storming. Band.
- 1071 Waltz—Blue Danube. Band.
- 1072 Waltz—Delores. Band.
- 1073 Keep the Home Fires Burning (Baritone). J. Hall, Mignon. Operaphone Band.

Every failure due to the causes which I have enumerated is preventable. Even "dry rot," which catches more creditors than any other kind of failure, may be discovered by the wary. I know one large wholesale house which had been a leader in business for three-quarters of a century; successive generations had come and gone with ample fortunes. It was a Rock-of-Gibraltar sort of concern; bank officers accompanied the partners out to the steps when they called for accommodation. They had started business in the days when the request for a financial statement by a bank or mercantile agency was considered impertinent and meddlesome. No one had the hardihood to ask them for a statement. Their affairs went on quietly and smoothly; customers received exactly the same consideration as the postal clerk gives to the man buying stamps; you might take or leave their goods without disturbing the even progress of their ways.

One morning the business world awoke to the conservative firm's failure for more than a million dollars. The accountants found things in a tangled mass; the members of the firm had not the slightest notion how much they owed; they had goods to the inventory value of several million dollars, but the goods were old-fashioned and unsalable—they brought less than a hundred thousand dollars.

The public was informed that the shifting of business from the firm's location, together with a failing demand for the character of goods carried by the house, had brought about the bankruptcy. As a matter of fact, the firm had stood with its back to the progress of the world; the old members, who had bought and sold with shrewdness, had been succeeded by men who bought and sold by convention. The condition of the firm would have been apparent to any man who cannily watched operations without being blinded by the glories of the past. On a complete reorganization and a careful system of accounts, the firm paid all its debts within three years.

A lack of skill in buying is one of the most prolific causes of failure; too many concerns put all their stress on the selling end of the game. Of course, a concern can not make money unless it sells, but it does not take much of a salesman to dispose of goods which have been bought right and which therefore can be offered at the right price to the right market. No amount of selling skill will permanently cover up deficiencies in buying.

Buying is not merely a matter of prices; it is a mixed question of price and forehandness. Many manufacturers must work nearly a year ahead; most retailers must keep about six months ahead; if the market is rising, there is a temptation to buy largely for future needs. If the market goes down the manufacturer must sell at prices corresponding to the low current price of the raw material, and thus he loses money. If the market had kept on rising, he would have won out. Again, the manufacturer and dealer may misread the tastes of the consumer—this is especially the case with novelties or any article of male or female apparel.

Overbuying or bad buying is not infrequently stimulated by our system of open accounts and too liberal credits. The zealous salesman will overwhelm the customer with rosy pictures of the future and unload several times as much goods as the man really needs on the plea that he will "have four months to pay the bill." A good buyer will not have goods forced upon him, but many small mer-

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The boat is strongly built, copper fastened and varnished. It is now on the market for the first time. When not used for motoring it makes a light, safe, speedy row-boat.

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chants are captivated by the prattle of the smart salesman.

Overbuying or bad buying can be caught by the credit man, but it is more easily detected by the salesman. A co-operation between the two departments discovers the evil in time to prevent serious loss and perhaps enable the merchant to get the proper view of his business. If the merchant is constitutionally inept, the salesman should soon discover it.

In buying, generally, it is best to play safe—to hedge enough so that if one line turns out badly some other line will make up for the deficiency. A few exceptional men put all their eggs in one basket and get away with it—two or three times. In the end they are caught. The man who knows how to mix the fads and the staples will win out on the long pull.

The firm that has an unduly large stock of either raw or finished material on hand will bear careful watching. It may be a case of bad buying.

Failures from lack of capital are really failures from lack of skill because the money and the business have not been kept in their proper relations, but the heading is such a large one that it deserves separate consideration.

A man goes into business with one hundred thousand dollars in cash. Suppose he knows how to buy and sell. He usually puts about three-quarters of his money into merchandise and the balance goes to cash capital and fixtures. The proportions vary according to the business.

In six months, this merchant finds that he has eighty-five thousand dollars tied up in accounts. Let us suppose that the accounts are good average accounts. He cannot pay cash for new goods and is forced to borrow money at the bank or elsewhere at the current rate of interest. He is then conducting his business on what the stock brokers call "margin"—he has only cash enough to pay the difference between the market value and the loan value of the business. He is started on the familiar route of doing business on borrowed capital. Within a short time, his liabilities come to within sixty per cent. or seventy per cent. of his quick assets—cash, bills, and accounts receivable. He is actually insolvent, for notes and accounts do not average more than seventy per cent. of their face value on liquidation.

That merchant may try to work out his salvation by borrowing more money, but he will eventually fail unless he has fresh funds put into the business by a new partner or by funding his short-term indebtedness into long-term obligations, such as bonds. He should curtail his business until his money catches up with it. Lack of capital must be met quickly and squarely.

Over-extension is closely related to lack of capital, but true over-extension is not so much as outdistancing of capital by business as it is an outdistancing of business by organization. A concern doing a good business starts new branches in districts where there is not enough business to support the branch. Often the house will not have sufficiently mastered system, and the skill which made the home office succeed is not transferred to the sub-office. Perhaps localities or transportation methods have not been sufficiently considered.

The over-extension may not be in the way of branch offices, but in the taking on of new and untried lines—too many irons in the fire.



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Every child has dainties she dislikes to share.

You did and we did. Children always will.

And in every home that serves Puffed Wheat, that dainty is among them. We have often watched it. With a great big dish, and a package-full in waiting, one hates to share a taste.

Flaky, Flavory Bonbons

These bubbles of wheat look and taste like confections. Children love to eat them like peanuts—carry them in bags when at play.

Adding cream and sugar makes a breakfast dish with which nothing else compares. And they are about as delicious as a good-night dish, floated in bowls of milk.

Another pleasant fact is that at any hour one may eat his fill. For these thin, crisp morsels are simply whole wheat puffed. Every food cell has been exploded. So, beyond all other grain foods, Puffed Wheat easily digests.

It is quite a mistake to be sparing of a food so fascinating and so hygienic.

Puffed Wheat	12c
Puffed Rice	15c



These are the foods in which Prof. A. P. Anderson solved the problem of perfect cooking.

In other forms these grain foods are cooked or baked or toasted. Thus part of the food cells are broken, but rarely more than half.

In Puffed Grains alone is every food cell exploded. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in each Puffed Grain. Thus every atom of every element becomes available as food.

Your doctor will tell you that wheat and rice, in every way, are best when served in puffed form.

The Quaker Oats Company

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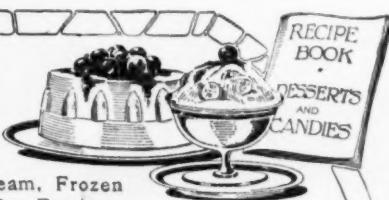
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Fearman's Bacon is sugar cured. It is the product of the choicest Canadian Hogs.

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Beans —Refuge Wax—Pods round, clear and transparent and of handsome appearance. Is tender, very productive, free from rust, and stands dry weather well. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 15c., 1 lb. 45c., 5 lbs. \$2.00. Postpaid.

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John A. Bruce & Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario
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An efficient cost system will soon disclose the evils of over-extension. If the accounting is right, each department of the business, whether it be a branch office or a line of goods—will stand out by itself and will show whether the net result is to go to profit or to loss. About one business man out of every thousand has his accounts so arranged that this information is available.

Unwise credits and speculation are personal causes of failure. Both result from lack of judgment and are easily corrected once they are recognized. A thorough realization of the fact that you are in business to sell and not to give away—a realization through your whole being, whether that being be individual or corporate, that a sale is not satisfactory until the bill is collected—will settle the credit question. Speculation is merely a bad habit—it is corrected by quitting. Collections enter largely into the unwise credit feature, but that is a whole subject by itself.

Very few men start in business with the idea of being dishonest. Dishonesty comes usually when the man is at bay and is usually suggested by some one outside. Then comes a succession of false statements, sharp dealing, and all the other unlovely practices of the crook.

The fact that a business is losing and why it is losing are always brought to light by good accountancy. It is not enough to install an approved system of accounting. The best bookkeeper in the world will not always know the exact condition of a business, for he loses his perspective—he is too intimately involved in figures.

Nothing is easier than to hoodwink one's self; and the average man hoodwinks himself every day. He carries accounts on his books at their face value when he would be glad to take seventy-five per cent. of their face. He puts in his merchandise as an asset at the price he hopes to get for it, and not at what it cost him or at the market price. He charges work in progress at the contract price, whereas the profit may already have vanished and he be completing the contract at a loss. I know one large corporation that blissfully carried unfinished contracts at more than two hundred thousand dollars above the full contract price. They refused to take their loss until the operations were all over and the question of an extra allowance was settled.

Other concerns honestly enough add the increase in plant realty values to their statements, on the supposition that the plant is worth what it will bring. Of course, that is the worth on liquidation—although plants rarely bring more than a fraction of their value at forced sale; but the concern should know its value as a going business and not in liquidation. A plant is generally worth what it can be mortgaged for, because that is the only sum of money which can be quickly raised for the purpose of business.

If good internal accounting is supplemented by periodical audits by a certified public accountant, few failures will occur. The audit should not be primarily for creditors, but for the owners of the business. The certified accountant will present the business in a new light and enable you to put your finger on the weak spot. He diagnoses your case for you, and, once you know the trouble, the breeding out is simple enough. Most honest failures come from lack of knowledge in time.

The Herald of Spring

Blindly, madly down the hill,
Bleak and chill,
Poor old March goes tumbling,
stumbling,
Ever grumbling,—
Wonders why the wind's so cold,
When he's old!

Climbing up, with nimble feet,
April sweet
Starts the elfin echoes ringing,
With her singing:
Hark! a peal of silvery laughter
Follows after!

Oh, her gown's the softest green
Ever seen,
And her eyes,—entrancing,
glancing,
Are just dancing!
What a change from March's
sadness,—
April's gladness!

—L. E. Bowers.

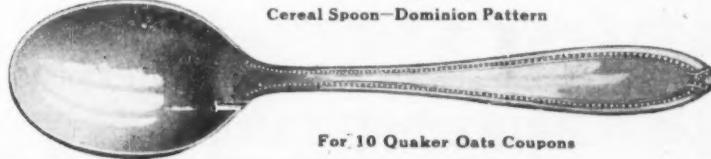
Mobilization by Wireless

According to reports, the United States Government plans to carry out an interesting and important test in conjunction with the tens of thousands of wireless amateurs throughout the country. It is learned that the present plans call for the sending out of a test war message from the radio station at Rock Island Arsenal, Ill. At a certain hour there will be sent out broadcast a "stand by" signal, and all amateurs are expected to receive and comply with this request. There will then be delivered by messenger a military dispatch to the Rock Island Arsenal, from the Federal Government. The message will then be seen for the first time by the wireless operator, who will thereupon flash it out to all stations within hearing distance. It is understood that one of forty-five designated stations will receive the message and then relay it to the next group of stations whose operators will also relay it to the following group, and so on. It is said that the message is to be delivered in each city or state to the Mayor or Governor, and that the purpose of the experiment is to determine how quickly an army of 3,000,000 soldiers can be mobilized.—*Scientific American*.

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To Revel in This Vim-Food

This is to mothers who are anxious to make a dainty of this energizing oat. The way is this: Get the large, white, luscious flakes. Get them unmixed with smaller flakes, for little oats lack flavor.

Serve none but Quaker Oats.

On some oats Nature lavishes enjoyments. Some oats in the same field she neglects.

We pick out those favored oats for Quaker, discarding all the rest. Only ten pounds are obtained from a bushel. It is worth the pains to get these queen oats. It brings a double welcome to this spirit-giving dish.

And you pay no extra price.

Quaker Oats

All the Little Grains Omitted

Some things we know, and some we don't know, about oats.

We know they are rich in phosphorus and lecithin, the brain and nerve constituents.

We know they are 75 per cent. energy food, and 15 per cent. nitrogenous. And that two per cent. is mineral food we need.

But we don't know why they so excel in vim-producing power.

In this respect, for all the ages, oats have stood supreme. And oats will always be the king food where vitality is prized.

That's why we urge this method of making oats delightful.

Regular Package, 10c

Large Round Package, 25c

Except in Far West

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This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 30c package with china. Also our 10c package.

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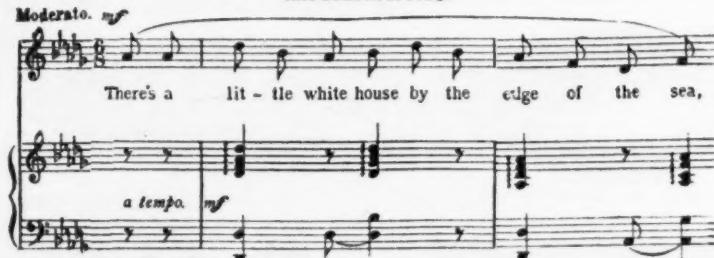
Words By FRED G. BOWLES

There's a little white house by the edge of the sea,
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And there's one little window where roses climb
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While a melody sings through the foam,
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More Than Twice-Told Tales

Continued from page 41

there Delphide from genuine refined silver, and they're a spoon that'll last—"

"Let me see one of those burners," says old man Jones, breaking in.

Well, sir, in about two minutes more, I had one of the burners fixed on to the light socket and old Jones, with his coat off, boiling water in a tin cup (out of the store) and timing it with his watch.

THE next day I pulled into London and went and joined the other boys up to the Jefferson House. "Well," they says, "have you got that plaster on?" And started in to give me the ha! ha! again. "Oh, I don't know," I says, "I guess this is some plaster, isn't it?" And I took out of my pocket an order from old man Jones for two thousand Adjustable Burners, at four twenty with ten off. "Some plaster, eh?" I says.

Well, sir, the boys looked sick.

Old man Jones gets all his stuff from our house now. Oh, he ain't bad at all, when you get to know him.

The Mad Hatter

Continued from page 44

pass on—perchance to forget that it is there at all. Alas that such an evening must fade into a memory and like that wreath of smoke pass out into the fog of circumstance, until it is lost in obscurity. And yet could it have been love?"

"Why confound it, Brown," he said impatiently, "I don't even know the girl's name."

Brown dusted the book-shelf sympathetically.

Bertram shoved his hands in the pockets of his house coat and smoked almost viciously for a few minutes, until the room was filled with smoke and the tobacco exhausted. With a laugh he emptied the ashes into the grate and replaced the pipe in its holder.

"I have discovered something," he said, relapsing into his favorite formula. "I have discovered that sentiment is largely a matter of stage settings. What people are pleased to call an *affaire d'amour* is usually merely an *affaire de moon*."

Having thus classified his adventure and, so to speak, having filed it away for reference, Bertram went to bed.

Which proves that he really deserved his *nomme de guerre* and which shows that Brown's affliction had its compensation.

IF Bertram had been different—or had been anyone else but Bertram—he would have revisited Dr. Chapman and made some inquiries concerning his friend, Juliet. Being Bertram, however,

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he rather resented the deep impression she had made on him and argued that love between comparative strangers was illogical, impossible and absurd. He, therefore, resumed the usual tenor of his way and in time the village of Woodburn faded from his mind; and the light of two dark eyes became lost in the garishness of the great city.

Three months later his play was produced, and the man who cared nothing for the Public's pulse-beat asked the Public for its approval of his play. The Public went to see it—found it clever, paradoxical, virile, cynical and unreal. It was a better play than most of its companions on Broadway, but it awoke no human response. Bertram had made the mistake of giving his characters emotional intellects. He was merely at fault in his knowledge of anatomy—emotions have their root in the heart, not in the brain. Therefore, people were not moved by his play and stopped buying tickets to see it. The manager was forced to withdraw it. The critics lamented the fact that the only clever play on Broadway should be a failure, and made a concerted attack on the Public's lack of discernment. The Public, not being sensitive, flocked to see a play where a well-known actress wept and moaned through a series of time-worn scenes, and enjoyed itself by weeping—which is the Public's favorite mode of enjoyment.

The critics tendered Bertram a consolatory dinner. The repast was excellent—the wine superb. Each vied with his neighbor in levying congratulations on Bertram and anathemas on the Public. Bertram's health was drunk, and being in wine they cheered him to the echo. Finding that exercise pleasing, they sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." They cheered him three times after that and then with bad decorum drank his health again—after which Bertram rose to acknowledge the ovation.

"I have often sung the National Anthem of Bohemia," he said, flicking the ash from his cigarette, "and I sing it best when I am not altogether clear in my head who the 'Jolly Good Fellow' is. Therefore—fellow weavers of dramatic destinies, I take that at its proper valuation. As to the dinner and the wine, gentlemen, I am sure that better viands were never served on Mount Olympus. (Hear, Hear.) Now, you have said some very flattering things about my play; I really think that you fellows liked it. In the first blush of parental pride I liked it myself—but it has been a failure. I would like to blame the failure on the acting, but it can't be done. (No, no. That's so.) I would like to blame the premature death of my first-born to the Herod-like cruelty of you dramatic critics—but that can't be done. You fellows told the Public that it was the best play of the year. In spite of the fact that they read it in the paper, the people didn't believe you. (Laughter.) Therefore, gentlemen and dramatic critics—some of you fellows are such bad critics, I know you must be gentlemen—therefore, I say that either the Public is wrong and you are right or topsy turvey. I am really grate-

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ful for the verbal wreaths you have showered on the bier of my literary offspring, but to be perfectly candid—and knowing that this will not be my last play—to be perfectly candid, I don't think you know a good play when you see one."

DRAMATIC critics are not easily startled, but a look of utter astonishment passed over the faces of the group. They were about to laugh, when they saw that Bertram was serious—and with hot resentment in their looks they bent forward to catch his words.

"With some of you," said Bertram, putting his hands in his pockets, "if you have dined badly, the play is poor, and if you have wined well the play is excellent. Others of you are so far removed from the cave-man that even wine won't stir your pulses. Some of you are so keen on criticising the anatomy of a play that you can't see the beauty of its form—you are such confirmed dramatic vivisectionists that you don't know anything more about real sentiment than a dentist knows of the aesthetic aspect of a tooth-ache. You criticise a play like a man doing the Royal Academy with a microscope. Now, what is the use of examining the quality of the paints, when, to paraphrase Mr. Bernard Shaw's predecessor, 'The Picture's the thing.' Gentlemen, good paints often make a poor picture and clever lines—good acting—and emotional intellectuality—don't make a successful play."

"Then you infer,"—it was the voice of the oldest dramatic critic, and it had an unnatural hardness to it, "you infer that we are wrong?"

"Yes," said Bertram.

"And the Public is always right. In other words, a successful play is always a good play."

"No," said Bertram, "a successful play may be dull, hackneyed, as full of bromides as a Virginia congressman—but somewhere in its development it will touch the chord of the emotions which are attuned to the heart strings. No play that is altogether good has been a failure. No play that is altogether bad has been a success. Gentlemen, with these words, I cast the earth upon the open grave of my play—dry-eyed and fully convinced of the justice of the populace that has killed it. Vox populi, vox Dei."

I have not heard that the critics have given any more consolatory banquets. It is rather disconcerting to find one's sympathy characterized as incapacity.

TWO years passed. A gradual but perceptible change came over Reginald Bertram. He talked less—which worried everyone but Brown. He wrote as much, but destroyed countless pages of manuscript. The editor of a noted magazine read a story of Bertram's and sent it back to him.

"My dear Bertram," he wrote, "you know the kind of stuff we want from you. What has happened to your old happy-go-lucky, epigrammatic style? If we are not paying you enough for it, come in and see me. Send this to some mother's

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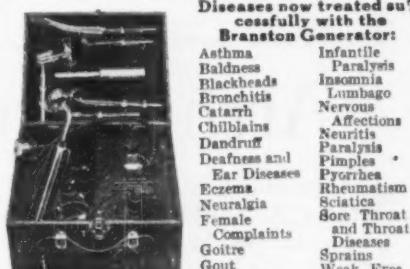
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A New Serial Story to Start Soon

IN an early issue the publication will begin of a new serial by Arthur Stringer. Canadians have followed the spectacular rise of this young writer with great pride, and, when his remarkable story of the west, "The Prairie Wife," ran through Saturday Evening Post something less than a

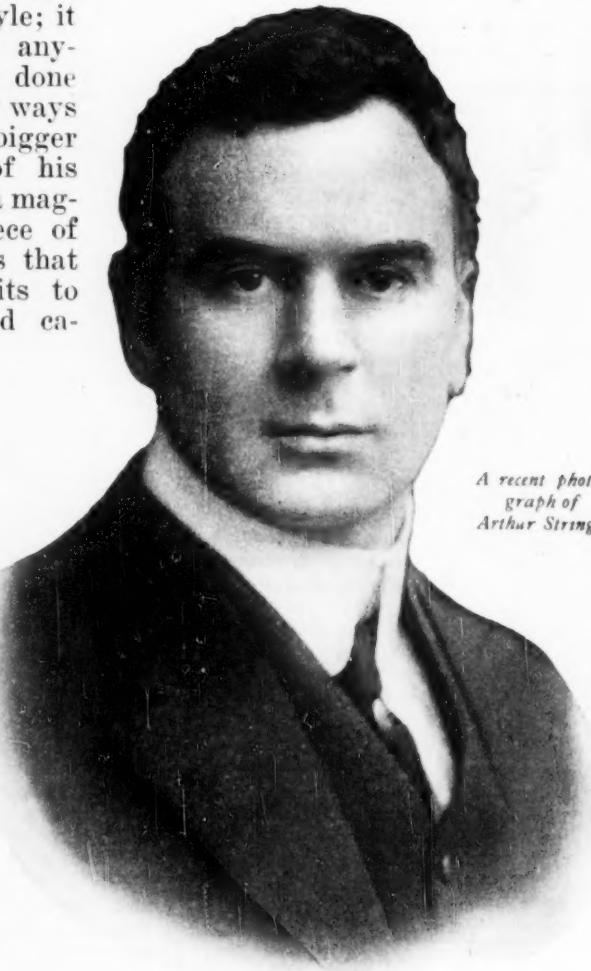
year ago, it was felt that he had reached not only the pinnacle of literary fame but the height of his power—for "The Prairie Wife" was undoubtedly one of the finest love stories ever written and a graphic picture of the life of the Western homesteader as well. But Arthur Stringer is only beginning to show his power, and in "The Anatomy of Love" he brings forward an entirely new style; it is different from anything he has ever done before and in many ways is a better and bigger story than any of his past efforts. It is a magnificently done piece of work and suggests that there are no limits to his versatility and capacity.

The
Anatomy
of
Love
By
Arthur Stringer

Arthur Stringer

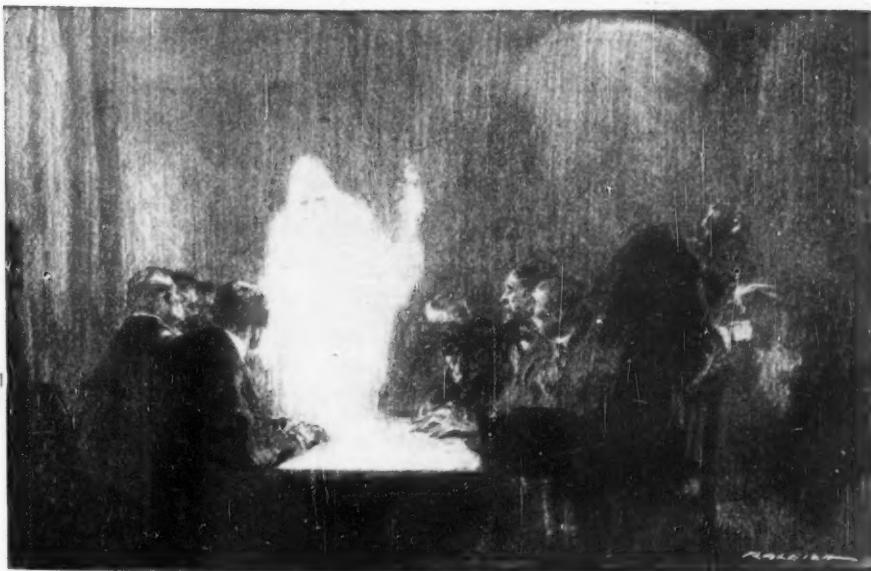
is Canadian born and bred. His first journalistic experience was secured in this country, but he decided to try his fortune in the bigger field that offers in the United States and accordingly went to New York. All young writers have their vicissitudes, and Arthur Stringer did not escape the common fate; but success nevertheless was not long in coming. He "broke" into the magazines early and soon became recognized as one of the brightest of magazine short-story writers. During the past few years he has become one of the "head-liners"—the established writers, whose stories are eagerly sought after, and whose names are printed in black type on magazine covers. His work has been found regularly in such publications as Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, Colliers, Hearsts, Century—and in fact all the leading magazines. He has written a large number of books of all kinds—tales of secret service detectives and counterfeitors, rare yarns of adventure, business stories, character stories, love stories. The genius that he displayed in "The Prairie Wife" will be found in a rarer degree still in "The Anatomy of Love."

By securing the right of first publication of "The Anatomy of Love," MacLean's is in a position to offer its readers the finest feature ever presented by a Canadian periodical. This may seem a sweeping claim to make, but no one who knows Arthur Stringer's work well will question it.



A recent photograph of Arthur Stringer

**A great story by a great Canadian author
Will Start in June MacLean's**



Behind the Bolted Door

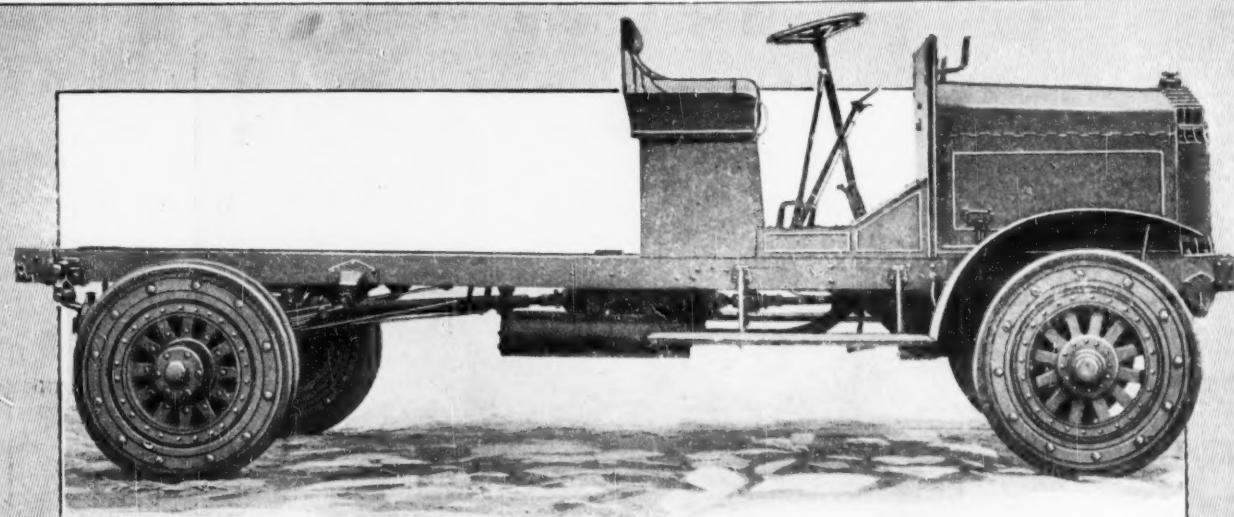
WERE you ever able to figure out the solution of a Sherlock Holmes story in advance? It is a certainty that you have tried. There is no more fascinating pursuit than an effort to unravel a well-woven mystery. For that reason Arthur E. McFarlane's story "Behind the Bolted Door" should have a mental stimulus for the readers of MACLEAN'S. Sherlock Holmes never met with a more baffling mystery than the train of events that transpired behind the bolted door of the apartments of beautiful Mrs. Hansi Fisher—a train of events which led to the death of Mrs. Fisher, the scattering of her household, the death of a policeman and the appearance of a most unusual ghost. There are plenty of clues but they do not lead very far and the police, with more or less incriminating evidence against several people, are not able to make a single arrest. And then Dr. Laneham, a "psychanalist" takes charge and succeeds in clearing up the case. But the solution is withheld until the last paragraph, and consequently the mystery remains a mystery to the very finish.

Arthur E. McFarlane is a Canadian author of note who has made a conspicuous success in the magazine field. He went to New York with Arthur Stringer and Harvey J. O'Higgins and the story of how these three brilliant young Canadians fought their way up to the very front is perhaps as romantic as anything that has come from the pen of any of them. Arthur E. McFarlane is now recognized as one of the brightest writers of fiction and in "Behind the Bolted Door" he presents a detective story that is faultlessly worked out and presented with vivid skill. The editors have no hesitation in saying that it will hold the reader's interest from first to last.

There is no story that has the interest, the tense thrill, of a good detective story. And this is the best that has appeared in many years. It will be illustrated by Henry Raleigh, the famous artist.

MACLEAN'S Magazine is fortunate in having been able to secure the serial rights to "Behind the Bolted Door." The first instalment will appear in the next issue, May, and readers of MACLEAN'S can look forward to a story that will stimulate as well as interest.

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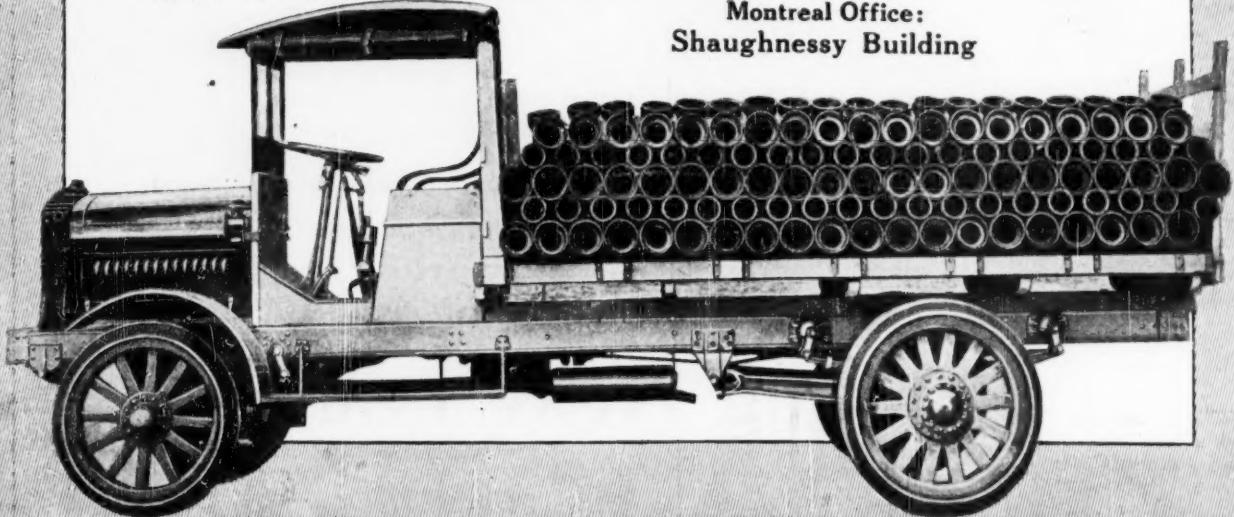
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mush magazine." Which Bertram did, and received a larger cheque than he had ever received before. And he stopped long enough in the process of evolution to make a note that sincerity pays.

The world who knew him said that he was discouraged by the failure of his play. Women found him less interesting. Men smoked cigars over him at their clubs, and agreed that after all, there was something in the Mad Hatter that was very attractive.

One evening in the early autumn he stole along a street in the outskirts of the city. A working man shuffled past him and listlessly Bertram watched him. The man stopped at a gate, which guarded a moss-covered cottage. A couple of curly-headed children ran to greet him. He raised the little girl's face to his grimy one, and patted the lad on the head. A collie dog jumped at him and wriggled in boisterous delight, and a bright-faced woman stood in the doorway. The door closed on the scene, and slowly Bertram moved on, with a look in his face that I hope his mother in Heaven saw, and in his heart was a pain that was poignant. And he muttered, "It's the only thing in the world, but it never—never can come to me."

AND so another year passed, and his friends noted that his shafts of criticism were less pointed and not so frequent, and, wonder of wonders, they found Bertram helping timid people to converse instead of driving them to cover with his caustic comment.

In course of time he wrote another play. In it he showed with unerring accuracy but great kindness the struggle of a young woman for personality amidst the artificial standards of modern society. His pen was as satirical as before, but it scourged only what was false and unclean. A big actor looked at it and accepted it at once. He arranged for a metropolitan production, and told Bertram that he had engaged a well-known emotional actress, Miss Druid, for the leading feminine role, all of which naturally delighted that young gentleman.

No one but a playwright knows the exhilaration of hearing his lines enhanced by the ability of an actor, and none but a playwright knows the misery of hearing his lines ruined by an actor's lack of ability. The big actor had a reputation—and could act. Miss Druid had a reputation—and a method. After the fourth rehearsal Bertram sought out the big actor.

"Now, where did you get hold of Miss Druid," he asked.

The Big Actor looked surprised. "Don't you like her work?" he asked.

"Great guns, no!" said Bertram.

"But Miss Druid is considered almost in a class by herself as an emotional actress."

"My dear sir," said Bertram, "I wish she were on a desert by herself."

"But what's the trouble?"

"She doesn't act. She rants," said Bertram desperately. "She either monotones the lines or sings them. And she doesn't

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Now the pores are purified and ready to fairly drink in the soothing unguents of Pompeian Night Cream. If used when you are about to retire, leave on considerable of the Pompeian Night Cream. However,

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look the part at all. She is artificial, stagey—she thrusts her blessed blondness into one's eyes. She turns on the emotions like she would a tap—and shuts them off the same way. She is murdering my lines and damning the play." Which was the most vehement criticism Bertram had ever launched.

The Big Actor smiled. If he had been a small actor, he would have resented Bertram's forcefulness.

"What is your idea of the type?" he asked.

Bertram paused and put his hands in his pockets.

"I have in my mind," he said very slowly, "a girl with glorious dark hair, and the most bewitching black eyes in the world. When she smiles one sees Heaven and when she speaks—" He paused, and then with a reckless disregard of tense, resumed: "When she speaks the waves lapping on the shore seemed to pause to listen, and there was a strange delicate odor of violets."

"Humph," said the Big Actor. "I think we might arrange about the odor of violets." And he walked away.

THE next rehearsal went badly. Miss Druid, who had become the *protégé* of a millionaire with more money than wisdom, hotly resented the author's criticism of her acting. The Big Actor looked on with a smile. After the rehearsal Bertram sought him out.

"How did you like it?" asked the actor. Bertram groaned.

"If you hear a shot on the opening night," he said, "you will know that I have gone to that haven where emotional actresses cease from troubling and rehearsals are no more."

"I will see what can be done," said the Big Actor.

That evening Bertram's aunt died. She had lived in San Francisco and Bertram following the call of duty and his own inclinations, wired that he was leaving for San Francisco that night, which was very touching, as his aunt had not seen him for twenty-eight years, and he had never seen his aunt. He felt, however, that to witness Miss Druid gradually refine her torture of his masterpiece would be unendurable, and so, without a word to anyone, the Mad Hatter disappeared from the great city.

THREE weeks later, on the day that his play was to be produced, he returned to New York. As the train had neared the metropolis he had throbbed with excitement, the more intense because of his voluntary absence from the city. Leaving the station he bought a paper and hailed a taxi. He turned to the dramatic supplement, and glaring headlines smote his eye:

REMARKABLE PREMIERE TO-NIGHT OF
BERTRAM PLAY

AUTHOR'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

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Contract, Leading Feminine Part to be Played by Novice.

That evening the denizens of the gallery were rather surprised to see a care-worn but good looking youth seat himself at the back of the gallery. The reason of their surprise was that he wore an immaculate evening dress, partly covered by a cape, which snobbery they resented. However, "the play's the thing," in the gallery at least, and no further attention was paid to the mysterious aristocrat, whose eyes glared at the orchestra pit, far below.

A première is a wonderful event, and the immense audience tingled with expectation, while the critics knit their brows and prepared to hail a success or lament a failure. The audience was agog with curiosity. Was the author's disappearance a fake? Would the absolute novice be some well-known star? And up in the gallery Bertram sat and suffered torture, exquisite torture.

The orchestra completed its overture, and the audience clapped—happy omen. Next moment the lights in the house were darkened and the murmur of the audience ceased. The glare of the footlights showed against the curtain and then it slowly rose.

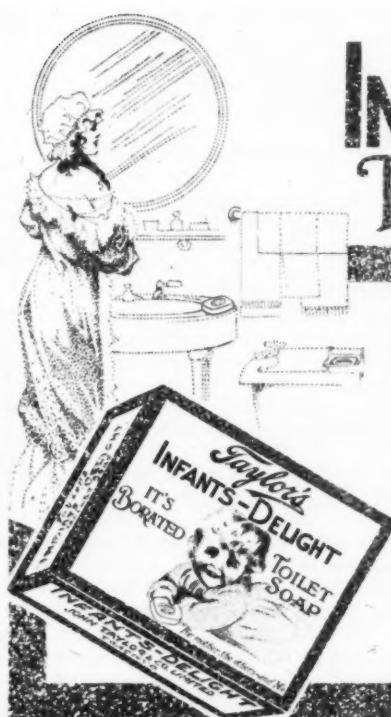
THE opening scene was conventional—the talkative mother—the Irish servant—the blasé youth of good family—the tactful woman of no family and less character. The audience laughed indulgently. They enjoyed meeting old friends. The oldest dramatic critic settled back in his seat. "I thought Bertram had more originality," he muttered.

The Big Actor's entrance came and he bowed his acknowledgements to the splendid reception. The dialogue increased in rapidity. The audience chuckled with delight as epigram followed epigram, and deftly poisoned shafts of satire found their billets in the smugness of the élite's artificiality. The Big Actor was superb—the rest of the company excellent.

It was the atmosphere Bertram had desired. The air was charged with polite insincerity—with graceful deceitfulness—with complacent immorality. Then came the girl's entrance.

Bertram's hands gripped each other and a cold sweat came over his brow. He dared not look. His eyes were lowered to the floor and he waited.

He was conscious of a beautifully modulated voice that rose and fell in graceful cadence, expressing with a depth of art that concealed art, each subtle *nuance* of thought. It gripped the intellect with its gentle firmness and touched the heart strings like an angel sweeping her fingers over an Aeolian harp. The audience was hushed to a silence that was almost prayerful. This woman—this novice was not an actress. She was the blending of youth and maturity. She was Spring laughing to Summer. She was Summer sighing to Spring. One heard in her laugh the guileless merriment of a mountain brook, yet smiling with her would feel the unbidden tear steal swiftly to the eye as gladness melted into sorrow and she breathed forth her plea for person-



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ality—for the ideal. Again and again the hot blood coursed madly to Bertram's brain and he murmured, "Beautiful—beautiful—beautiful." But was afraid to look up lest he find the setting at variance with the jewel.

"And so, like Caesar, you are ambitious?"

The Big Actor was speaking with supercilious politeness. He lit a cigarette. "You are ambitious—for what?"

"I do not know." The girl's words floated across the footlights—slowly, wistfully. "But sometimes when I am alone ambition urges me until the struggle to suppress it leaves me weak and listless."

The denizens of the gallery heard a gasp and turning, saw the mysterious patron of the dress suit standing bolt upright.

"Great Scott!" said the figure in a hoarse whisper, "it's Juliet!"

THE act over, Bertram found himself pacing up and down the street. A drizzling rain was falling and he welcomed its cooling drops on his flushed cheeks. He was feverish—almost unsteady in his gait—and through his brain there flashed an incoherent train of thought that left his head throbbing and dizzy. Where had she come from? How had the Big Actor heard of her? When did she leave Woodburn? Where had she learned to act? Where—what—why—who—but one word became more and more insistent, driving all others before it like chaff before a gale. His head vibrated with its sound. The blood coursed madly through his veins, joining in throbbing unison with his exultant heart beats, and his whole being sang, "Juliet, Juliet, Juliet."

Again he entered the theatre and again he sought the coolness of the air. Gradually his fever lessened. His head ceased to throb and a sudden feeling of calm pervaded him, a calm broken only by the murmur of a single word, "Juliet, Juliet, Juliet."

The play drew to a close. Bertram hurriedly left the theatre and made for the stage door.

For a moment his hand paused on the handle of the door and he almost turned away—then with a slight quiver, opened it.

The Big Actor had just taken his third curtain with Juliet.

WORD spread that Bertram was in the house, and the cry for "Author" grew more and more insistent.

Suddenly the Big Actor espied a pale, smiling figure.

"Bertram," he cried—and next moment was wringing that young man's hands with an impetuosity that was positively unprofessional.

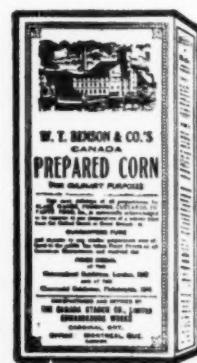
"My dear chap," he cried, "it's a hit—the success of a decade!"

"But—but—the girl?" faltered Bertram.

The actor laughed. "I've had her in mind for two years. She came to New York with one idea, 'Success or Death,'—but for Heaven's sake, old man, get out there and give the crowd one of your inimitable speeches."

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Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1916.

The scheme of training at the College is based on that in force in the English Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, but it is not compulsory for cadets to follow a Naval career when they have completed the course, which lasts three years. McGill and Toronto Universities allow the College course to count as one year at the Science School. The Admiralty will take a maximum of 500 cadets annually into the Royal Navy, where the pay and prospects would be identical with that of cadets who have passed into the Navy from Osborne and Dartmouth.

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And just then Bertram saw Juliet. In three strides he was by her side and his hands gripped her shoulders.

"Juliet," he said, "you made my play."

"And you," she said softly, "you made me."

And then to the amazement of the entire company, the mysterious author took the unknown novice in his arms and very tenderly and very reverently kissed her.

A moment later he found himself blinking at the footlights and he felt more than saw a huge audience rise to its feet and give him an ovation seldom equalled in the dramatic history of New York. The ovation over, the audience waited for a speech.

"Now you will hear him at his best," said the oldest dramatic critic. "Whatever else is wrong with Bertram, he certainly can make a speech."

That young gentleman—that indulger in epigrams, that juggler of words—leaned forward, blushed, and then a radiant smile spread over his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am very, very, happy."

That was all.

The Oldest Dramatic Critic reached for his hat and snorted in good-humored disapprobation.

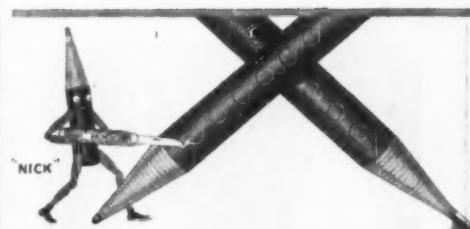
"Well, there's one thing you can always expect from the Mad Hatter," he growled, "and that's the unexpected."

Science and the War

An Answer to Those Who Place Responsibility on Science

THE war is in many respects a scientific war. Physical prowess plays a small part on the battlefield; and the war will be won in the end by superior resources. This has given rise to discussion as to the responsibility of science for the worst phases of the conflict, a charge to which the *Scientific American* gives editorial answer. The answer is worth reading:

There are quite a large number of people in the world who are never tired of attacking science and the scientific way of looking at things; and the existence of the great war in Europe has given them a greater boldness and prominence than ever before. And, also, it must be admitted it has given them a greater apparent justification. Science, they assert, has piled up knowledge without in any way affecting the baser elements of human nature. The fruits of science are all about us in the forms of electric street cars, railways, telephones, submarine cables and a thousand other conveniences; yet a cursory examination of any newspaper will convince us that the old vices of mankind flourish as strongly as ever, and to crown it all, we are living in a time when the greatest slaughter in the history of the world is taking place. It would appear that the only change science has wrought is a change in the material conditions of mankind. It must be confessed that there is much to be said for this point of view, and yet, can it be true that the pure, disinterested search after knowledge which has inspired men to live la-



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borious days and to die, in some cases shameful deaths, is to have no other result than to add to our bodily comforts or to increase the murderous power of our engines of destruction? One cannot rest content with this conclusion, and indeed, there is no reason to do so. Science has a spiritual side, but in order to see it, it is necessary to make a distinction between science and its applications.

The true aim of science, expressed in a word, is to increase the self-consciousness of man. We have emerged from lowly forms of life where self-consciousness is almost, if not quite, non-existent. Each advance has been in the direction of the acquisition of a greater degree of self-consciousness. Long ages ago man commenced to distinguish himself from the trees and stones about him. He began to form a picture of the universe and of himself as related to that universe. His consciousness grew: he distinguished between one tribe and another, between one family and another, between one individual and another. When Copernicus propounded his theory that the earth revolves about the sun, he altered, at one blow, man's conception of the relation between himself and the universe. Man saw himself more clearly: he was no longer the miraculously unique creature he had supposed himself to be. Darwin, with his origin of species, effected another great change in man's estimate of himself. Again man's self-consciousness, his conception of his relations to everything outside himself, acquired an extension and intensification. The main function of philosophy has been of the same kind and it is interesting to note that it is now thought that the true significance of art is to be found in the same direction.

With the extension of self-consciousness comes a fuller appreciation of the essential nature of man and of his possibilities. By discovering man's true relation to the universe, we see also how he may best live in peace and harmony with that universe. Every scientific discovery, every discovery from whatever source which shows us more clearly what this world is in which we live, reacts upon man himself and causes a further adjustment of his relations to that world. Now the true argument against vice and against war is that these things are not in harmony with that further development of mankind which science has shown us to be a possibility. People may be found to argue that war is a benefit. They talk about "biological necessity"—they garble science. There may even be people who argue that vice is a benefit. But the whole trend of scientific thought is in the opposite direction. It is incorrect to say that science has no moral aspect. The mind of man is not divisible into watertight compartments, although writers of philosophical text-books sometimes find it convenient to assume this unnatural division, and science, philosophy and art, all have, and must necessarily have, a moral aspect. By showing us more clearly our own nature and the nature of the world about us, they implicitly condemn certain activities and foster others.

If this aspect of science has been far less insisted on than its material applications it is due, in some measure, to the newness of the subject. The true significance of any great human departure is always the last thing we perceive about it; the obvious points are the ones we see first.



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Mention This Magazine.

The Frost Girl

Continued from page 32

I left Toronto MacGregor told me some things that set me to thinking. I have been thinking of them a lot in the last month, and now what you have said seems to have made everything clear."

He had been speaking slowly, tapping the candlestick with his pencil, watching the slight, yellow flame. Then he wheeled toward the girl, a new light in his eyes; and the words rushed out in a torrent.

"It's not a game any more because I see what's back of it. Before, the line of stakes, the notes, the maps, were the end for me. I never went beyond them. Now I go beyond, go on into the future into what those stakes mean. Not to me but to the world.

"Ten years ago I was on a survey in the west. It was as much of a wilderness as this right here. We ran the survey and went away. I have never been back there. But I have heard of that country. I have read of it, I have seen pictures of it. And, somehow, right now I feel that I was partly responsible for what happened.

"When we were there we occasionally ran across a poor settler's cabin. The children were ragged, the wife was over-worked. They had only the necessities they could get from the wilderness. I remember a little boy ten years old who could not read or write. Yet his father had many fertile acres, good cattle, horses and sheep. But they were worthless to him. He couldn't sell them. Wheat rotted in a pile in the field, and at the same time someone was starving in another part of the world.

"Now that man hauls his wheat, and much more of it, to a town two miles away. His children are in a big, brick school house. His wife has help with her work. They have a fine new home. Their cattle and their sheep bring in money. Before, they never saw anyone except an occasional traveller. Now, there are neighbors on all sides, people who have wheat and horses and cattle and sheep like themselves, whose children are in the big brick school house. The country which I found only a wilderness is growing food for the world, and hundreds, thousands of people, cramped and stifled where they were before, have found a new heaven on earth. What caused the change? The railroad.

"The railroad changes all things. It is the most wonderful instrument for human happiness ever known. No matter where it goes, it takes wealth and opportunity with it. Every mile of track makes the world larger and at the same time draws it closer together.

"Think of this country, of what it was just a short time ago. A great land, big as all Europe, with no one in it. Think of the people in other lands, hungry for something they could call their own, hungry for a bit of ground they could cultivate so that it would bring them happiness. They're here now, thousands and

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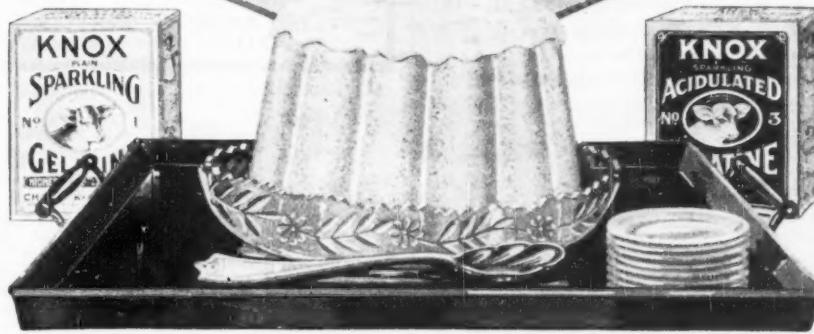
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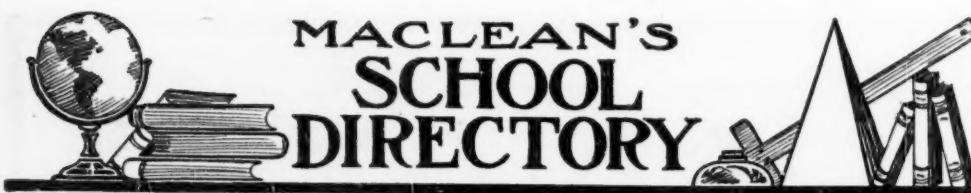
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hundreds of thousands of them, scattered all over this great country which held only a few trading posts a few years ago. They have work and homes and happiness. Cities have come, and towns as thick as the needles on a spruce. And the railroad has done it all.

"Where men were slaves, women drudges, children little animals, the railroad has come and changed everything. Where people starved, it carried food to them. Where people could not read it carried schools to them. Where the beautiful land lay empty it carried people to it, people who wanted only the chance for happiness."

ALLAN paused. Who had been speaking? He had never talked like this before. His was not a silver tongue.

But Hertha did not give him time to more than wonder at his own eloquence.

"This is not such a country," she objected. "Nothing will grow here. This land is fit only for the fur trade."

"That is what they thought of Western Canada," was Allan's quick reply. "Look at it to-day. They call it 'the world's granary' and 'Nature's storehouse.' It is one of the wonderful things of these times, the development of Canada, and it has only begun. I know this country here is colder, that it is mostly rock and swamp. But it is worth something more than a fur-raising land. To-day you rode through sixty miles of spruce, an endless forest of it. Each of those trees is needed for the leaves of books, for paper to spread the news of the world, to bring light to those who can't see. You love books. More people should love them. And these spruces are needed that they may have books."

"You passed falls in the river, countless horse-power wasting in the wilderness. That energy is needed, needed for manufacturing the things that make this an easier world to live in, for lighting homes that people may read the books the spruces will make. Don't you see, Hertha? Other lands have filled the world's storehouses. This has its own special mission. Big cities may not grow up here. The land may not be dotted with towns. But your country will add to the pleasures, the comfort, the happiness of a nation."

"Then, there is the land from which your father came, and the other countries near it. There are many people, and land is scarce. Food is high. One of the principal reasons for building this railroad is to make cheaper food possible for millions and millions. It saves a long haul and, every mile a bushel of wheat travels, the dearer bread becomes."

"Can you place your handful of Indians against these millions, Hertha? Can you be so selfish as to want many to suffer for the sake of a few?"

"But it is a horrible thing to think of, the wiping out of a happy people. Why should they suffer?"

"It is horrible, I know. But it is one of the things that has characterized progress since the world began. Some day we may arrive at the stage where everything benefits everyone. Now it cannot.



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"I say it had to be. Perhaps there was a better way. But men did not stop to think. It is that way with Canada to-day. She is like a young, strong, vigorous, high-spirited boy. She doesn't know her strength. She is too young to look far ahead. She lives in the present. Some day she will be older, saner, more farsighted, and then she will be more wonderful still. And this land here will play its part."

HERTHA had no more questions or objections. She leaned back in the camp-chair, groping through the situation as it had been presented to her for some little sign of hope for her own problem. Allan mis-read the look in her eyes.

"Besides, Hertha," he said gently, "it is only folly for you to continue to oppose the coming of a railroad. You would laugh at a child trying to trip a bull moose with a twig."

She looked up, startled by his simile, not quite comprehending.

"What is your annual business?" he asked.

"I cleared about a thousand dollars over all expenses last year."

"The people for whom I am working own a property worth more than two hundred million dollars. They have the law, the government, behind them. Were your resistance known, and were it great enough, the government would send troops to see that the building of the railroad were not interfered with."

"I understand that," she said, sadly. "I have been made to think I could stop you. But I didn't know, and I hated the thought of it so."

"But there must be some way," she cried, "to prevent all the evil that will come with the good! There must be some way to save my Indians!"

The engineer, his heart filled with compassion for this girl who, bowing to the inevitable, still struggled on, did not at first understand her. Then he leaned forward suddenly.

"Hertha," he exclaimed joyfully. "I have a wonderful idea! But tell me first. You have been fighting me. Are we friends now?"

"Yes," she answered gently, "I would like to be friends, I—."

She hesitated a moment and then went on quickly:

"I have wanted to be ever since you were there, since you told me about so many things of which I never knew. I haven't done anything since, though I was responsible, in a way, for what the Indian did."

"Then," said Allan, "when I come back in the spring I am going to have something to tell you. I can't now. I'm not quite certain and I don't want to raise your hopes. But I believe I can do it. Hertha, I believe I can."

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CHAPTER XVI Christmas in Camp

CHRISTMAS morning the cook slept until six o'clock. Then he pulled the eiderdown quilt closer about his shoulders and snuggled back into the bed of spruce boughs. It was not until he heard the crackling of the bull cook's fire in the range that he finally scrambled into his clothes and went out into the cold and the darkness.

"Merry Christmas, Eddie," he called to the dim figure kneeling beside the ashes of the big campfire. "Build a big one, and build it quick, for I'm going to roll 'em out. Whoop-ee!" And the dark forest echoed with the shrill, prolonged yell.

"Whoop-ee!" came from one of the tents; and the next moment the very darkness was rent with the uproar. For a full minute the wild clamor continued. Someone began to beat an Indian war dance on one of the folding tent stoves with a stick of fire wood, and soon the entire crew were chanting the wild, high-pitched refrain.

Gradually the noise ceased and voices were distinguished.

"There's nothing but a hole in my stocking," cried someone in the axemen's tent.

"See any reindeer tracks around this morning, cook?" called another.

"We're north of Santa Claus' place. We passed it a week ago."

"He can travel in a Pullman next year."

"And all those letters can get to him."

"Wonder if he'll sell his sleigh?"

They came tumbling out of the tents to gather about the great fire the bull-cook had built. Laughing boisterously, jesting, jiggling, calling across the blaze, they were more like a crowd of boys than big, rough, reckless men. Transit men with college degrees were no different from woodsmen who had seen little of school. And Allan Baird, upon whom rested the responsibility of the entire enterprise, was the youngest, the happiest, the loudest of the lot.

"Listen!" he called suddenly. "Keep quiet there!"

The noise died down, not so much because of the command as the expression of the leader. His right hand raised, his head on one side, he was listening intently. Suddenly a sharp snap, faint but distinct, came from the darkness to the south. No one moved.

"What is it?" whispered someone.

And instantly there came the sudden, clear, unmistakable jingle of dog team bells.

"The teams!" cried Allan. "They've travelled all night to get here. Line up, boys, and show them we appreciate it."

The crowd was again in an uproar. Another ton of food was coming. The whole crew would be gathered for the Christmas celebration. But Allan seemed more eager, more happy than the others. He yelled his relief, but had anyone taken the time to watch him, he could have seen that something other than the ton of food had caused his exuberance.

AND then, with whips snapping, drivers yelling, dogs yelping, bells jingling, harness creaking, toboggans shriek-



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ing on the frozen trail, the train dashed into camp. The cheer that greeted them must have echoed through the spruce for miles and, as the five teams of six dogs lined up side by side, the men swarmed over to greet the drivers, call them rough names, pound them on the back.

"Did you get them?" asked Allan of the leading driver almost before he had stopped.

The man smiled and nodded toward the toboggan, and the next instant Allan was tearing at the lashings of a large box.

"Get me an axe," he called. And, as soon as the box was off the toboggan, he pried open the cover.

"Turkey!" cried someone as the first board flew off.

"And goose!" yelled another. "There's one apiece."

Allan had carried Hertha's supper to her in the tent the night before. He had found a bed with the transit men, leaving his own tent to the girl. She had travelled a long way in the cold, and immediately after her meal he had left her. Upon the arrival of the dog teams Allan went to the tent and scratched on the wall.

"Merry Christmas!" he called. "Are you awake?"

"Who could sleep through that?" she laughed, opening the tent flaps. "Are they always like that?"

"They are a happy lot, but it's Christmas day, and there's no work. How will you like the idea of being guest of honor at our party?"

"Guest of honor! What do you mean?" And she drew back.

"Oh, they've forgotten all about that time at the store," he assured her.

"But I must get back."

"Not until to-morrow. You are our guest to-day. Come, and we'll have breakfast."

C LAD in her lynx skin parka, the hood thrown back and her aureate hair tumbling over it, Hertha walked beside Allan toward the big campfire. The men were still boisterous, but, when they saw her coming, there was a sudden quiet.

"Fellows," said Allan, "we have a guest to-day and I want all of you to see that she enjoys herself. Miss MacLure, allow me to present the bunch. Line up, boys, and everybody shake hands."

The silence continued and only the three transit men moved.

"Mr. Matthews," Allan introduced the first. "He grows that beard because he's lazy—not because he's homely."

"I'm more than glad to meet you, Miss MacLure," said the engineer, as he shook hands. "I'll shave for dinner if you say so."

"And Mr. Jacobs," continued Allan. "We had to get his mother's consent before he could come, he's so young."

"I may be a kid, but I'm not kiddish," retorted the surveyor. "It seems mighty good to see a woman in camp."

"And this is Denny Slavin," continued Allan, shoving Jacobs along. "Watch out for him. He's got photographs of two girls in his pack now."

"They're my sisters," stoutly affirmed

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Slavin. "I'm going to show them to you."

And so with the axemen, the rodmen, the dog team drivers, Old Hughey, the cook and all, Allan had passed them along, a joke for each, a slap on the back.

For each Hertha had a warm smile, a firm handshake. There was no embarrassment, only a refreshing naturalness. She was perfectly at ease, and, with Allan's jests and the spirit of the day, the crew was again laughing and unrestrained.

To the three transit men Hertha was a revelation. With her beauty, her naturalness, her total lack of knowledge of their own world, she came as a wonderfully refreshing break in the long winter. Allan knew he could depend upon them to entertain her. In fact, the three surrounded her so closely that he seldom was able to get in a word. But it made him only the happier. They were all clean, bright, enjoyable young fellows, his own kind, and he knew that they, with their chatter, their light, spontaneous nonsense, could give her an inkling of what the world was like that she would never gain from him.

He knew, too, that the wholesomeness and good nature of the crew, the good fellowship and the comradeship which had grown up as a result of the common purpose of the men, would do much to dispel her belief that all white men were as those with whom she had come in contact, as those whose descriptions her father had made so vivid.

Then, from what Hertha had told him, from what he had gathered in the days he had spent in her cabin, he knew there had been few bright spots in her life, and the dull, dreary isolation had depressed a disposition naturally cheerful, even gay. And, as she responded to the spirit of the three engineers who monopolized her, Allan felt only a great pride, a great happiness.

THE crew became restless soon after breakfast. Some wandered over to watch the busy cook and offer help. By nine o'clock, when daylight had come, all were on their feet, wondering what to do with themselves.

Suddenly an axeman picked up his axe and started into the brush with a yell.

"A table!" he cried. "We'll build a table."

The others sprang after him and soon the forest was filled with the sharp, rapid sound of biting axe blades and the swish and crash of falling trees.

It is remarkable what a clever woodsman can do with his axe. The speed with which he does it is equally extraordinary. In an incredibly short time supports had been erected, poles hewed on three sides, and a table large enough for the twenty-five persons in camp began to take shape.

The men worked rapidly but they took pains to do their best. When completed, the table was even, smooth and solid. Comfortable benches were built at the sides and ends. And not a nail had entered into the entire construction.

Eager hands helped in setting the board for the feast. Denny Slavin brought an armful of flat, fresh cedar boughs and, with the assistance of Hertha and Mat-

thews and Jacobs, decorated the table. Then fires were built behind the benches, for the day was very cold. And at last the dinner was ready.

"Line up, fellows, and take your medicine."

Allan stood at the end of the table, a small glass in one hand, a bottle in the other and a second before him.

"This thing isn't supposed to be proper," he said as he poured a glassful. "It's considered the foe of discipline, efficiency and everything else. But I'll risk it. Bring up your cups."

The men crowded around him, received their whisky and then drew back about the table. The lone glass went to Hertha, who shook her head as Allan handed it to her.

"Just a sip," he said, laughing. "It won't hurt you, and this is Christmas."

"Up," cried Denny Slavin, raising his cup before him. "To the guest of honor, fellows!"

"To Miss MacLure!" shouted Matthews. And with a cheer the toast was downed.

"This is tough," said Allan, holding up the last bottle. "There is just one drink left."

He looked about him, and his eyes stopped at a lone, huddled figure beside the big campfire. The others looked and then someone shouted:

"Give it to the Injun!"

"Sure! Give the poor devil a drink!" cried another.

Allan was about to pour it out when he caught Hertha's eyes. She slowly shook her head, and he set down the bottle.

"We'll save it," he said soberly. "But we can have him eat with us, can't we?"

"Sure!" came the chorus. And the Christmas feast began.

Hertha sat at one end of the long table, Matthews and Slavin on either side. Allan, flanked by axemen and dog drivers, was at the other. Even the resentment towards the Indian who had burned the cache was gone before the spirit which prevailed in the crew and, when he took his fourth helping of turkey, his neighbor slapped him on the back and the men gave him a cheer.

ALLAN had forgotten nothing in his preparations. From the oysters to the candy and nuts at the end it was a Christmas dinner anyone would have enjoyed. To the hard working, wilderness-bound men it was a bright spot long to be remembered, and it served as another bond between them and their leader.

An hour after dinner Allan gathered Matthews, Slavin and Jacobs about him. There was a low hum and then, arms linked across shoulders, they began to sing. "When Good Fellows Get Together," "Old Black Joe," "Clementine," and the host of college songs followed, one after another, until from sheer exhaustion they ceased. Instantly an axeman was beginning the interminable "Shanty Boy." The cook told of the Frenchman and the bear. A rodman did a clog, a dog driver a Highland fling.

"What can you do, Miss MacLure?" asked Slavin, when there was a lull in the entertainment.

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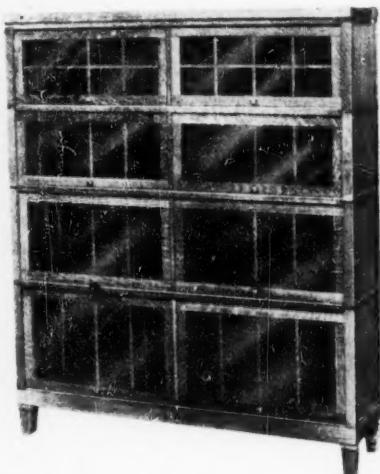


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"I know some of Burns. My father liked to have me recite it."

"Do it now!" he cried. "Gentlemen, Miss MacLure will favor us with a selection from the immortal Bobby."

Hertha was somewhat confused by the announcement, but she began bravely "The Auld Mare Maggie." Soon she seemed to forget the circle of attentive men and, with the dialect her father had taught her, her rendition was inimitable. A cheer burst forth when she finished, and, in response to Slavin's urging, she recited "Hallowe'en."

There was more cheering, but Hertha whispered to Jacobs and that young man hurried to the cook's tent, from which he returned with a small packing case. Hertha turned to the Indian, who had been sitting apart from the others, and spoke in Ojibway. Then she gave him the box and returned to her seat.

The Indian placed the box before him, picked up a stick and tapped it once or twice. Then, with the sharp, perfectly marked beating of his race, he began a native song. For five minutes it continued, rising and falling, soft, then strident. The men leaned forward silently, attentively. Something of the spirit of the forest was in the wild sounds, something of the hardship of the singer's life in the lower notes. They heard the wailing squaws, the laughter of children at play, the music of the paddle stroke, the crunch, crunch, crunch of snowshoes. Wind rattled the poplar leaves in summer, moaned through the spruces in winter. Suddenly it ended with the high, shrill war cry.

Instantly the men were on their feet cheering and, at a word from Hertha, the Indian began again.

And so passed Christmas in the survey camp.

To be continued.

Logic vs. Love

Continued from page 42

her own language, asked: "It cannot be that you intend to leave me?"

For a moment he was stunned by her question, then gently pulled down her hands and answered evasively: "I am going to look for a herd of caribou to-morrow that went towards the ridge, but I shall not be away longer than I can help."

With her eyes still looking into his, she said: "Is Templeton going also?"

He shook his head; and then stretched out on the skins with a tired yawn.

Laughing Face saw that he was really tired, and did not question him further; but her heart was heavy, and afraid of what the future might hold.

THE following morning she was up early, and had her husband's breakfast ready long before the dawn of the short day had broken.

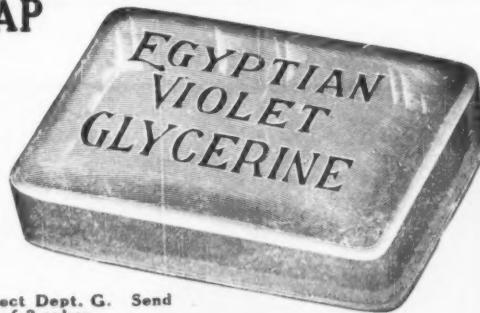
When he was ready to go, he was unusually tender to his wife, and held her to his heart for the last time with the passion of a man's best love. She whisper-

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ed to him: "Do not stay away long. You are my man—the only one I shall ever know. And baby and I will be counting the hours until we see you safely home again."

It was late in the evening. He was now nearing the ridge almost twenty miles away from the village. All the long journey his wife's last message had been continually coming into his mind. He thought of all the happy days he had spent with her. Yes, they had been happy, even though he had not realized the happiness until now. He had become so used to her loving ways that he had taken them for granted as a part of his life. And now, he would not see her again. And little Big Eyes too! his little daughter that he had taught so many childish games, and who always ran to welcome him with a shout of delight. Was he right in leaving them? Was he going to be happy away from them? All these thoughts came running through his mind, and then he saw the brightly lighted streets, the crowds of people hurrying along he knew not where, and the cosy home. But something was lacking. The rooms seemed lonely, and empty and bare. There was no pitter of childish feet, nor the gentle voice of his wife. It was not nearly so homelike as the home in the village he had just left, with its couch of warm furs from the foxes and bears he had killed.

Templeton said he could get another wife. Yes, but the society-stricken girls he had met had never appealed to him. It was not likely they would do so now after his absence of three years among the simple and uneducated people who had become his friends. No, he decided, he had been led away by Templeton's logic; and he felt thankful that he had awakened to the fact before it was too late. Naturally Templeton could only see the side of the question from his own view point. Besides, it was not his wife and child that he was leaving and that made a big difference. The more he thought about it, the harder it became to leave. It was agonizing to think he was leaving his wife, so full of tender care and loving sympathy, for ever. Never to see her again! No, he could not bear to think of it. Was it really love he had for her, or was it nothing more than the friendship and gratitude he had felt when they were married? He realized now how much he had really accepted from his wife, how he had considered her quiet sympathy and gentle comradeship very much as a matter of course. He realized, too, that he really loved her now, whatever may have been his motive in marrying her. No, he could not leave his wife and child; they were part of himself, and he would stay with them. He knew too, that he loved the simple easy life among these new friends.

LAUGHING FACE was a pretty picture as she stood outside her igloo, dressed in velvet-tanned deer skin that clung softly to her form, with little Big Eyes in her arms. The day and night had been long, and she had slept but little. But this morning the pain at her heart had lifted, and she was waiting for her husband to return. She knew he would re-

turn; for had not the Great Spirit told her so in her dream? Yes, there he came! With a gurgle of pleasure little Big Eyes struggled down, and was caught in her father's arms.

Inside their igloo, Laughing Face was looking up into her husband's face, and saying: "I have always dreaded the time when you would have to face this decision. My mother told me it would happen before I married you. And when Templeton came I knew the time had arrived. But the Great Spirit has answered my prayers; and now I am happy."

And thus it happened that Augustus Wade is still in the frozen north, a living antithesis to the theorists who maintain that there is no such thing as fate presiding over the destinies of men.

The Last Cruise

Continued from page 30

over the loss of a new and expensive monitor, and still more over the fact that his message forbidding independent action had been twisted into a kind of excuse. Not that Foster made much of the excuse. In fact, he tried to shoulder the blame. But by the time he reached England a sudden and conspicuous lull in the activity of enemy submarines in the Levant had reflected credit on the admiral, and there was no blame to be shouldered.

Presently the Gazette announced the retirement of Captain William Foster Stanford, R.N., D.S.O., incapacitated. When Lord Fairley read the announcement to him, on the terrace at Oxenham, he made no comment, though they had no more consulted him as to the change in name than as to his retiring rank, the order that was pinned to his breast, or the seniority they allowed him in fixing the scale of his pension. He lay still, pondering the half-promise of a famous specialist that some day—perhaps—the light of day might come back to him.

He brightened a little when Martin Dool came home, summarily cashiered for insubordinate conduct, without a pension that he did not need and with a perfectly unruffled temper. Then Broadwood came, with his lazy eyes and his inevitable cigarette, nursing a right hand shattered by an explosion in a munition factory, and proposing a retirement *sine die* to his place in Wales. He pretended to be in pressing need of someone to help him to invent a new religion. The truth that he would not confess was that he wished to rediscover an old one. Broadwood always reacted to religion. In the end they went with him and entered on a joint study of the Compleat Angler.

AND the way it happened? When the Churnet began to "lob" shells over the hill separating the guarded basin from the Maritsa, its presence in the river was quite unsuspected, and the first explanation of the disturbance that suggested itself to the astonished Turks was

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altogether a wrong one. Just before the firing began, a reinforced patrol had rushed to the scene of Farrell's exploit, and had learned from a fugitive and two partial survivors that a launch had been behaving very strangely.

It happened that curiosity had been aroused on the right bank of the river; and just at that moment a launch full of armed Bulgarians approached to display a friendly interest in whatever was going on. Somewhat hastily, the Turks emptied a few hundred Mauser cartridges at the launch—not very distinctly seen—as a hint that they were not to be fooled twice in the same simple manner; and the party returned much dilapidated.

Then the *Churnet* got to work on the invisible Turks with shrapnel from two twelve-pounders, while her other guns did what they could with the basin over the hill.

The Bulgars also sent over a more formidable expedition of remonstrance. The southernmost of three large pontoons got to the root of the matter by coming suddenly upon the *Churnet*. The other pontoons merely saw what happened to that one and returned to report that the Turkish forts had deliberately sunk it.

Now the Turk in the quieter walks of life is patient with his friends; but the Turk with a gun in his hands is apt to be choleric. And if there is anything that the martial Bulgar prefers to plain fighting, it is fighting the Turks. Hence it arose that the local misunderstanding between the allies on the Maritsa tended to violence while it lasted.

BEFORE either side had acquired more than a general notion of the location of the artillery that troubled it, the three Turkish forts were making sad havoc in the westward landscape; and the Bulgarians were making very creditable practice with a concealed battery of heavy howitzers, employing one on each fort and one on the submarine factory, according to ranges and elevations previously worked out.

Foster began to think that if the execution was at all proportionate to the noise, the *Churnet* was a trifle superfluous.

Then one of the old torpedo boats, finding things rather warm in the basin behind the hill, slid gently from the channel to the cove, sighted the *Churnet*, and scuttled back again with confused cries, clanging of bells, and heavy pounding of reversed engines. The *Churnet* followed as far as the mouth of the channel, and hung there while her great gun swung its muzzle into line and down to the limit of depression.

Watching over the steel wall of the control top—from which dangerous engine he should have removed himself at the beginning of the action—Foster saw the enemy's bow fade in the driving snow, still below the line of fire. There was a pause of seconds—seconds that seemed minutes to the anxious second officer in the high-perched turret. Then the telephone transmitter strapped to that officer's head cracked out the command to fire.

Quick as the echo of the shock of discharge came a thunderous roar from the

driving snow ahead, and a momentary glow, and then a rain of falling fragments. When lumps of steel, each as heavy as a man, are scattered in a dozen directions in the bowels of a small torpedo boat by high explosive, the thing that remains is not a torpedo boat. When the cataclysm is completed by the sympathetic explosion of several live torpedoes and a magazine, the result is an obscenity. But the waters of the channel rushed to hide it, and the walls closed in to give it sepulchre.

THE channel was closed. The *Churnet's* work was done. She was free to go. At least so far as her work was concerned, but—

Men who like to sum up life in homely terms say that at the end of the dance a Piper thrusts out his hand, a Piper who must be paid. Others say that there are men, usually men of the finer sort, who live only to do their work, and then, finishing it, die. And ships are very like men, as every sailor knows. And the *Churnet* was really a very fine ship.

Shells began to burst on the river banks, and to lash the waters of the little cove to wild commotion. The first revolution of the monitor's reversed engines was their last. A shell dropping vertically broke through the deck abaft the funnel. Another burst on the slight impediment of a yard; and its white flame flashed a licking tongue into the top where Foster stood.

The first lieutenant, in the conning tower below the gun, took up the direction of the ship's artillery. She had no longer any engines to direct. Scouting Turks began to fire their rifles at her.

Foster recovered his senses as they carried him below. They told him what had happened, and that Lieutenant Wilson had assumed command.

"Tell Mr. Wilson," he said, "to evacuate the ship, serving the guns to the last, and then destroying them. Let the boats drop down the river as they are filled. Mr. Sheldrake and Mr. Farrell will go first with the launches and pick up their tows outside the zone of fire. Mr. Wilson will take the last boat, with the gunners, and will then assume command."

"Now never mind your doctoring. Put something on to ease the pain, and tie a handkerchief over my eyes. I'm going on deck."

The big gun fell silent, its turret wrecked. Martin Dool propped up his commander in a sheltered corner near the boat derrick.

"Sheldrake's gone," he said.

"Tell Mr. Wilson to take the launch. I can look after the ship. Gunners are to search the banks with shrapnel as far as they can reach; and ask them for the love of heaven to put a little ginger into it. You'll wait for the last boat, Martin?"

"Aye, aye!" said Dool calmly. "Which will that be? There's one away with Farrell's launch, one loading, one sunk and one in splinters."

"Get out the two life-rafts. How many men are left?"

"There'll be no crowding on the rafts."

"Ah!" said Foster. "Lash them to—

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"Like hell. I go when you do."

"Damn your ugly soul! Do as I tell you."

FOSTER was petulant, and Dool left him. Lieutenant Wilson came, and also went.

"Who is there?" demanded the stricken commander, feeling another arm slid about him.

"Monsieur, it is I."

"Archimedes? Time you were going, mon vieux. Where is that other fellow, Icart?"

"Already they have taken him. I wait for monsieur."

"Good Lord! Another of 'em. Get out before I quarrel with you. Good-bye."

The artificer moved away. Dool came back, grumbling.

"You and your machine guns! There's the last one gone to glory, and a raft in smithereens."

"How many are left?"

"Fifteen men, three wounded, the surgeon and the best part of four guns."

"Wreck the guns and get the men aboard. While they are doing it, come back and lead me below. I'm going to open the sea-cocks."

"Good-bye, then," said Dool. He seemed to be sneering as he said it. But his face was never good at expressing his feelings.

"Yes," said Foster; "it will be good-bye, of course."

Presently the blind man felt himself seized and borne across the deck.

"What is this?" he cried. "Put me down. Where is Dool?"

The surgeon answered: "He went to open the sea-cocks. There, you can feel the water coming in. Now, Smith, take him over your shoulder, so!"

As they laid him on the raft, they thought his quietness meant that he had fainted. But at a hail that came from the deck of the sinking ship, he started violently.

"Wait," said the voice of Martin Dool. "I'm coming."

"'Tis his ghost," said Smith, the boatswain.

"How did you do it?" demanded the surgeon, who was not a spiritualist.

"I didn't. 'Twas that little Frenchman. By the same token, he nearly drowned me through going down without letting me know. God rest the careless little devil's soul!"

"Bravo, Archimedes!" said Foster. "Cast off."

And he laid down his authority.

There is a special reason why the massacre of Armenians by the Turks should be received by the civilized world with horror and reproach, inasmuch as Armenia was the first country to establish Christianity as the religion of the State. The Armenian people belong to the Indo-European race, and number about 2,000,000. They occupy a mountainous part of Asia Minor. The country was civilized and prosperous in the time of Christ.

The Unquenchable Flame

Maurice Maeterlinck Writes of the Ravages of War

A REMARKABLE article from the pen of Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet and mystic, appears in a recent issue of the *Cosmopolitan*. Maeterlinck, it will be remembered, was keen to enlist in defence of his country when the war broke out and, when refused on account of his age, he went out into the fields to work. Living as he has amidst the horrors of life in Belgium, it is wonderful that he has been able to retain such clarity of vision and deep hopefulness.

When we behold the terrible loss of so many young lives, when we see so many incarnations of physical and moral vigor, of intellect, and of glorious promise pitilessly cut off in their first flower, we are on the verge of despair. Never before have the fairest energies and aspirations of men been flung so recklessly and incessantly into an abyss whence comes no sound or answer. Never since it came into existence has humanity squandered its treasure, its substance, and its prospects so lavishly. On every battle-field, where the bravest, the truest, the most ardent of self-sacrificing are necessarily the first to die, a sort of monstrous inverse selection has been in operation, one which seems to be deliberately seeking the downfall of the human race. And we wonder uneasily what the state of the world will be after the great trial, and what will be left of it, and what will be the future of this stunted race, shorn of all that was best and noblest in it.

The problem is certainly one of the darkest that has ever vexed the minds of men. It contains a material truth before which we remain defenseless; and, if we accept it as it stands, we can discover no remedy for the evil that threatens us. But material and tangible truths are never anything but a more or less salient angle of greater and deeper-lying truths. And, on the other hand, mankind appears to be such a necessary and indestructible force of nature that it has always, hitherto, not only survived the most desperate ordeals but succeeded in benefiting by them and emerging greater and stronger than before.

We know that peace is better than war; it were madness to compare the two. We know that if this cataclysm had not come upon the world, mankind would doubtless have reached ere long a zenith of wonderful achievement, whose manifestations it is impossible to foreshadow. We know that, if a third or a fourth part of the fabulous sums expended on extermination and destruction had been devoted to works of peace, all the iniquities that poison the air we breathe would have been triumphantly redressed and that the social question, the one great question, that matter of life and death which justice demands that posterity shall face, would have found its definite solution, once and for all.

We know that the disappearance of two or three million young existences, cut down when they were on the point of bearing fruit, will leave in history a void that will not be easily filled, even as we know



Front view of Conservatory. An outside entrance is in the rear.

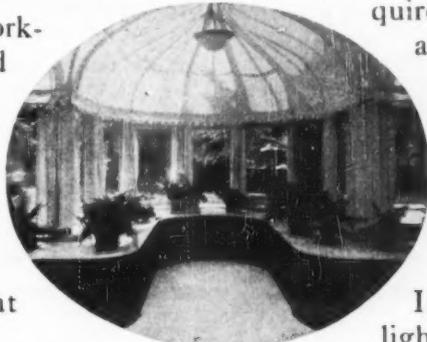
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 Canada

Peace River Results—Pumpkin pies are
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 Boy and the Girl.

The Snobocrat of Dairying—Why were
 condenseries in Canada idle when big
 orders were moving?

that among those dead were mighty intellects, treasures of genius which will not come back again, and which contained inventions and discoveries that will now perhaps be lost to us for centuries.

But, granting all this, it is a good thing to recover our balance and stand upon our feet. There is irreparable loss. Everything is transformed; nothing perishes, and that which seems to be hurled into destruction is not destroyed at all. Our moral world, even as our physical world, is a vast but hermetically sealed sphere whence naught can issue, whence naught can fail to be dissolved in space. All that exists, all that comes into being upon this earth remains there and bears fruit; and the most appalling waste is but material or spiritual riches flung away for an instant, to fall to the ground again in a new form. There is no escape or leakage, no filtering through cracks. All this heroism, poured out on every side, does not leave our planet; and the reason why the courage of our fighters seems so general and yet so extraordinary is that all the might of the dead has passed into those who survive. All those forces of wisdom, patience, honor, and self-sacrifice which increase day by day and which we ourselves, who are far from the field of danger, feel rising within us without knowing whence they come, are nothing but the souls of the heroes gathered and absorbed by our own souls.

It is well, at times, to contemplate invisible things as though we saw them with our eyes. This was the aim of all the great religions, when they represented, under characteristic forms, the deep, instinctive, general, and essential truths which are the guiding principles of mankind. All have felt and recognized that loftiest of all truths. The Christian knows it as transference of merit; the Japanese as ancestor worship, while in India it appears as the transmigration of souls, or reincarnation.

It was observed that, after the great battles of the Napoleonic era, the birth-rate increased in an extraordinary manner, as though the lives suddenly cut short in their prime were not really dead and were in a hurry to return among us to complete their career. If we could follow with our eyes all that is happening in the spiritual world that rises above us on every side, we should no doubt see that it is the same with the moral force that seems to be lost on the field of slaughter. It knows where to go; it knows its goal; it does not hesitate. All that our wonderful dead relinquish they bequeath to us; and, when they die for us, they leave us their lives, not in any strained, metaphorical sense but in a very real and direct way. Virtue goes out of every man who falls while performing a deed of glory, and that virtue drops down upon us and nothing of him is lost and nothing evaporates in the shock of a premature end. He gives us, in one solitary and mighty stroke, what he would have given us in a long life of duty and love. Death does not injure life; it is powerless against it. Life's aggregate never changes. What death takes from those who fall enters into those who are left standing. The number of lamps grows less, but the flame rises higher. Death is in nowise the gainer so long as there are living men. The more it exercises its ravages, the more it increases the intensity of that which it cannot touch; the more death pursues its phantom victories, the better does it prove to us that Man will end by conquering it.

THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE

143 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

TORONTO, ONT.



The New Era in Canada

(Continued from page 18)

for the refugees from the great European War. Another fact to show which way the wind is blowing—the people of the United States have in all contributed more than \$150,000,000 for Belgium. Belgian refugees are to-day forming a colony in the Carolinas. There would be more of them but that Germany has forbidden Belgians attempting to escape from the country. That is what I mean when I say that Uncle Sam is alive, when Canada sometimes isn't; and that we need more of this electric alertness in Canadian life. The first ship load of aid had hardly left the shores of the United States for Belgium before Boards of Trade in the West and South were planning colonization schemes. A man from Kansas wrote me a year ago to know if I thought he could buy a million acres in New York State for this purpose.

Put down then besides the fact of quickening financial relations with the United States, an almost certainty of a great influx of capital and colonists from War-ridden Europe.

AT the time of writing, Canada's war spending, past and in process, has been about \$200,000,000. Up to October last, her war orders exceeded \$237,000,000; and if the war lasts will run up to a billion. There is one firm in Canada whose name for military reasons I may not give whose war contracts will exceed \$100,000,000. This is not included in the total of \$237,000,000. "Yes but," says your pessimist, "these war profits will stop when the war stops. Granted the war orders exceed the war spendings. The war debt falls on all of Canada. The war profits go to only a few. The profits will cease when the war stops."

That is where you are reasoning short. Go a step farther! Germany supplied 50 to 60 per cent. of the foreign trade of Russia and France. Her supplies were chiefly in manufactures—steel and iron and textiles and machinery. Do you suppose for a moment that trade will go back to Germany inside of a century? The European, who has bought an American or Canadian motor or harvester or plow or electric engine or railway car wheel will for twenty years come to the same market to buy supplies and repairs for that machinery. If at the end of twenty years Canada and the United States lose their markets so gained, they deserve to lose them. The war has opened for both the United States and Canada a European market for manufactures good for a century after war stops.

FOR years in Canada we had a way of calling ourselves "the granary of the Empire." We liked the phrase; but as a matter of brutal fact, we filled only one small bin of the Empire's granary.

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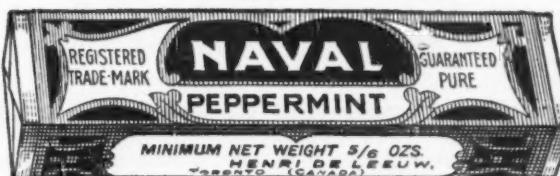
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Great Britain ordinarily imports from 250 to 300 million bushels of wheat. Up to this year, Canada has not been in a position to fill more than 100 million bushels of the granary. In 1915, the chances are she will have filled 200 million bushels—two-thirds of the need; and if the war lasts, she can fill the whole 300 million granary. For the first time in history, Canada is "the granary of the Empire"; but she labors under a great disadvantage which she must overcome if she is to hold that position against all competitors. Argentina is one of those competitors. She ordinarily sends from 140 to 200 million bushels of grain to Europe in a year. Because of the class of her settlers, much of her grain goes to Italy and much to Germany; but as a competitor against Canada for England, Argentina has practically a seaboard rate to Europe. Her grain rate to Europe in time of peace is cheaper than Canada's as three to ten. To-day, ocean rates from Canada to Europe are almost an embargo. With wheat selling we'll say at \$1.14 in Europe and ocean rates at from 36 to 50 cents a bushel, and rail rates to sea board at 36 to 44 cents a bushel—say 50 cents from Moose Jaw to Liverpool—you can figure out for yourself how much may be left for the farmer. Canada's first need to overcome this handicap is ships, more ships, ships under her own flag, a great merchant marine to command the seas of the New World. With that problem I have already dealt, on that phase I wrote, not from what I, myself, know; but from what the greatest shippers in every harbor in the United States knows.

The persistent pessimist may still have a squeal in him. He may say—suppose war orders run up to a billion. Suppose wheat does sell at \$1.50. Will the general population get the benefit, or will profits go to a clique? My answer is—when wages are 50 cents an hour for an 8 hour day in munition factories, who gets it? When wheat sold at \$1.50 in the West last winter, who got it?

Suppose Canada sells 200 million bushels of wheat at \$1 a bushel and \$250 million worth of war orders. Suppose 100,000 settlers come in with no value but their naked hands, which economists estimate at \$1,000 a man to a country in productive power. Do you think that such real and potential values can come into a country, and not send it riding up from the trough to the crest of the wave? I might go on and point out what Panama must mean to Pacific Coast lumber interests. The Robert Dollar Line is to-day carrying lumber from Vancouver to Toronto at \$9 a thousand by way of Panama.

But enough has been said. Am I wrong in thinking Canada is entering on a new era in her history; that the flash-buster boom was only the sputter of adolescence, while the war marks Canada's birthday to full nationhood? One person's guess is as good as another's; but this is mine.

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Effects of the War

Review of Conditions After Year and a Half of Hostilities

REVIEWING the effects of war during the year and a half that it has progressed, Prof. James Mavor writes in *Financial Post*:

So great is the resilience of the spirit of our people throughout the British Empire that they readily adapt themselves to abnormal conditions. It is indeed possession of this quality which has enabled them to establish themselves firmly in different parts of the world and to overcome obstacles in physical and human nature which often threatened to be overwhelming. Confidence in our invincibility had, however, induced us to give large hostages to fortune and to spread our borders and scatter our population to an extent not merely sufficient to excite envy and jealousy in another powerful and prolific race but also to expose ourselves to attack; and in this exposing ourselves to run the risk of compromising the interior peace and progress of the Empire as well as the civilization of the world as we understand that civilization.

The peaceful progress of our people and the effective and beneficial administration of the more primitive races which we had taken under our tutelage has been rudely interrupted by an aggressive power which has already shown itself to be efficient in a military sense but woefully the reverse in all the other elements which go to make great nations. A quarrel which was none of our seeking has been forced upon us. Whatever may be the immediate result of the war, there can be no doubt that it will be succeeded by an economical struggle in which the central empires will strive to recover the material losses to which they have subjected themselves in the present campaign. This reflection most seriously intensifies the gravity of the prospect we now encounter and renders absolutely necessary for the Allies a military defeat of the Central Powers of a character conclusive enough to render resort by them to arms and to similar methods of warfare at least improbable in the future. Should such a defeat not be inflicted the political liberties of the world would be at the mercy of Germany and the economical freedom of every country would be curtailed. Her economical policy is sufficiently exemplified in her hostile tariff against Russia and in her insistence upon most favorable treatment of her own exports to that country. Alike on political and economic as well as on moral grounds, it is indispensable that the military defeat of Germany should be so decisive that she should be compelled to change her methods in all of the fields in question.

The Central Empires are very powerful, their population is very numerous, and the capacity of their leaders for military affairs most formidable. It can by no means be admitted that they have shot their last bolt or that in order to overcome them we can avoid exerting much more strength than we have yet exerted, or experiencing many more sacrifices than we have yet experienced. Yet after a year and a half of the war with its oscillations of hope and fear, the beginning of a new year finds us not merely undismayed, but confident that the continuance of the war so long as may be necessary to achieve decisive victory is within the

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collective powers of our great Allies and ourselves. In the losses which we have incurred we have been paying a heavy price for our underestimate of the power of our adversaries and for our overestimate of their intelligence and their moral character. Neither France nor Great Britain were prepared for complete subversion of national honor on the part of Germany. Unfortunately for this want of perspicacity on their part, the Belgian, Servian and Polish people have been the chief sufferers.

The financial burden of this war, as of the Napoleonic wars, has fallen chiefly upon Great Britain. The impact of the burden upon the whole of the British Empire has been sharp and heavy and the economic reactions numerous and deep; but with characteristic perseverance we have settled down steadily to control these reactions so far as they are controllable, and to adjust ourselves to meet those which lie beyond our control. Self-depreciation and querulous criticism of those who undertake to serve the public are well recognized British peculiarities both in the Mother Country and elsewhere, and they have often deceived our enemies into the belief that they disclosed weaknesses in the national character which might render the people easy prey. On the contrary, they are indications of strength and of the candour which comes of strength. We have always been intolerant of leadership and reluctant to follow unless we know certainly where we are going. These peculiarities are troublesome to leaders who are accustomed to be led as, or to lead, sheep; but in the long run they make for victory more thorough and decisive.

Preparedness

HERE can be no real preparedness to perform our duty in time of war unless there is preparedness to do our duty in time of peace. Of course, the most important of all types of preparedness is that of the spirit, of the soul. This comes first if we are to get the proper social and business preparedness. But it must express itself through social law for corporations and business preparedness; and furthermore, although this preparedness in and for peace must lie at the bottom of military preparedness, yet it is useless unless guarded by preparedness against war. Social and industrial efficiency go hand in hand with military efficiency.

The immediate issue before the country is preparedness—preparedness that will assure us the only peace worth having from the standpoint of honorable men and women. Such preparedness means adequate military and naval force. There can be no true preparedness without national unity, and there can be no national unity without reasonable unity of interest and purpose in our country. Preparedness in national citizenship means a full development of all the powers and the resources of our citizens. Ours is an industrial democracy. This is an industrial age. Preparedness that would adequately measure up to our national obligation must—as a sequel, of course, to preparedness of the soul and spirit—be a preparedness in those activities and those processes which engage the lives of our citizens.—Theodore Roosevelt in the *Metropolitan*.

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Reconstruction or Revolt?

Which Will Follow the Close of the Great War?

WHAT will follow the war—reconstruction or revolt? H. G. Wells discusses this significant question in *Saturday Evening Post* with a vigor that may arouse some antagonism, but that certainly compels thought. He believes that things will right themselves in the end and explains that belief as follows:

It is that I believe that this war is going to end, not in the complete smashing up and subjugation of either side, but in a general exhaustion that will make the rerudescence of the war still possible, but very terrifying. The thought of war itself will sit like a giant over all human affairs for the next two decades. It will say to us all:

"Get your houses in order. If you squabble among yourselves, waste time, litigate, muddle, snatch profits and shirk obligations, I will certainly come again. I have taken all your men between eighteen and fifty, and killed and maimed such as I pleased—millions of them. I have wasted your substance contemptuously. Now you have multitudes of male children between the ages of nine and nineteen running about among you, delightful and beloved boys. And behind them come millions of delightful babies. Of these I have scarcely smashed and starved a paltry hundred thousand perhaps. But go on muddling, each for himself and for his parish and his family, and none for all the world, go on in the old way, stick to your rights, stick to your claims, each one of you, make no concessions and no sacrifices, obstruct, waste, squabble, and presently I will come back again and take all that fresh harvest of life—all those millions that are now sweet children and dear little boys and youths—and I will squeeze it into red jam between my hands, and mix it with the mud of trenches and feast on it before your eyes, even more damnably that I have done with your grown-up sons and young men. And I have taken most of your superfluities already; next time I will take your bare necessities."

So—war; and in these days of universal education the great mass of people will understand plainly now that is his message and intention. Men who cannot be swayed by the love of order and creation may be swayed by the thought of death and destruction. There, I think, is the over-riding argument that will burst the proprietorships and divisions and boundaries, the web of ineffectiveness that has held the world so long. Labor returning from the trenches to its country and demanding promptness, planning, generous and devoted leadership and organization, demanding that the usurer and financier, the landlord and lawyer shall, if need be, get themselves altogether out of the way, will have behind its arguments the thought of the enemy, still formidable, recovering.

Both sides will feel that. This world is a more illuminated place than in 1816; a thousand questions between law and duty have been discussed since then; beyond all comparison we know better what we are doing. I cast my guess for reconstruction and not for revolt.

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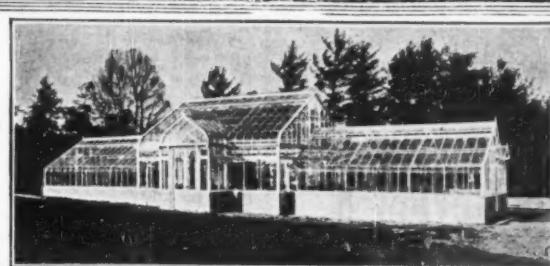
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THE BUSINESS-OUTLOOK

Spending \$610,000,000 In Canada

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Taxes are not always welcome, but according to Mr. Appleton they should not be unwelcome at the present time in view of the necessity of beating the enemy. Another reason he has for welcoming the new taxes is that they will indicate that the country can pay for the fight it is waging. Industrial activity will make our new taxation quite unburdensome. Sir Thomas White estimates that the tax on profits will bring in about \$25,000,000, which is not a large sum at a time when the Allies and the Canadian Government will spend in this country in the course of a year a sum of \$610,000,000. This is Mr. Appleton's estimate of war expenditure in Canada during the next twelve months.

SIR THOMAS WHITE has just announced that the expenditure on account of war by Canada during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1917, will be \$250,000,000. Our readers will remember that very soon after the war broke out Sir Thomas asked Parliament to appropriate \$50,000,000. This Parliament readily provided. At the next session another appropriation of \$100,000,000 was asked for and granted. In normal times the expenditure in Canada of so large an amount in articles needed by soldiers would create a boom. There has just been issued a blue-book by the Auditor-General which ought to be perused by business men generally. It contains an itemized expenditure by the Militia Department and other departments of the Government on war account. It gives prices paid, and a study of them may be profitable. Sir Edmund Walker in his annual address to the shareholders, said Government expenditure covered something like 5,000 separate articles. It would appear from the itemized expenditure that practically every commodity dealt in by ordinary business men is required to some extent for military purposes. The report in question covers all expenditures up to the date named, March 31, 1915, and they aggregate \$60,000,000. To-day when we talk of spending \$250,000,000, that amount, i.e., \$60,000,000, is somewhat diminutive. Nevertheless, that small amount made many factories in Canada very busy at a time when depression was in sight. As pointed out in previous articles, many Canadian factories had set their sails to weather adverse conditions when war came and dispelled the depression that hung over them.

If the expenditure of \$60,000,000 during the first eight months of the war made our factories busy, what will the expenditure of \$610,000,000 in the course of the next twelve months mean to Canada? Last month readers will remember that we quoted from the address of a Bank President. He told us, and we have corroborated his statement, that up to the end of the year 1915 the Imperial Munitions

Board had placed orders amounting to \$303,000,000. For this Britain's work up to the end of the *Shell Orders*: year about \$80,000,000 had \$303,000,000 been paid out. Assuming that the orders will all be carried out, there remains to be paid a balance of \$220,000,000 on their account. But meanwhile orders are still being placed, not only by the Imperial Munitions Board but also by the purchasing agents of the Allies and by the War Purchasing commission through which purchases for our own forces are made. At the time the authority we have quoted made his statement the budget had not been presented to our Parliament. In it Sir Thomas White announced that Canada would require for war purposes \$250,000,000 which at the time of writing had not been voted by Parliament, but doubtless it will be. Moreover, during January and February there has been a great addition to Canadian forces. This means a steadily increasing cost in providing equipment and maintenance. From the commencement of the war in August, 1914, to the end of January the expenditure of Canada on war account as stated by Sir Thomas White was \$158,737,000. Canada Will This averages less than Pay Out \$10,000,000 per month. \$250,000,000 From now on the expenditure will average \$19,000,000 per month. Finance Ministers are not given to underestimating expenditures. It is very satisfactory, however, to note that Sir Thomas White's estimate of the revenues of Canada for 1915 or for the year ending March 31, 1916, will be exceeded by approximately \$20,000,000. This in itself is evidence of exceptional prosperity and is no doubt one of the results of the phenomenal crop of last year. Assuming that the war will continue during 1916 and that Canadian forces on active service continue to increase at the same rate they have done during the early months of this year, it is safe to assume that our expenditure for the next twelve months on war account will not be less than the estimate made by Sir Thomas. Practically the whole of this

money will go into the hands of Canadians. If we add to this *An Outlay in Canada of \$600,000,000* the amount to be paid by the Imperial authority on contracts in course of execution approximately \$202,000,000 on the basis of orders placed in 1915, we have already a total of \$450,000,000. To this amount we must add sums payable on orders that will be placed in Canada during the course of the current year by the British Government and also payments on orders placed by our Allies of the European mainland. The aggregate will not be appreciably less than \$610,000,000.

The commencement of the present year found industrial plants in Canada operating to a greater capacity than at any previous time. Mr. Flavelle, the Chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board, is authority for the statement that our large industrial plants will be kept busy on orders for the British Government until February, 1917. To carry out orders already placed and others to be placed will add further to the activity of Canadian industry during the current year. In addition to the requirements for war purposes there will arise other demands as the result of Canadian people as a whole being so fully employed at a rate of wages above normal. Expenditure on so large a scale, and for war purposes, cannot but result in business activity. It may be temporary. But while the expenditure is being made, and Canada is faced with the duty of increasing it, there is, and will continue to be, unusual prosperity.

No doubt while this prosperity lasts the shrewd business man will take steps to save all he can. Government bonds yielding 5 per cent. and better

A Good Time should form a large portion of the savings being made at the present juncture. By purchasing a Government bond now, be it either Canadian or British, is assistance to the Empire in the hour of trouble and after the war is over the Government bond of either Canada or Great Britain will be as high a class of security as any person can have in their safety deposit boxes.

There will be no lack of employment for Canadian people during the next twelve months. If spring is favorable for seeding and the summer weather suitable for the growing crops, the harvest time will find the greatest dearth of labor Canada has yet experienced. Under such circumstances all classes will no doubt be able to save money and, it is hoped, to economize. That they will have money in their pockets is assured. The man, however, who has capital invested in a business or in an industrial plant needs to exercise the greatest possible caution. What will happen after the war no one has yet been able to tell us. Some of the prophets may be quite right, but they are so mixed in their prophesying that the ordinary business man knows not the true one. The best course, therefore, is to get rid of all liability and have reserves in the savings bank or in the form of the highest class of security. Prosperous

times such as we are having are the best in which to put money aside and exercise economy. To such as follow this advice periods of trade depression will not bring anxiety and disaster. There is another reason, and the most important one for the exercise of the strictest economy. For every dollar of expenditure avoided at the present time something is saved that can be employed in resisting the Empire's enemy at the present juncture. While our men are in the trenches facing death and the hate of the worst enemy civilization has yet encountered extravagance is sacrilegious. There is legitimate expenditure in making more efficient our productive resources, abundant room for business expansion. A factory under management that is confident and sure of its ability to produce at as low a cost as any competitor because of the efficiency of its plant and the sufficiency of its working capital need not fear the future. On the other hand, if the present great demand made upon the factories and the present ease in procuring business because of present demands, increases carelessness and inefficiency, the result will be disastrous. While our wheels are humming as they rattle off the shells and trim to perfection the delicate parts involved in the construction of death-dealing instruments, the foundation should be laid for producing commodities for which there is a general demand at as low a cost as they can be produced in any part of the world. Capital expenditure with this object in view will be justified, but otherwise every cent of such outlay that can, should be avoided. The time to spend is when prices are low. At present commodity prices are higher than they have hitherto been. It is therefore not a good time to buy, but an excellent time to save money.

Last month we quoted from a statement made by the Canadian Bank of Commerce which has many branches in the West to the effect that farmers had still in their hands to market about 40 per cent. of the crop of 1915. About the middle of January last the Canadian Northern Railway reported that at points touched by their line grain to the extent of 81,223,000 bushels had been marketed. The agents of the road report that there still remains in the hands of farmers located near their line to be marketed 53,232,480 bushels. This represents about 40 per cent. of the total crop in that wide territory to be marketed at points on this line. During January and February grain movement was very light. Meanwhile at terminal elevators there is some increase of the grain in stock. When the movement starts in spring and when the Atlantic ports are again opened there is likely to be great activity in the West. It would be futile on the part of the railways to take delivery of grain from farmers when it cannot be placed either in storage or delivered when it arrives at seaports. It is noticed, however, that upon every slight recession of prices at Winnipeg there is buying by exporters. This healthy demand is a very hopeful feature of the situation. While Great Britain finds so much use

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From this salesmanship training the boy gathers, not experience alone but good cash profits as well. Our plan gives to the boy that experience which is worth \$\$\$\$ to him in after years and actually provides the necessary money for his immediate needs. Every boy should have something to do in his leisure hours that will develop in him a desire to learn something of value and devote his spare time to it, to produce enough money for his spending needs at least. It is the beginning of how to do things of value that really pay, the procedure of learning the art of selling or influencing others to think your way.

He has accomplished something and has learned the value of money, consequently has come to appreciate the value of both time and money.

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for every available ship it is not likely that considerable tonnage will be diverted to points like Australia and the Argentine for wheat when it can be obtained much more readily from Atlantic ports in Canada and the United States.

One eminent railway man was asked by the writer why so little grain was being sent over their road from the prairies to the Atlantic seaboard. His

What a answer was to the point: Railway Man "Our desire is to carry every pound of traffic we can get hold of. What would be the use of bringing grain from the West and letting it stand in our cars and block our lines.

"Isn't there shipping at New York to take it from you?"

"No. There is as much shipping coming into the Atlantic ports as ever but it is not now giving preference to Canadian wheat or that of the United States either. It appears to me that the tonnage available is taking that class of freight which pays its best, and for the time being that is ammunition. Just as soon as we are sure that when we deliver wheat at New York, through our connecting lines, that it be taken on board ship so that we can get our cars back there will be more wheat moving all rail from the West to the Atlantic.

That appears to be the situation. No difficulty is being experienced in bringing goods into Canada from the United States but in sending our wheat to the seaports—our principal commodity available for export—there is great difficulty at the present time. Some other classes of freight are being handled for the reason that there is for them an urgent demand on the other side of the Atlantic. For the time being the ocean transportation question is the chief difficulty ahead. No doubt by the time navigation opens the congestion on the Atlantic ports will have been removed somewhat. There are railway men of the opinion that even when navigation on the lakes is opened there will still be congestion on the Atlantic ports. He instanced the fact that Boston

reported that it was ready to receive freight from certain lines. Within the course of about ten hours Boston had to send out notices refusing to accept further freight as the port was again congested.

A great difficulty immediately ahead and one which may require the attention of Parliament, or which may now be receiving attention, is the opening up of an outlet to Europe for the wealth of Canada.

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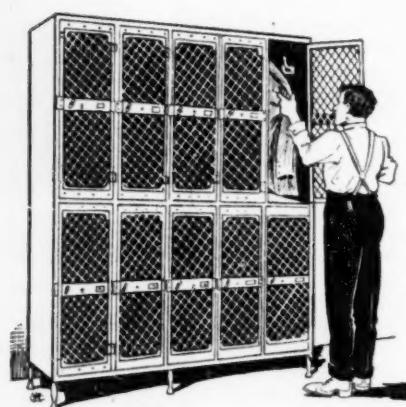
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plant been worked so hard as it is to-day and never before has Canada found its chief products in so great a demand. Profits derived from supplying the Allies with their requirements at market prices will bring to Canada a vastly greater sum than that which will be taken by the Government in the form of taxes. The larger amount being raised in revenue and by borrowing will be expended in Canada. It will be remembered that in 1913 when Canada's borrowings were on so large a scale and the country was temporarily very prosperous bankers advised their clients to reduce their liabilities and be prepared for business depression. The capital then being borrowed which in 1913 amounted to \$351,000,000 was invested largely in public improvement in railway and other forms of development. At present the sums Canada will borrow

which are not likely to exceed the total of 1913 will be largely expended in maintaining and equipping our forces, and will go largely into the hands of Canadian work people. It will be spent in Canada and no doubt a large proportion of it will go into permanent wealth in one form or another. It is quite probable that many workmen will improve their homes. Already the farmers in Ontario, from their gains as a result of high prices, are buying lumber on a larger scale than usual. Many industrial plants which are handicapped by an overhanging debt and floating liability will at the end of the war find themselves free from this handicap. Their directors will thus be enabled to turn their skill and resourcefulness to things more useful than making implements of war.

THE-BEST-BOOKS

This department is given over to a review of the best of the new books on the market. It is the intention of the editors to follow the book output closely and, by selecting the very best, to enable readers of MACLEAN'S to secure books that are "worth while" in every sense.

An Englishman in the Russian Ranks

By JOHN MORSE

Wm. Briggs

"THE unvarnished story of an eye-witness," is the description that the author himself applies to his narrative of the first nine months of war on the eastern front. The phrase does not do the book full justice. It gives a very complete and convincing story of the Russian campaign through all its ups and downs and, although written in a style that lacks both fineness and force, it is a direct, readable history; it even gains a certain strength from its complete lack of literary pretensions.

The writer was caught at the outbreak of war in a small Prussian town close to the Polish frontier. He realized that his position was a precarious one and, on the night of the formal declaration, he stole across the border, reaching Kalic at the same time as the first German invaders. Here he witnessed butcheries which fired him with the resolve to stay with the Russian armies and help to repel the brutal Teutons. From that time on he was in the thickest of the fight, being stationed with the Slav forces which operated in the north and made the early dash into East Prussia. He was at Allenstein and Suvalki and, after serving through the rigorous winter campaign, was taken prisoner by the Germans. His escape, followed by a wild and adventurous dash through the enemy lines—wounded, lame and half starved—makes the most thrilling incident in the story; although by the

time the episode is reached the reader, filled almost to satiation point with the gory facts of modern warfare, is not capable of properly assimilating the dramatic phases of the story.

Most convincing testimony is presented on the significant features of the situation on the eastern front. In the first place, the early preparedness of the Germans and the clear intention to make war is evidenced in what he observed before his surreptitious departure. He found that troops were concentrating on the eastern front and that people were openly talking war before any hint appeared in the papers. Mystified at the presence of reserves in the battalions that he observed, he asked an officer with whom he had become acquainted: "Is it usual for you to embody your reserves for the manœuvres?" To which the officer replied: "Our troops are not on manœuvres. We are going to fight!" This was before the Serbian question had reached the acute stage.

He testifies strongly to and continually reverts back to, the fact of Russia's potential strength. The Czar, in the early stages of the war, could have launched twelve million men against Germany if it had been possible to equip, feed and transport them. It has been this lack of equipment, of artillery and, above all, of railways, that has kept the Bear on the defensive. For the Russian soldier, he professes a great admiration. "He is a splendid fellow: I do not go so far as to say that he is a first-class fighter. He is a dogged being and his courage is unimpeachable; but it is not a very intelligent courage. The Russian soldier must be led, and the better he is led the better he will fight. He has an almost religious

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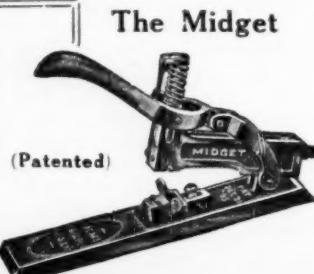
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THE ACME STAPLE CO., Limited, Camden, N.J., U.S.A.
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Saves
Money

reverence for his superiors. . . . He nearly always carries a relic or a little ikon of some kind and to this he frequently prays, kissing it at the same time. . . . He can be dreadfully cruel to those he hates; yet in his ordinary mood it would be difficult to find a man who has a stronger natural dislike to shedding blood. . . . He is pudding-headed. . . . In a fight he dies like a Roman!"

A peculiarity that he noticed about the Russian army was the number of women serving in the ranks. He describes them as follows: "There was nothing particularly romantic in the appearance of any of them. Most of them had the appearance of big, lanky, raw-boned boys; faces oval, features 'puddeny,' and complexions pale. One girl, said to be only eighteen years old, was quite six feet high, with limbs that would fit a grenadier."

The Germans he presents in the most unfavorable light—cruel, unscrupulous, insolent, unrelenting in victory and abject in defeat—but great fighting men. The story at every point pays tribute to the bravery of the individual German, and the efficiency of the Teuton military machine. He found a tendency toward madness: "The great peculiarities of the German army, apart from its fiendish brutality, are the prevalence of suicide and insanity in it. Some months later than the time I am writing of, a captured German officer told me that down to the end of February, 1915, at least a thousand men had destroyed themselves. . . . Insanity is even more frequent amongst German soldiers than suicide. . . . Hundreds of our prisoners were raving mad when captured."

The statements that Morse makes with reference to the operations of the combatant armies and the probable number of men engaged are, it would seem, sound, although he appears guilty of exaggeration in the matter of numbers. He thinks in millions in talking of armies, and in tens of thousands when dealing with casualties. His estimate of the size of the armies engaged on the eastern front is in excess of the officially accepted figures.

David Penstephen

By RICHARD PRICE

McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.

FIRST of all, a few words about the story itself:

The parents of David Penstephen are not married. This brutal fact is broken to the reader gradually by means of a development of the religious, or rather the lack of religious views of the pair. Not believing in the church, they do not recognize the necessity of a church ceremony, though a more loving and devoted couple could not be found. Accordingly, being regarded as outcasts by society at large, they wander from city to city, mostly on the Continent, taking David and his little sister and one faithful servant with them. The early part of the story consists of the views of little David on all that he sees and hears in the course

of the family travels and the constructions that he puts on things. He proves a very entertaining little fellow—such is the unique story-telling skill of Richard Bryce—a mature Paul Dombey, full of fancies and predilections that point to the development later of a remarkable personality. Then the unexpected happens. The father falls in for a baronetcy and, reversing his principles in view of new obligations, he decides that he and his wife must be legally married after all. The marriage is duly performed and, to further complicate matters, another son is born. This makes the second son the heir to the estate and the baronetcy, and puts poor David and his sister under the ban of illegitimacy. The story grows out of this truly exceptional situation. With a touch of masterly skill, the author presents the grief of the mother over the sad plight of her first-born—she is in most respects a more important part of the story than David himself—the gradual change in the father who becomes conventional and narrow, the puzzled development of David himself; and then the climax when a rival breaks the news to David, now in young manhood.

Unlike most stories which hinge on a situation, it is not told in impressionistic style. It is a history rather than a story and it is told with such skill and developed with such imaginative scope, even in the matters of detail, that it is a joy alike to lovers of the literal and the purely imaginative in literature. Richard Pryce is a novelist in the fullest academic—accepted sense of the word. He harks far back from the methods of the modern novel-writers, although his work is by no means a reflection of the standards of the earlier writers. He owes more to Meredith than to Dickens; but he owes so much to his own creative powers that it is perhaps unfair to trace what share of credit must be given to the older writers. Certainly, every author of note owes something to the great men of the past.

"David Penstephen" is a good story with a fascination and grip that holds the reader even through its periods of prolixity; and the rare gift of treating a theme of danger, from a moral standpoint, without losing in any sense the clean, bright tone.

The Bent Twig

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Copp, Clark Co.

WHEN an author can devote a full third of a book before getting into the full stride of the story, and carry the reader's attention and full interest along the whole way, it can surely be accepted as an evidence of power. Dorothy Canfield does this in "The Bent Twig"; and Dorothy Canfield is going to be a power in literature. That much can be stated with assurance. There are faults in "The Bent Twig" that she will correct as her art ripens; it is too long, for one thing and that is rather a serious offence in this age of rapidity, and it runs to a leisurely development of character rather than to

RENNIES SEEDS

PUREST-CLEANEST
MOST RELIABLE
GET CATALOGUE
AT BEST DEALERS
OR DIRECT
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WINNIPEG - VANCOUVER.



NEWCOMBE PIANOS
CANADA'S FOREMOST PIANO WITH THE PERMANENT TONE

Newcombe's Pianos excel in all the essentials that make a good piano—**Tone, Responsiveness, Permanency.** The only piano equipped with Howard's Patent Straining Rod. NEWCOMBE PLAYER PIANOS with the Human-Like Control, contain all the latest improvements and devices. They are perfect in tone, artistic in design, and capable of giving life-long service. Call at our Warerooms or upon our nearest agent and make a careful examination of our Pianos. If more convenient, write us.

Special Price and Attention Given to Mail Orders.

Newcombe Piano Co., Ltd., Head Office and Warerooms:
359 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



MOTHER'S RELIEF

Every mother knows what washing means for a family of children. Little delicate garments, lots of them, badly soiled, the sort that go to pieces quickly by the rubboard grinding process of cleaning. Lots of mending after the washing because of washboard wear. Lots of time and money spent in the making. Why wear them out and wear yourself out, in the process of cleaning? Time was that no better way existed, but is there any excuse for doing it that way now when—

The "EASY" Vacuum Washer has come to your relief.

It saves time and clothing—money—at a rate that you cannot afford to do without it. Actually cleans the clothes more thoroughly than you can do it by hand. Air pressure and vacuum suction as applied in the "EASY" Washer means the greatest possible economy and the most complete freedom from washboard drudgery. Comes in four models, hand, electric, water and gasoline engine power. Cut shows model "C" electric.

Don't let another day pass till you write for further particulars about these wonderful labor and clothes savers. The Washers that received the Highest Award at the Panama Pacific International Exposition, 1915.

MADE IN CANADA

TORONTO



FOR YOUR WHITE SHOES

"QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge), quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c. and 25c.

"ALBO" cleans and whitens Buck, Nubuck, Suede and Canvas. In round, white cakes packed in metal boxes with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes with sponge, 25c.

"GILT EDGE," Ladies' and Children's Black, self-shining dressing, 25c.

"ELITE" combination for gentlemen's black shoes in 25c. or 10c. sizes.

"DANDY" combination, cleans and polishes all kinds of russets and tans, 25c. "Star" size, 10c.

Ask your Dealer for

**Whittemore's
Shoe Polishes**



WHAT STANDARDIZATION MEANS TO MOTOR CAR BUYERS

IT means VALUE. Just to the extent that a car is standardized does the buyer's dollar approach the maximum of purchasing power.

Standardization means definite, proved quality, known manufacturing costs and reduced selling costs.

Of the million autos that will be sold in 1916, 75% will be standardized cars, selling for less than \$1000.00 each. This remarkable American achievement is the direct result of standardization.

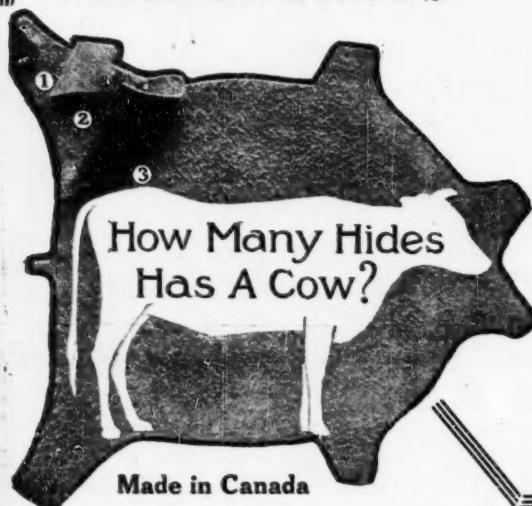
Finally the upholstery has been standardized by the almost universal adoption of

Motor Quality



Motor Quality

40% of all 1915 cars sold were upholstered in this proved guaranteed material and in 1916 the total will be at least 60%.



Made in Canada

Fabrikoid is the only standardized automobile upholstery. It wears better than coated splits (commonly sold as "genuine leather"), and has the artistic appearance and luxurious comfort of the best leather.

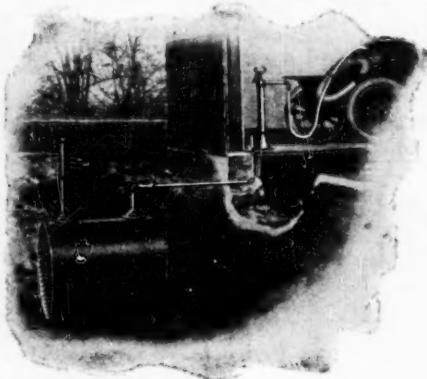
Rayntite Fabrikoid for tops, single or double texture, is guaranteed one year against leaking, but made to last the life of the car.

To get the most for your money, buy a standardized car.

Du Pont Fabrikoid Co.

Toronto, Ont. Wilmington, Del.

Craftsman Fabrikoid, the artistic upholstery material for furniture and home decoration is sold by leading department stores.



The Wayne System

of Gasolene Storage Tanks, Street Pumps, etc., is the most satisfactory method of handling gasolene. No waste, as when you handle gasolene in small cans.

Prices and styles to suit all demands.

Communicate at once with your nearest agent for booklet

The Wayne Oil Tank & Pump Co., Limited
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

Distributors for Canada: National Equipment Co., Ltd., No. 1 Wabash Ave., TORONTO, ONT.

Western Agents: D. J. Austin, 273½ Portage Ave., WINNIPEG, MAN.

A. H. N. Kennedy, 415 Fifth St., MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.

the white-hot development of plot that the modern reader clamors for, though this should be entered on the credit side of the ledger; but, making every allowance, it is a beautiful story, well told, and with a fidelity and convincing realism seldom found in modern fiction.

The outstanding feature of this story is the charm which the writer has found it possible to infuse into the recital of more or less minute details. It begins with the home life of a Western university professor—a thoroughly unconventional academician with a staunch, sensible, lovable wife and three remarkably attractive children, the eldest of whom is Sylvia, and who later develops into the character about which the story revolves. Before Professor Marshall met his wife he was a society man with a share of the snobbishness and insincerity that frequently go with the possession of social standing. After his marriage he had dropped all the shallow pretensions of his earlier years, but his sister Victoria, a handsome widow, represents that side of things and, as she takes a great liking for her niece Sylvia, the child through the formative years of her life is subjected to the two influences. That is the main theme of the story, though it is decorated with several interesting love affairs, one of which develops into a charming romance.

There is something of the charm of Louisa Olcott's work in the way that the home life of the Marshall family is told, although it is worked out on a basis of a more rigid realism. The reader feels that the introduction afforded by perusal of the pages of the story is to a real home, to real people, to real life.

Dorothy Canfield is a comparative newcomer in the world of letters, but her place is well assured. She has the courage to defy the mandate of the average reader for hackneyed heroics and to write a story that presents life as it is and not as the reader likes to think it is. She has the good sense to present a realistic story without dragging in all the shadier sides of life—which is the method of many so-called realists.

New Tunnel is Longest on this Continent

The Rogers Pass tunnel, which is five miles long, has been holed through and now supplants the Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts as the longest tunnel on this continent, exceeding the latter by about a quarter of a mile. The Rogers Pass tunnel is notable also for the manner in which it was built and the rapid rate at which the work was advanced. Two pioneer tunnels were driven parallel with the main tunnel, but about 50 feet from it. From these drifts, crosscuts were driven to the centre line of the main tunnel and from these the main headings were driven. By this means the work was greatly expedited. In July, 1915, the two pioneer headings were stopped when less than a mile apart, and from these points the main headings were driven forward, meeting December 19, the average advance for each main heading having been 520 feet per month.

Raising an Army by Advertising

A Sketch of the Man Who Managed the Publicity Campaign

IT has been acknowledged that one reason for the signal success of the recruiting campaign in England was the thoroughness and skill of the advertising. Percy Waxman contributes a sketch to the *American* of the man who planned and carried out the advertising campaign.

In the fall of 1913 Colonel Seeley, then Secretary for State for War in Great Britain, was playing golf one day with an old friend, one Hedley Francis Le Bas. At that time the army needed about seven thousand men and was having a hard time getting them. Colonel Seeley happened to mention it.

"Easiest thing in the world," said Mr. Le Bas.

"Well, I like that!" said Colonel Seeley. "What's your remedy?"

"Advertising."

"Bah! We do advertise, and a precious lot of good it does," retorted the colonel.

"Do you call what *you* do advertising?" queried La Bas. "You print a government proclamation on a sheet about the size of an ordinary letter-head. You stick it up in cow sheds and police stations alongside reward notices for murderers, and you expect prospective soldiers to be interested in your 6-point announcements. I don't call that advertising."

"Then what do you call advertising, may I ask?" said the colonel, by now very interested.

"I'd advertise for men in just the same way that I'd advertise for purchasers of tea, soap or tobacco. I'd make my 'ads' interesting. I'd make my readers want to enlist. I'd 'sell' them the army. I'd take full pages in the leading papers. I'd point out every good feature that the army possessed. I'd dwell on the sentimental side a good deal, and play up the patriotic service of the act. Then I'd have the readers send in for a free booklet giving a detailed account of every interesting feature of army life, foreign service, for instance, and so on. That's what I call advertising."

The War Office thereupon asked Mr. Le Bas to prepare plans along these lines. He did so, and was given an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars to foot the bills. His "copy" did the trick at only 57 per cent. of the former cost of raising recruits. And thereby hangs a tale. In August, 1914, when the present war broke out and men were wanted in millions, the War Office remembered its previous advertising experience and promptly sent for Hedley Francis Le Bas. He formed a committee of the leading ad-writers in England, and together they produced all the advertising that played such a large part in raising the British Army from an expeditionary force of 125,000 to an army of 3,000,000.

Hedley Francis Le Bas is a genial gentleman of about fifty-five, an old army man himself, and the son of Captain Le Bas of Jersey. He is the founder and head of the Caxton Publishing Company. He is also a director of George Newnes, Ltd. and C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., two of the largest magazine publishers in Great Britain.



Esterbrook Pens

Since 1860

R. ESTERBROOK & CO.
FALCON PEN

Send 10c for box containing 12 most popular styles...

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
16-70 Cooper St. Camden, N.J.

How About That Boat For Your Summer Resort?

Have you begun to think about it yet? Summer will soon be here, and then what will you do if you have no boat? ACT AT ONCE, and mail this ad, with your name and address on the margin, for our catalog. We show below two of the many lines we carry in stock.



THE "DEAN" 404. — "The Boat for The Outboard Motors"

We can manufacture all styles of Canoes, Rowboats, Launches, Sailboats, etc., on the market. We handle all makes of Outboard and Inboard Motors. Let us quote you on your requirements. Full line of accessories always on hand.



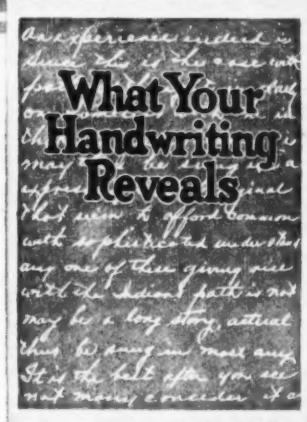
THE "DEAN" MISS KOKA LAUNCH. "The Boat for your Summer Resort"
FULL PARTICULARS OF BOTH MODELS FORWARDED ON REQUEST.

Catalog "M" and full information
sent on request.

WALTER DEAN
TORONTO, CANADA

Send for sample of the "DEAN"
Close Rib, Metallic Joint
Construction—FREE.

You put your own personality in y



TO supply the great demand for this remarkable book, which illustrates and interprets nearly every style of handwriting, a new edition has just been printed. This book has been prepared by us at large expense for those who desire to study the subject. It is written by William Leslie French, the celebrated Graphologist, whose articles in leading magazines have caused country-wide interest and discussion.

If you are interested in the significance of handwriting and desire a copy of this book, it will be sent with twelve samples of Spencerian Steel Pens on receipt of ten cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, N. Y. MAC
I enclose ten cents for twelve different kinds of Spencerian Pens and a copy of the book, "What Your Handwriting Reveals."

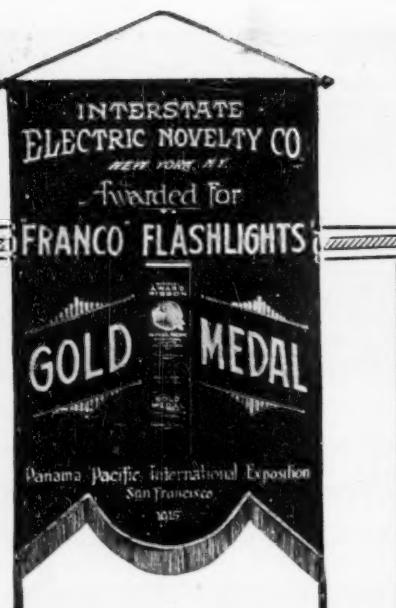
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City _____

Street No. _____

State _____

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY, 349 Broadway, New York



For Out-of-door Pastimes

The Handiest, Safest, Portable Light in the World

You will find the "Franco" Electric Flashlight a great convenience for canoeing, sailing, cruising, boating or motoring and a hundred and one other occasions. "Franco" Flashlights give you a steady, powerful light for hours at a time or an intermittent light as the need may be. By a simple pressure of the finger a "Franco" gives you a strong, clear, powerful light just where you need it. Useful anywhere and everywhere.



"Franco" Flashlights

Vest Pocket Style



Highest Award Gold Medal Panama-Pacific Exposition

Fitted with the new long-lasting "Radio" Battery, and guaranteed to give you longer service and more satisfaction.

Sizes from the vest pocket illustrated to the big powerful searchlight.

There is a "Franco" Flashlight that will just suit your requirements. Ask your hardware, electrical, or sporting goods dealer, or at your auto supply store.

**The Interstate Electric
Company of Canada, Limited**

220 King St. W. TORONTO, ONT.

derers were the nicest things he called them. He held 'em up to the everlasting wrath of God and man. He cursed them from Hull to Halifax, and swatted, punched, and tramped on them till you could hear 'em squelch.

Miller did his best, but with a jury sneering right in his face, he might as well have stayed at home and smoked his pipe. Ten minutes after the Judge sent 'em out, back comes the jury with blood in their eyes and grins on their mugs. And the end of it is a verdict for little Maggie for twelve thousand, five hundred dollars.

"Bill Swithen's blasted luck!" says folks at home, jealous as cats. "No manner of use fighting it." They were mad at all that lump of money slipping Bill's way and they took care, some of 'em, to tell Maggie that they knew it all beforehand, and how Bill had married her just for what he knew they would get out of the Traction Company. But she only laughed.

"What if he did?" she asked 'em. "Don't a man deserve all that's coming to him when he marries a poverty-stricken widow with five children? I don't care what he married me for. What I know is, I've got him, and he's the best husband this or any other town can show. And he's going to have the best wife I know how to make him." That's what she said, and they could make change out of it the best way they might.

WELL, Mister, all goes well for a time and then comes a terrible setback. The Company appeals, and a lot of heartless old mummies, as I call 'em, what's a Higher Court, made up of has-been politicians, and is rain-and-shine pals of the big money corporations, who fat 'em up well, so they say, knocks poor Maggie's verdict higher'n Gilderoy's kite.

That's what they do with jury verdicts these days. You and me and ten other commonsense chaps sits on a case. We sees and hears the witnesses, sees 'em look like George Washington when his Pa interviewed him in the woodshed, and hears 'em lie and what not, as if Atanias and Sapphira had never had their measures took, and then we gets together and gives our sworn verdict.

All very nice and pretty, and we slap one another on the back, and talk about the priceless privilege of trial by jury. Meantime that verdict goes off to a Higher Court for them up there to maul over.

"What's this thing?" says they, looking at it curious-like and sniffing round it disgusted-like. "Another dam fool jury trying to rob a poor defenceless corporation! All together, brothers! The country's going to hell, and it's up to us to save it," says they. "Come, let's bust this jury job wide open." And accordingly, so they do, and that's the end of it.

"Con-tri-but-ory negligence!" says they. "Joe had no business to get full, and being

KISMET

Continued from page 16

Is the Money Always There?

WHEN you have wanted a certain thing that would have added to the pleasures of life, was the money always there? when you figured up to see if "Cash on hand" would warrant you to make the purchase. Have you ever felt the need of a good vacation or wanted some little extra luxury, but simply could not afford it because your regular income was not sufficient?

WE have a plan that will enable you to add these extra luxuries without interference in any way with your regular occupation; a plan from which you may derive sufficient income to warrant your having all the added pleasures of life. This plan may be worked during spare time without interference with your regular duties. One hour in the evening spent among your acquaintances — a half-hour after lunch in the office or factory will give you an additional \$5.00 or \$10.00 weekly.

WE have hundreds of subscriptions in your locality ready to be taken. A representative on the spot could secure these orders, saving these people the trouble incidental to mailing. These orders, together with the many other subscriptions which may be added from the friends of our old subscribers whom they will recommend to you, will give you an income that with the same amount of work will double your earnings each year. The work is both pleasant and profitable. No previous experience required.

This plan will interest you, so write us to-day for full particulars.

**The
MacLean Publishing
Co., Limited**

Division B.

143-153 University Avenue

TORONTO

ONTARIO

Marine KERMATH Motors
AMERICA'S STANDARD FOUR-CYCLE ENGINE
"They Are So Much Better"

4 Cycle, 4 Cylinder, 10 to 25 H.P. Separate Engines or Unit Power Plants.
Used and recommended by every leading boat builder in Canada

The smoothest operating, most perfectly controlled and thoroughly satisfactory boat power plant used in Canada to-day, and will make every minute of your boating season a real pleasure.

\$180.00 to \$375.00. Catalog on request.
KERMATH MFG. CO., Dept. "M," Detroit, Mich.

HOLMES - HOWARD

High-Grade Marine Motors

THE Holmes-Howard motor illustrated is a strictly high-grade, light-weight, unit power plant of the two-cycle, three-port type. It has two cylinders, cast in a block, and is rated at 6 to 8 horsepower. The motor complete, including reverse gear, magneto and all equipment, weighs only 125 lbs.

Suitable for Many Types of Boats.—This motor was designed especially for small runabouts and fine yacht tenders or dinghys. It is light enough to install in a canoe, fast enough for a racer, and powerful enough to drive a 25-foot boat 8 to 10 miles per hour. Combining power, speed and light weight, it is one of the most "versatile" little motors made.

Write for prices on 4 and 6-cylinder motors.

Canadian and Colonial Dealers Wanted.

Special Proposition for Agents.



THE HOLMES - HOWARD MOTOR CO.
Main Office: 36 Rowland Building,
54 State Street, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of waterproof collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

THE ARLINGTON CO. of Canada, Ltd.
58 Frazer Avenue
TORONTO

All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good, but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best

full, should have had more sense than to go to bed on the car tracks; and being so full, and knowing no better, he got bust up through his own foolishness." So they orders the lower court to enter judgment for the defendant.

It looked a cold knockout for Bill, and Maggie, poor lass, began to feel sick, thinking of what folks had said, and wondering if it would make any difference to him. But, by the great Jehoshephat! Bill showed the gamebird strain all right. Bet your sweet life he did!

When the lawyer tells 'em of the melting away of that bunch of dollars, Maggie, with a white face, looks over at Bill, scared-like. But he just laughs, gets up and goes over to where she's sitting, grabs her up and gives her a squeeze that nearly cracks her ribs, and a kiss that sounds like an artillery salute, right in front of old O'Tort, too!

"Never mind, Maggie, my lass," says he. "They can knock out that verdict, but they can't knock out you and me. I've got the finest little wife a man can have, and I wouldn't have a kid less. A man can't have all the luck all the time, and I ain't kicking. The harder you bounce a ball down the further it goes up. We've got the up-trip to make yet."

So off they goes, all seven of 'em, for the kids were there, the entire regiment. They starts for home, where the neighbors had been reading it all in the papers, and enjoying themselves, thinking Bill's light had been snuffed out good and plenty.

"Ever go in for cock-fighting, Mister?" inquired Ephraim, by way of illustrative digression. "No? Well, you go off down the street in the morning, best clothes on, nobbyest derby cocked side of your head, cigar in your mouth, sun shining, and the cock under your arm all fixed for the scrap of his life, just gay and busting with fight. It's hard to say which is doing most crowing, you or the bird. You waves your hand to your pals, and tells 'em what your bird is going to do to the pick of Podunk Corners. That's how it looks when you are going out to the scrap in the morning. I tell you, Mister, it takes a game man to walk up that street at night, with the dead bird under your arm, the folks all laughing and saying: 'Didn't I tell you so?' and fit to die for pleasure that you'd been trimmed and your conceit walloped. It is the chap who can carry home the dead rooster and hold his head up, and see to-morrow after to-night, that's the long-distance winner."

WHEN they got nearer home, people they knew kept coming aboard the car. They would look hard at the seven in a row, and grin a bit, but it never phased Bill Swithen. They'd about got to their journey's end, and were ready to leave the car, when, all of a sudden, they hears a lot of yelling, and a big lumbering freighter comes swinging around the curve like a crazy elephant on the rampage. It hits that passenger car seven and forty different ways. When they came to sort out Bill and his family, they were a finely messed up lot. Bill had an arm and a leg broken, besides a few odd ribs and

SAFETY FIRST

If You drive or own a Car, You NEED one of these Rain Shields.



Frey's "U-Can-C" Rain Shield

No matter how wet or stormy the weather is, you can drive with a clear view ahead in safety and comfort. Rain, sleet or hail cannot fog your view. The "U-Can-C" Rain Shield can be attached in ten seconds and as quickly removed. It is so simple and satisfactory you wonder why it has not been thought of sooner. Can be rolled up and put away in a compact tube 3x10". Get one. Only \$2.00 postpaid.

Send your order or write for further particulars
Agents wanted. Special terms to Dealers.

WILSON SPECIALTIES
33 MELINDA STREET, TORONTO, CAN.

DUNLOP TIRES

BICYCLE

The Doughty Patent Process is an exclusive Dunlop-Bicycle-Tire feature. It keeps all wired-on tires absolutely uniform. The machine simply cannot go wrong.

Dunlop bicycle tires have always led because they are the only original bicycle tire. Try either "Traction" or "Special". You'll find them unequalled for general service.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited
Head Office and Factories: TORONTO
Branches in Leading Cities

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit. FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bare-mail list and free book. **FREE BOOK** describes the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, \$35 and up.

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 122, Galesburg, Kansas, U.S.A.



Keep Your Catalogues, Price Lists, etc., in a W-K File

The inside dimensions of each drawer are, 10 inches high, 15½ inches wide and 22½ inches deep. Large enough for any reasonable catalogue.

Catalogues are referred to so often that it is imperative that they be instantly available.

A Legal cap width vertical file cabinet of two, three or four drawer height, indexed alphabetically, numerically or according to subject is the ideal method.

No time is lost in hunting; any catalogue is instantly available.

The drawers have full height sides. They slide easily on indestructible fibre roller bearings without friction or unnecessary noise.

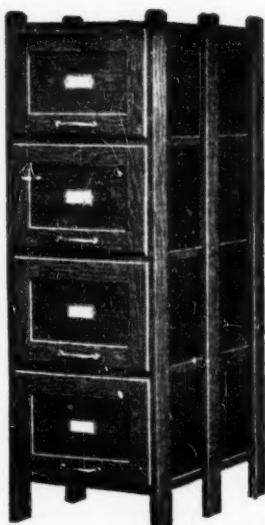
Each drawer is equipped with retaining rod and follower block.

"Letter" Width Cabinets

Our No. 421 line of Cabinets is just the same as the No. 414, except that the No. 421 is 12½ inches wide (inside measurement), while the No. 414 is 15½ inches wide.

Write for our Free Booklet—"Filing Suggestions."

It is a useful manual on filing, besides containing our catalogue.



THE KNECHTEL FURNITURE CO., LIMITED
HANOVER - ONTARIO


CANADIAN PACIFIC
For WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER
LEAVE TORONTO 6.40 P.M. DAILY
VIA THE TRANSCANADA

Through equipment including Electric Lighted Compartment Observation Car, Standard and Tourist Sleepers, Dining Car, First-class Coaches.

"The frequent C.P.R. Service passing through the Business Centre of each City is an asset to the Traveller."

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or write W. B. Howard, D.P.A., Toronto.

Talking to the Point—

Classified want ads. get right down to the point at issue. If you want something, say so in a few well-chosen words. Readers like that sort of straight-from-the-shoulder talk, and that is the reason why condensed ads. are so productive of the best kind of results.

Classified want ads. are always noticed. They are read by wide-awake, intelligent dealers, who are on the lookout for favorable opportunities to fill their requirements.

TRY A CONDENSED AD. IN THIS PAPER.

other things cracked or caved in. Maggie was cut and bruised and shaken up, while not one of the kids but was damaged somewhere, nothing serious, but nasty enough to look like good money.

I runs in to see 'em next morning, and Mister! Never in all your born life did you see a happier little hospital. All grins and laughs, with now and then a grunt or a groan, when the pain catched them. Maggie was smiling through her bandages, and the young 'uns in their little beds looked as if Santy Claus had just flopped down the chimney.

I goes up to Bill, and he sure was a wreck, but he looks up and laughs cheery-like.

"No dam Higher Court'll upset this case, Eph," says he.

Luck! Did I say? I reckon so. It couldn't lose Bill, and he couldn't lose luck. He soaked that Traction Company just twelve thousand, five hundred dollars, no more and no less, for he had a fancy for that figure. He thought if the Court of Appeals heard of it, they might be ashamed of themselves.

The Company's agent and Bill got together and fixed up the batch at wholesale rates in less than an hour's time.

BILL has a fine grocery and provision store in the city now. He's on the City Council, too, and a reg'lar big bug, too. T'other side in politics never runs nobody against Bill. "What's the use?" they say. Their man would be certain to be licked, or, if there was a chance of his winning, he'd drop dead, or something like that. It don't do taking chances with a chap as has Bill Swithen's luck.

You ought to see little Maggie ruffling it in silks and fineries. She looks no more'n sister to her eldest lad, and all the five kids and another batch doing tip-top College eddication, and the like.

And some folks will have it there's no such thing as luck. I looks 'em square in the face, and I asks 'em, "What price Bill Swithen?" And if you want another opinion, just drop in to the Traction Company's offices. Get the boss claim agent on one side gently, whisper Bill's name softly in his ear, then listen; that is, of you ain't afraid of talk with frills on. He'll tell you all right, so he will.

Show-window Telephone Secures Many Orders

To secure a better hold on passers-by who display a casual interest in the window displays, an American store has hit upon an unusual plan which is at present being tried out. The goods are displayed in the window in the usual manner, and at one side sits a clerk at a desk. Outside on the walk, at the edge of the window frame, a telephone is installed, which communicates directly with the clerk. Any information the passer-by may want on the goods displayed is cheerfully furnished, and his order booked if he so desires. Thus far the scheme has been a decided success, not only because of its novelty and the discussion resulting, but from the orders received and the many valuable names added to the firm's mailing list as well.



Saving Time and Mistakes with a Burroughs in the office of The Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.

They Work Without Worry

The Burroughs Machine Has Driven Month-end Nightmares from the Cowan Company's Bookkeeping Department.

THROUGHOUT the Dominion of Canada, "Maple Buds"—that dainty solid chocolate confection—Perfection Brand Cocoa and other products of the Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto, are known to every Canadian child and to every Canadian housewife.

Within recent years this Company doubled the capacity of their plant to meet increased business.

As production increased so did the bookkeeping details. But the end of the month ceased to be a nightmare for clerks when the Burroughs became a member of the force. Long columns of figures, trial balances and customers statements were no longer anticipated with fear of long hours and possible mistakes in calculation. And, better still, the ever-increasing daily work on freight bills, with tariffs changing constantly, became a simple matter on the Burroughs. With all this came a big saving in time and greater efficiency from office employees, because they are now able to handle more work.

The Burroughs machine has helped the Cowan Company for several years. To-day the manager of their accounting department says he doesn't like to think of the mistakes that might have resulted from mental addition, to say nothing of the time that would have been lost.

Every Business Needs a Burroughs

You can't afford to risk mistakes and lose time in your accounting. There's a Burroughs machine that will suit the smallest merchant, or models that will care for all the bookkeeping details of a large corporation.

With ninety-eight types to choose from, and prices ranging from \$165 up, there is a Burroughs that will satisfy every requirement.

Where to Learn More About the Burroughs

Write to any of these Canadian branches for a demonstration in your own business.

Toronto Branch	52 Bay Street
Montreal Branch	392 St. James Street
Ottawa Branch	139½ Sparks Street
Windsor Branch	10 Chatham Street E.
Winnipeg Branch	346 Cumberland Avenue
Calgary Branch	12-13 Cadogan Block
Van-couver Branch	347 Pender Street
Victoria Branch	623 Trounce Street
St. John Branch	171 Prince William Street

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS
LOW AS \$165

Burroughs



A Seaforth, Ont., Home painted with Martin-Senour "100% Pure" Paint

LIFE INSURANCE FOR YOUR HOUSE

Unpainted wood means decay. Not to paint your house, means a constant expense for repairs. Paint protects against wear and weather. When you take out our "100% Pure Policy", your house is insured against decay. Such paint protection resists the destructive effects of climate and temperature, besides adding beauty and distinction to the home and value to your whole property.

MARTIN-SENOUR "100% PURE" PAINT

means life insurance for your home. The genuine White Lead, Oxide of Zinc, Pure Colors and Linseed Oil—ground to extreme fineness by powerful machinery—form a combination that protects against decay.

"100% Pure" Paint makes protection sure. It spreads easily, covers completely and is the cheapest in the end because it covers more space per gallon. In all colors for spring painting.

Write for a copy of our amusing book, "The House That Jack Built". It's full of pictures, rhymes and reason, that you will enjoy as well as the children. We'll also give you the name of our nearest dealer-agent.

ADDRESS ALL ENQUIRIES TO

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**The MARTIN-SENOUR Co.
LIMITED**
655 DROLET STREET, MONTREAL.



More Dollars

You can make "Dollars Grow" out of your spare time. Spare-time efforts have made hundreds of dollars for MacLean Representatives. To-day there are in Canada, men and women, who find that our proposition worked for an hour or two daily provide for many of the added luxuries of life. You supply us the time,—we'll supply you the money. Write for full particulars.

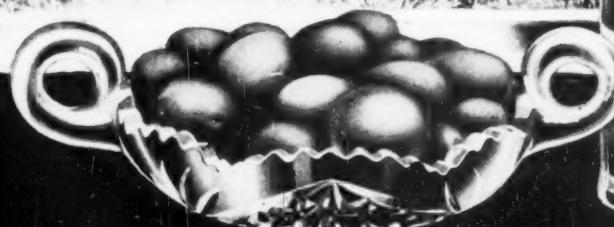
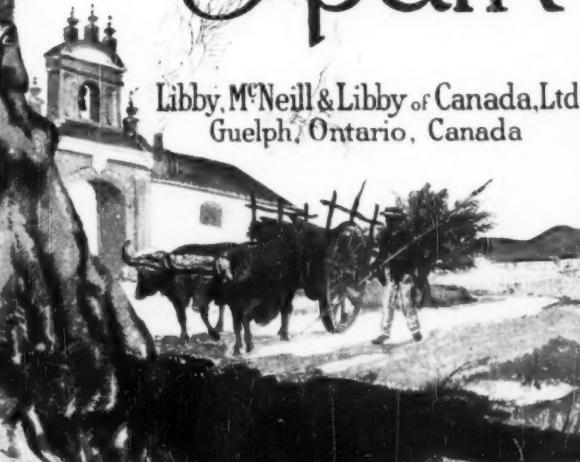
The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd., Dept. M, 143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, Can.

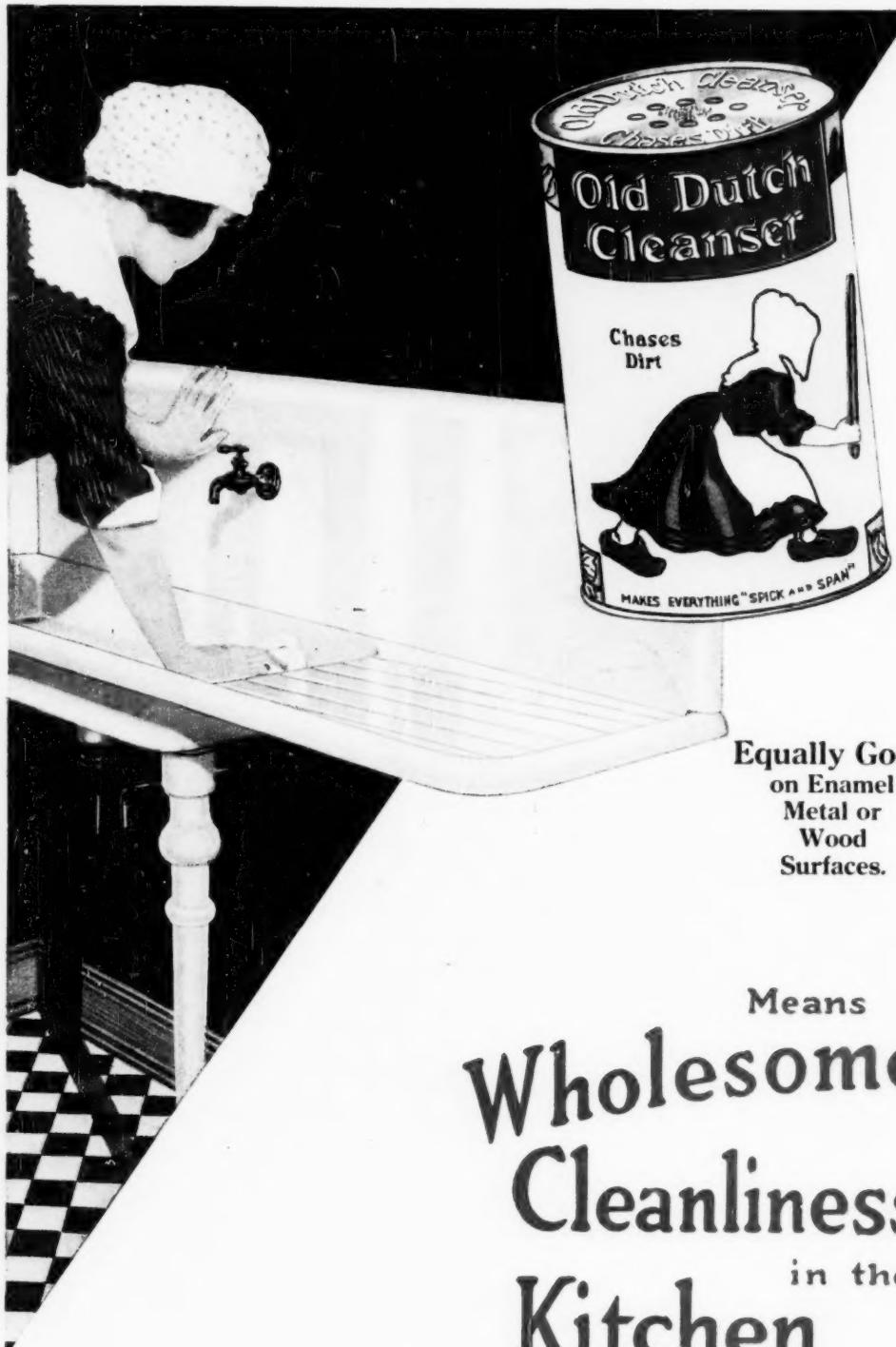
Libby's

Olives from Spain

THIS TREE BORE
OLIVES BEFORE
COLUMBUS
DISCOVERED AMERICA
AND IS STILL
SUPPLYING
THE AMERICAN
MARKET!

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.
Guelph, Ontario, Canada





Equally Good
on Enamel
Metal or
Wood
Surfaces.

Means
Wholesome
Cleanliness
in the
Kitchen

MADE IN CANADA

